

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

JUNE, 1913

WINNIPEG, CANADA





Blue Ribbon Tea

has a distinct individuality that places it above the line of comparison with other brands. It is rich, fragrant, fully satisfying. Buy a packet today and if you are not entirely pleased with it your grocer will refund your money.



July
8-16



1
9
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3

WINNIPEG

Entries Close June 21

Farm Boys' Club

Over 300 Competitors have sent in Essays to try for one of the 100 Free Trips to Winnipeg. Watch papers for results later.

Speed Races

An average of eighteen entries for each race has been received, guaranteeing keen competition in each.

Special attention has been given by the directors this year to the

Home Economics Societies' and Ladies' Work Sections
and

\$1,000.00

in cash prizes has been offered to competitors in this section and already numerous inquiries are being received daily for entry blanks and all information. WRITE FOR PRIZE LIST.

Fireworks

A magnificent pyrotechnic display of high educational order every evening. Historical events pictured in fire. The most remarkable firework programme ever shown.

Frontier Days

A thrilling two hours' entertainment each day. To the older visitors it will bring vividly before their minds the struggles and perils of the early days. To the younger a blood-stirring life picture of the dangers and trials the pioneers faced to make this vast Dominion of our

The Last Year on the Old Site!

The Best and Biggest Fair to bid it Goodbye!!

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV.

Published Monthly

No. 6.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

The old adage "Time Flies" is brought vividly to mind as we realize that The Western Home Monthly has entered its fifteenth year of publication. Many of our friends often tell us that they have been subscribers from 1899 when the first issue of The Western Home Monthly—a very modest publication in those days—came off the press. We often wonder whether those pioneer subscribers have kept their copies intact and on file and, if such is the case, when comparing the present June issue with that of thirteen years ago they will surely feel pardonable pride in seeing the tremendous headway made by their favorite magazine and in realizing that they themselves, as the original subscribers, made a bigger and better Western Home Monthly possible. If The Western Home Monthly has made strides in the past, we hope that it will forge ahead even more rapidly in the future. Every month now our subscribers are getting 96 pages of carefully written and edited articles, stories and illustrations—pretty good measure, we think—but our ambition is not yet achieved and we are going to continue

pushing forward. Remember that the future of The Western Home Monthly rests with the present subscribers, and we feel sure that they will respond nobly to our appeal for new subscribers. This is essentially a publication you can recommend to your friends, for it is interesting in contents, independent in politics and Canadian and British in ideals. Surely worthy of your commendation.

DOES PIN MONEY INTEREST YOU?

Spring and the early summer are times when most of us begin to count up our loose change and see how much we can afford to expend on a few little luxuries for the home or per chance our summer holiday may loom into view. If you want to spend a little money, without encroaching in any way on your capital, we can help you. Yes, we can put you in the way of gathering a few—possibly many—shekels by offering you an agency and appointing you representative of The Western Home Monthly in your vicinity. We already have a large list of agents and

we are receiving applications daily and during the past few weeks have established agencies at the following places:—Edmonton, Calgary, Morden, Deloraine, Boissevain, Killarney, Manitou, Morris, Carman, Stonewall, Treherne, Holland, Melita, Carnduff, Yellow Grass, Glenboro, Weyburn, Cypress River, Lang, Herbert, Morse, Drinkwater, Oxbow, Rouleau, Mortlach, Macoun, Maple Creek, Swift Current, Waldeck, Gull Lake, Taber, Gainsboro, Lethbridge, Crystal City and Dauphin. Why not communicate with us about an agency in your town? It will only cost you a stamp to hear what our proposition is, anyway. Wherever you live in the West you will find that the magazine is already well and favorably known and your work will be pleasant and easy.

We offer no excuse for printing appended letters:—

Allanburg, Ont.

"Dear Sir,—I am a secretary of a Women's Institute near Toronto. The members of our branch are delighted to attend our meetings so that they may obtain a copy of your valuable paper, The Western Home Monthly, to take it home with them. They enjoy the good reading so much that when any of them are prevented from attending the meetings, they will call at my home for a copy. One lady who never gets the opportunity of attending our meetings sends her little boy each month to my home with a special request for The Western Home Monthly.—J. Johnson."

Pasqua, Sask.

"Dear Sir,—I notice my subscription to The Western Home Monthly has expired, and as I wish you to continue sending it, I enclose you herewith \$1.00. In renewing my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for 1913, I would just like to tell you that we think a good deal of your magazine in our home. I think it is the very best magazine published in Canada. The

short stories therein are always very bright and readable and invariably opportune. The different sketches of life in Canada from time to time always prove very interesting. Another feature about The Western Home Monthly stories, is that they are always finished in the one issue. The continued story feature is something I don't like. It may have been all right at one time in Canada when publications were few in number, but now-a-days there are so many different papers the average reader wants to finish a story once started, as in many cases it is not started. Yours truly,—T. E. Allcock."

Foam Lake, Sask.

"Dear Sir—I am enclosing herewith \$1.00 for which please send me The Western Home Monthly for one year. I consider this a rare bargain. The Western Home Monthly affords one excellent reading and since the price is so attractive it does not pay to miss getting it. It is improving all the time and anyone desiring good, healthy reading should subscribe for it. I do not like to miss an issue and want to get every one. Yours truly,—Peter Dunlop."

Edmonton, Alta.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find \$2 for my own renewal and a new subscriber for one year. I might say that The Western Home Monthly is an excellent magazine and am always watching for it. Yours truly,—Mrs. F. Duncan."

Little Woody, Sask.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for which kindly send The Western Home Monthly for one year. I have only seen a few of your magazines and think them excellent reading. I have only been in Canada a short time and wouldn't be without your paper. Yours truly,—R. S. Clark."

"The STAMPEDE"

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Leader of All :: ::

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\$20,000.00 in Cash Prizes!

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THE ANNUAL WORLD'S CONTESTS FOR CHAMPIONSHIPS



LOUIS W. HILL, Chairman of Board of Directors of the Great Northern Ry., SAYS:—

"THE STAMPEDE AT WINNIPEG NEXT AUGUST WILL BE THE GREATEST THING ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT IN 1913, AND THE BEST ADVERTISING THAT THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HAS EVER RECEIVED."

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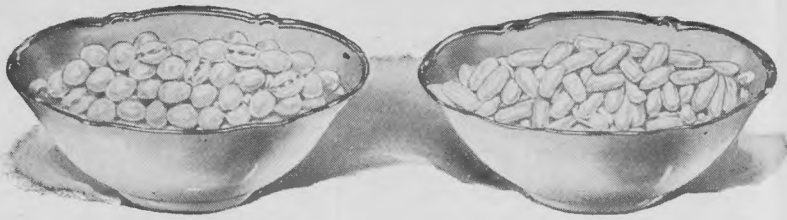
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WINNIPEG

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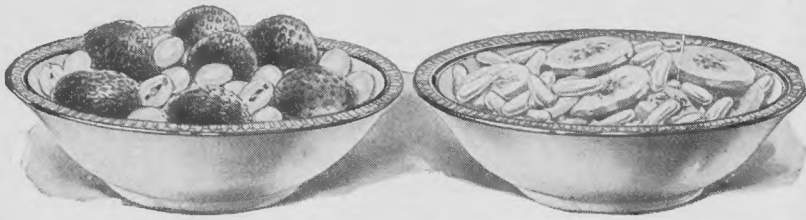


Serve Two With Cream and Sugar

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the exploded grains—are filled with a myriad cells.

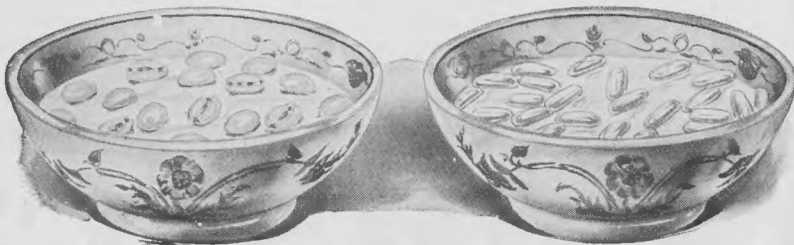
Each cell is surrounded by thin toasted walls, which melt away into almond-flavored granules.

In the morning, served with cream and sugar, these are royal dishes.



Two with Fruit Note the Nut-Like Blend

Puffed Wheat and Rice taste much like toasted nuts. That's due to terrific heat. Mixed with berries, or with any fruit, they add a delicious blend.



Two at Night Floating in Bowls of Milk

Puffed Wheat and Rice are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread.

They float like bubbles in a bowl of milk.

These are whole grains made wholly digestible. Crisp, airy, toasted wafers.

No other grain-made morsels are so delightful, or so easy to digest.

The Other Four

Use the rest like nut-meats in cake frosting, or as garnish to ice cream.

Or use in making Puffed Rice candy. Directions are on the package.

Or let the children eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Thus these ten dishes will reveal to you the endless fascinations of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in
Extreme
West*

Let Us Buy 10 Dishes For Your Folks to Try

This Coupon, at your grocery store, pays for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat—enough for ten big servings.

Please cut it out—present it. Pay no money, for your grocer will collect from us.

Then serve the grains in the ways we show. Yet your folks enjoy them.

Then ask those folks if any ready-cooked cereal ever tasted half so good.

To 22,000,000 Homes in Canada and the United States

We make this offer, every spring, in 22,000,000 copies of various magazines. And some 200,000 grocers stand ready to accept the coupons.

All because these enticing foods tell you more than words can tell.

Thus we spread to countless new homes one of the great food delights of the century.

Prof. Anderson Wishes You to Know

Prof. A. P. Anderson, who invented these foods, wishes every home to know them.

For these Puffed Grains are scientific foods, despite all their fascination.

Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occurs, in the making, 125,000,000 explosions.

moisture, and this heat turns that moisture to steam.

When the steam pressure reaches 175 pounds, the guns are unsealed and the grains are exploded. Each granule is blasted into countless atoms. The grains are puffed to eight times their normal size.

Yet the grains come out, shaped as they grew, with their coats unbroken.

The process is this:

The grains are sealed up in mammoth bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for 60 minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Each grain contains not less than 125,000,000 granules. Inside of each granule there's a trifle of

Thus are created the best-cooked foods in existence. No other process makes grain so digestible. Serve an hour, from morning to bed-time, for these foods don't tax the stomach.

From the expert's standpoint, these exploded grains form the greatest of food inventions.

10-Cent Package Free

Take this coupon to your grocer and he will give you, at our expense, a full-size package of Puffed Wheat.

If you prefer the Puffed Rice, which costs 15 cents, this coupon is good for 10 cents toward it. Pay the grocer 5 cents in addition. The Puffed Wheat, to a coupon

holder, is entirely free.

Accept this offer in fairness to yourself. It means a 10-meal treat. You will never forget the delight of them.

Cut out this coupon now. Lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER

Good in Canada or United States Only

C 6

This certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

To The Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company
East of Manitoba—
Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario—
Saskatoon, Sask.

Name

Address

Dated, 1913

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1913.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

PETERBOROUGH, ONT., and SASKATOON, SASK.

HAVE you ever thought of the problem of the city? It is the problem of keeping pure and strong the life in the crowded centres, so that life in the whole nation may be worthy. Though it is true that in an agricultural district financial and industrial prosperity is dependent upon the proper management of the farms, it is equally true that intellectual, moral and social conditions depend upon the ordering of life in the cities and towns.

The Growth of the Cities

One of the most noticeable things in our civilization is the disproportionate development of the centres of population. While the rural population has been barely holding its own, the population of the towns, and especially the larger cities, has been growing by leaps and bounds. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States had only six cities of 8,000 or more, but in 1900 it had 545 cities of this class. In 1800 less than 4 per cent. of the population was urban, and in 1900, 33 per cent. was urban. In 1800, Montreal had a population of 7,000, and one hundred years later its population was almost 400,000. In 1834, Toronto had 9,000 inhabitants, and in 1907 it had 250,000. The growth of the Western cities—Winnipeg, Vancouver, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary—has been even more remarkable. Nor has this growth been confined to the American continent. In Europe the same thing has happened. The growth of such cities as London and Berlin is quite as phenomenal as anything on this side of the Atlantic. It has been thought by some that this is only a passing phase in our civilization, but short consideration will show that the change is permanent and that the cities will continue to increase in numbers until the population is much greater than at present.

The Causes of Growth

There are three outstanding reasons why people are leaving the country for the towns. The first is, that the manufacture of agricultural machinery has improved so that it is possible for a smaller number of people to do the work that is necessary on a farm. The farms now under cultivation are able to supply the world with all of its necessary food. Were the number of farms to be increased, the prices for farm produce would be lowered, and some agriculturists would be unable to live. There is a necessary balance between production and consumption. While it is possible to increase the comforts of the rural community, it is impossible to greatly increase the number of farms without making the business unprofitable to all.

The second cause that has led to the crowding of the cities is the improvement of machinery. The factory has taken the place of the home. People go where things are to be made. They group around the factories. If the wage to the factory worker is low, the small tenement house and the hovel soon surround the workshop. It is not likely that conditions will improve, for the reason that the tendency is ever towards larger manufacturing concerns, and therefore towards greater congestion of the factory population.

In the third place the railways have made city growth possible, for it is easy for people to travel from one point to another, and to obtain easily whatever is grown or manufactured in distant parts. To live in the city is to live near the department store, the market, the places of entertainment, the places where companionship may be found. This is one of the greatest attractions of the city.

The Nature of Growth

It is evident that the growth on the material side, as measured by wealth and population, is much greater than the moral and intellectual growth. There is always a danger where moral growth does not hold

The Problem of the City

its own, and observation of the conditions in any of our modern cities will convince any one how great the danger is at the present time. As a city grows populous and rich, the administration of its various interests affords increasing opportunities for the corrupt use of money, there is therefore an increasing need of officials of moral character and absolute incorruptibility. It will be much harder to maintain a high moral standard in a nation of cities than in a nation where a majority of the people are close to the soil.

The City not an Ideal Place

The heart of a great city is not an ideal place for children or grown people to spend their days and nights. There are the tenements with their dark rooms and their miserable filthy air-shafts. There are the dark hallways and the ten-foot yards knee-deep with filth. "Many cellars have the floor covered with dirt and rubbish from a small layer upward to two and a half feet." Such dwellings are the breeding places of disease. Where sunlight does not enter, the doctor must. Such tenements spread moral as well as physical contagion. "They are centres of disease, poverty, vice and crime. All the conditions make for unrighteousness."

The street in the down-town section is no better than the home. Far removed from the green fields, the running streams, it is an unnatural playground for growing children. It is indeed a playhouse instead of a playground, for it is full of prohibitions. The policeman becomes an enemy, and there is open hostility to law and authority.

The shop windows create desires, only a small part of which can be gratified. They generate discontent, which leads to theft or extravagance. Obscene literature and indecent pictures abound.

Then there is the saloon—which is not only a drinking place, but the centre of varied activities—It is reading room, club room, clearing-house for athletic and sporting news. Often it is the poor man's bank.

Hardship and Loneliness

It is no wonder that with such environment childhood degenerates. This degeneracy is assisted by other causes—defective nutrition, child labor, lack of play, corruption of character through familiarity with vice and crime. To rob the children of normal childhood is to rob society, to wrong civilization, to impoverish the future. Nor is it surprising that young manhood and young womanhood decline. Unskilled workers with short seasons of work, and with small salaries, often faint from hunger, or find it easy to take the shorter way to comfort. Nothing is more lonely than the loneliness of the young man and woman in the great city. Walter Besant writes "In the evening my room was absolutely silent. Sometimes it got on my nerves and became intolerable. I would then go out and wander about the streets for the sake of animation, or I would go half-price to the pit of the theater. There are thousands of young fellows today who find as I found every evening the silence and loneliness intolerable."

The More Hopeful Side

The great cities are not wholly given over to squalor, vice and misery. Just as life in the slums is very much worse than anything pictured in the last two paragraphs, so life in the favored sections is much more pleasing. The city is the centre of education, art, and philanthropy: Its goodness and beauty radiate in these days to the last home on the prairie. Without it life even in the remote

regions would soon become intolerable. Therefore, as the city is necessary to national life, as it has come to stay and to grow to even greater proportions, as its influence must continue to increase while that of the country must decrease, everything should be done to make the forces for good triumphant. Then will the city be a fitting home for its own residents, and a centre of good influence for the whole community.

The Transforming Force

To transform the city from ugliness to beauty, from sin to righteousness, from filth to cleanliness, three great institutions must conjoin their efforts. The home, the school, the church acting directly by education and indirectly through legislation, can solve every problem. In a book that has caused no little comment in educational circles—the Montessori Method—there is given a beautiful description of the transformation of a portion of a great European city, by the erection of sanitary and cleanly-kept buildings, instead of the squalid quarters so common in Italian down-town districts. These buildings are under close supervision, and retention of quarters is conditional upon good behaviour. There is a home in each building or group of buildings where children are kept for the day under a trained nurse-teacher. This very thing is possible in any city. All that is necessary to bring about the reform is for a beginning to be made. Supervised activity of children is the beginning of all permanent improvement. The supervision and education can begin in early childhood—must so begin if the city is to be saved from ignorance, sin and want.

There are two classes of unfortunate people in every great city—the homeless poor and the homeless rich. Everything should be done to give people possession of their own little home. It is the home that breeds filial affection and civic loyalty and devotion.

The second force that makes for the salvation of the city is the public school. It is doing a great work in unifying the diverse elements of the population in spreading sweetness and light. Yet because of the crowded conditions in the class rooms its influence is greatly curtailed. It is better for a country to support schools than prisons. Prevention is better than cure. The cities of Western Canada are liberal in their support of elementary education. They will make no mistake in doubling their tax for this purpose. It is the cheapest and wisest form of expenditure. A director of education serves as honorable and useful an office as a judge of the Supreme Court.

The third force working for good is the Church. It is gratifying to note that this institution is modifying its methods so as to get efficiency. It must modify them still more. No effort is too great, no innovation too radical, if only the multitudes will be reached, and goodness made common. Unless the Church will modify its methods and its aims it is bound to lose its power. It is for Christianity to supply the leaven of righteousness. Sometimes the leaven appears to have lost its fermenting power.

As the home, the school and the church erect their transforming influence, legislation and public administration are improved, and private beneficence becomes more common. These three seeds are not reached directly. Good laws will not be made by men who lack intelligence and moral principle. Honest administration is possible only when the administrator is honest. Philanthropy will be practiced only by him whose heart and conscience have been quickened by contact with that Eternal Heart which felt the world's sorrows and sins.

So the solution of the city problem is in better homes, better schools, churches that are more alive to their mission and to their possibilities.

Lend Variety to the Daily Menu

And add to the enjoyment of Home Cooking by using the

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Purest and Most Delicious Table Syrup Obtainable

Crown Brand—clear as strained honey—gives a delightful flavor to dumplings, puddings, pastry, etc., and is especially desirable for serving with Buckwheat and Griddle Cakes, Cookies and Biscuits.

It is a most nourishing food—splendid for children, because it is so easily digested.

Next Time Try CROWN BRAND
YOUR GROCER HAS IT

The Canada Starch Co. Ltd.
Manufacturers of EDWARDSBURG Brands

MONTREAL—CARDINAL—TORONTO
BRANTFORD—VANCOUVER

The End of the Trail.

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by H. Mortimer Batten

TO the trapper, bad luck generally comes in "spells," and this had been an altogether unsuccessful season for Ginger Bill. Shortly after the freeze-up blizzard after blizzard had swept the country, with the result that he was late in reaching his hunting ground, where he found the conditions altogether unfavorable. Since then he had scarcely collected enough fur to pay the season's expenses, and on the return journey to civilization the crowning misfortune had befallen him. While yet among the head-waters the ice of the rapidly-running creek he was travelling had given way under his sled, and before his very eyes dogs, furs—the complete sum of his worldly possessions—had vanished beneath a huge smother of foam.

Was Ginger Bill discouraged? No! He was one of the few who regard misfortune as part of the routine of life, and do not waste time bewailing it. Behold him, then, this bright and frosty morning, whistling a jaunty air as he trudged doggedly through the winter solitude.

All things considered, Ginger Bill had not very much to whistle over; his rifle, three cartridges, and about a pound and a half of pemmican were all he had secured from the disaster. He had yet two hundred miles to go, and there was no particular reason why he should expect to make it, for he was suffering from that nauseous ailment which only regular doses of spruce tea can keep in check.

But Ginger Bill had not wasted time thinking over the future. The only thing to be done was to plug doggedly ahead. He knew that, if the worst were in store, the end of the trail would not be hard to gain. He would merely fall in his tracks and sleep would come to him—a sleep as sweet and peaceful as the sleep of childhood.

"She won't turn against me now," thought Ginger Bill, as he looked round at the great silent wilderness he had loved so long. "I'm one of her old chums, and she don't turn against her old chums. When their turn comes she just whispers to them to fall asleep; then she sprinkles their eyes with silver frost, and whispers to them not to waken. No, she don't turn against her old chums."

There is no discouraging the heart of the poet, yet Ginger Bill was poignantly aware of the fact that he was up against it. His ailment was calling out for spruce tea, but he had no culinary equipment in which to prepare the beverage, and it was hourly taking a firmer hold of him.

Then all at once he ceased whistling and stopped dead. At his feet were the marks of snowshoes—of a white man's snowshoes. He stared at the tracks incredulously—saw that the man who made them had zig-zagged from left to right as though drunken.

Someone else was up against it. Someone else with no dogs, no cash, and just about all in. The little man started off at a feeble run, and half a mile further on he distinguished a dark shape lying in the centre of the water-way. He had no fear of death, yet the sight of that stiff, motionless object filled him with a vague apprehension. He stole forward slowly, and peered down into a white face—white as marble. Then he took the motionless figure in his arms, and listened for the pulsing of the heart.

"Wake up, sonny!" he cried jubilantly. "You ain't dead yet."

It was a middle-aged man, with a black-pointed beard, and wearing the usual winter furs of the bush. The poor fellow was almost frozen through, and it was only after an hour's strenuous work that Bill was able to assist nature in restoring the life which had so nearly ebbed away.

The stranger opened one eye, and looked at him almost comically. "Let's all go down the Strand!" he muttered thickly.

Ginger Bill glanced round with a whimsical little grin. "Wish to goodness we could," he mused. "It would be

quick march to the nearest coffee stall. Right wheel; present arms; fire! And if we didn't make the steam fly off that coffee—pints and pints of it, blinking well boiling hot. Say, where's your billy can?"

The stranger hadn't one. He had nothing but the clothes in which he lay, and a huge wad of ten-dollar bills which, under the conditions, were not much good. By night, however, he was sufficiently recovered to explain what had befallen him. "Wolves got my Indian guide, got my dogs, near got me," was his brief but adequate story.

Ginger Bill was in a dilemma. "It comes to this," he muttered pensively—"My partner here weighs anything between sixteen stone and two tons. He ain't no fairy anyway. He can't walk an inch, and I got to get him home—got to get him home!"

The unexpected turn of events had opened up a new line of thought in the little man's mind. He had not dreaded the fate which a short time ago had seemed so certainly in store. From boyhood he had known that sooner or later the woods would claim him and, in fact, had not troubled him much of recent years, for he had neither friends nor relatives. But the stranger—

"Well," mused Ginger Bill, "perhaps he's got a wife and kiddies, sitting over the stove and thinking of him right now. That's why I got to get him home."

Then he stooped over the bed of spruce branches, and looked down into the stranger's face. "Partner," he said, "who are you? Where you been? What you doing in this all-fired country?"

"Been to look at some claims on Auro Lake," the man answered. "Ran out of cartridges. Game scarce. Wolves devilish hungry. Name Macdolan. And yours?"

Ginger Bill drew back in surprise. "Macdolan!" he repeated incredulously. Then he laughed softly, all his suspicion gone. "I knew a man of that name long ago," he went on. "He was my partner—a skunk! I'd have trusted him with my life, and he knew it. I trusted him too far. He robbed me. It was that season we got four black fox skins. They meant a fortune to us. We sat up all one night talking how we should invest the money, and when I got up next morning he was gone—and the skins were gone with him." Ginger Bill sighed. "It near broke my poor mother's heart," he went on. "She was old, and it meant a whole heap to her. Besides, she'd liked the boy."

Ginger Bill did not notice the painful flush that had crept over his companion's face. "As for Macdolan," he proceeded, "he evidently invested the money well, for he became a millionaire. But he was a different fellow from you—slight, dark hair. If I thought you was him I fancy I shouldn't have wakened you."

It was characteristic of Ginger Bill that he should make no allowance for time. He thought of Macdolan only as the bright-eyed boy he had last seen—the companion of his youth, whom he had refused to betray to the police. It never occurred to him that fifteen years of money-making—fifteen years of heavy toiling up the mountain of "success" might have tinged that boy's hair with grey, and added a line or two to his handsome countenance. He dismissed the horrible suspicion from his mind, and next morning he fashioned a toboggan of cedar branches, and laid his partner upon it. It was hard work drawing the toboggan, and the rope cut cruelly into his hands, but he stuck to it till the distant snow climbed to its zenith, and sheer exhaustion forced him to "take a spell." Then he drew out the can of pemmican, and looked pathetically at his partner.

"There ain't enough for both of us," he told himself, and tightened his belt another notch. "Maybe he's got a wife and kiddies, and I've no one."

So he fed his partner, and closed the tin with a sigh.

IT MATTERS NOT what heating system you use—Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, you cannot get that much-desired, gentle, restful and wholesome atmosphere without proper humidity.

WATER SHOULD BE EVAPORATED FREELY, and the

GOOD CHEER

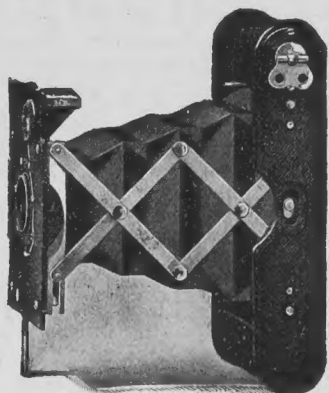
WARM AIR FURNACE

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"Ain't you going to eat?" asked Macdolan.

Ginger Bill shook his head. "Ain't hungry," he lied gallantly, but as Macdolan closed his eyes a faint smile curved his thin lips. "He's a little 'ero!" he mused complacently. "That's what he is."

When night came on Ginger Bill was aware that a fresh calamity had befallen him. He had not noticed the numbness creeping through his right hand as the constant strain of the rope deadened the circulation. Now he was brought to the consciousness of the fact that his mind was hopelessly frozen.

"Seems an unlucky year for me," he muttered, reluctantly confessing the obvious; then he discarded his rifle and cartridge belt, which could now be of no further use to him. He piled up a huge fire, sleeping with his feet close to it, so that when it burnt low it wakened him, and with the first pale streak of dawn was astir. He fed his partner, and ate a little pemmican himself with wolfish hunger. Macdolan did not fail to notice the trembling of his companion's hands, the black swollenness about his lips, the starved and cadaverous look which was quickly warping his features. "A little 'ero!" muttered the sick man, and a tear trickled slowly down his cheek and froze on his beard.

"Ginger," he added aloud, "why are you doing all this for me? You don't know me, anyway; and you're just about all in."

Ginger Bill screwed up his face. "Why?" he repeated. "Well—because you're just a woodsman, like myself, and out in the forest here we have to

childish. He knew that the end of the trail was very, very near, and he was thinking of his partner's wife and kiddies waiting—waiting for one whom they would see no more.

Later in the day, as he struggled in the harness, he began to suffer from an obsession. It was only the shape of his moccasins, constantly bobbing under his nose, that troubled him. He tried not to watch them, but had to. They held his gaze with a strange fascination.

Then the burning thirst from which he had suffered for days got worse and worse. He ate snow by the handful till it chilled his whole body, but it did not assuage his thirst. His lips, black and blistered, burnt like fire. His swollen gums seemed to throb up to his temples, and always—always the bobbing moccasins troubled him.

All this he regarded as a natural part of the proceedings now that the end of the trail was so near. Once he almost walked into a rift in the ice, and after that he forced himself to stare ahead. Then he began to wonder what day it was. This, in turn, became an obsession. As a rule, names did not trouble Ginger Bill, but he would have given much, had he possessed it, to know the name of that particular day.

Darkness came, blotting the troublesome moccasins from his way. He did not make camp—why should he? The way was clear. He had only to keep going till—he reached the end of the trail.

The moon came out, and bathed the forest world in its soft splendor. The aurora hissed coldly and sullenly over the treetops, as Ginger Bill's mind ran wild in a chaos of thought. He was



A Line-up.

stand by one another. I should do the same for you if you was only an Indian."

Macdolan groaned, and passed his hand over his eyes. Only a woodsman like Ginger Bill! No, no! He could never be like Ginger Bill, in spite of his thousands. Macdolan, the millionaire, lying helpless in the heart of those great silent forests, was well aware of his own insignificance. He who, away in New York City, held thousands in his power, felt himself unworthy even to shake the hand of this simple-souled, red-haired little woodsman. He longed to tell the truth, but he could not do so. He, too, was thinking of a brightly-lighted room, where a woman sat by the fireside—waiting, waiting, and little children looked up at her with sad and wondering wistfulness.

"O, you little 'ero! You little 'ero!" he muttered soulfully, but Ginger Bill was already toiling and straining in the harness.

That day Macdolan became delirious, and proceeded to remain so. He had suffered agonies since the race with death began, but he had suffered in silence, inspired by the pluck and bravery of his companion. Now he cried out in a frenzy of pain, and Ginger Bill gathered that the sick man's conversation concerned a wife and kiddies away in sunny New York. The little man dashed a tear from his cheek with the back of his frozen hand, and toiled on.

But things quickly passed from bad to worse. On the morning of the fifth day Bill gave the last remaining fragment of pemmican to his partner. Then he sat down and wept, for he was a sick man, and the weakness had made him

back at home, amidst faces familiar to him—men and women who were holding out helping hands which he could not reach. He was back in his boyhood, strolling through the woods with the only human being towards whom he had ever extended the love of brotherhood—the dark-haired, bright-eyed boy.

The visions vanished. He was staring ahead of him at a vague, strange light that seemed to move and flicker among the trees. It was a fire—a camp fire! He fancied he could see the dark figures of men moving about it. Then he laughed aloud; for this was but one of those distant fires which tired woodsmen see when they near the end of the trail—fires which vanish as they draw near, then flame out again far ahead, beckoning them on, on.

Then Ginger Bill, the trapper, sank to his knees. He was aware of a ghostly shape approaching him across the snow, then another and another. He reached for his rifle. It was gone. Then he smiled resignedly. After all, this was but the natural course of events. The old moose, driven from his place of eminence in the herd, is speedily overpowered and dragged down by wolves. The old Indian, no longer able to travel with his tribe, is left behind, and sooner or later the wolves get him. And Ginger Bill knew now that his turn had come—it was but the law of the forest.

A cold muzzle was thrust into his face; a warm tongue caressed his cheek. Ginger Bill did not feel them. He lay very still in the snow, his face downwards, and slept.

Thus the search party, who had set out to look for Macdolan, the million-

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aire, found them. The dogs had given the alarm, and the men were not slow in coming to the rescue.

A week later Ginger Bill entered the lowly wooden hut where Macdollar was being nursed back to health. He removed his hat slyly as he entered the room, for there at the foot of the bed stood a young woman—the millionaire's wife.

"You know now who I am?" asked Macdollar, and in his face was humiliation and regret, as he looked up at the red-bearded little woodsman.

Ginger Bill strode silently forward and grasped the sick man's hand. "I

know," he said, "and I'm glad—partner!"

Five minutes later Ginger Bill stood at the edge of the verandah. Somewhere in the distance a grouse bird was singing, and sweet joyous the notes sounded, like an hour from a man's lost boyhood.

"I didn't know him, that's true," he muttered smiling; "but I knew that little gold ring my mother gave him as soon as I clapped eyes on it. To think he's worn it all these years!"

Then, through the closed door behind him Ginger Bill heard the sound of a man's sobbing. "O, he's a 'ero! A little 'ero!" said the voice that sobbed.

Ideals—Lost and Found.

Written For The W.H.M. by Cassandra.

It is always a sad moment—that moment—when for the first time we must face—and admit to ourselves—the fact, that the ideals of our youth have failed to stand the test of time and experience. It is nevertheless, a moment that most of us experience sooner or later, so there was really no reason why Mrs. Thoriston should have looked so particularly mournful, that afternoon, as she turned over the pages of an old, half finished manuscript. With a queer little smile, she turned to the front page. Although it was nearly twenty years ago, she remembered as well as if it were yesterday, the day she had written those lines:

"To those of my country-women who have passed through the nineteenth century desire for power, and notoriety, and still remain what their Creator designed them, this book is affectionately inscribed."

Although she was then only eighteen, she had written a book, which had been published, and had met with some success in a small way, and so when one of the periodical attacks of the woman suffrage microbe, had swept over the country, the idea had occurred to her, of making this—her second book—an example of where woman's influence really lay—according to her youthful, enthusiastic ideals, and in fact, according to the ideals of some of us, who have outgrown our youthful enthusiasm. That is the influence of a pure, sweet, womanly woman, fulfilling her appointed place, in her home, and in the hearts of her husband and children. This, as before remarked, had been her idea in starting the story, but before the book was half finished, it had been interrupted by her marriage, and instead of having the pleasure of proving theories on paper, she had speedily been given the opportunity to prove them practically.

And now George Thoriston had gone out of her life—had been dead these five years, and—she still had a chance of proving what a woman's influence could do for her son. Her son, who at eighteen, certainly needed some good influence.

Her reverie was abruptly broken by the jangling of the electric door bell, and the one girl, her modest household could afford, announced a visitor. She rose from the little desk, which occupied a corner of her sitting room, then as she turned quietly to greet whoever her caller might be, she gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure, at sight of the tall, kindly, middle-aged man, advancing to meet her. "Why Dick! Dick Latimer!" she exclaimed, holding out both her hands impulsively. "Wherever did you come from? Why it's ages since I've seen you, but I would have known you anywhere."

"So would I have known you," he returned, smiling down at her. "You are the same Marion—I must call you Mrs. Thoriston, I suppose though I need hardly tell you how glad I am to see you again," then more gravely, "I heard of Thoriston's—or your loss"—looking at the black she still wore, "but I did not know until this morning, that you were living in Winnipeg. Mrs. Morton told me, and I got your address from her."

"Dear Mrs. Morton; She has been so good to me. But sit down, Dick, I'm afraid I must call you, Dick still—and we will have some tea, and you will tell me all about yourself, as you used to do, when we were youngsters."

"Agreed! If you will make it an exchange of confidences, as we used to do," he returned, smiling.

"Now," she said, when the tea had been brought. "Where shall we begin? Are you married? And how have you got along? Do you remember when you used to say that you would be the Premier some day?"

"Yes, I remember," smiling. "But unfortunately, we don't all realize our ambitions. Still I can't complain. I've got along fairly well, and as to your question, I regret to say that I have the bad taste to be still a bachelor—and the worst of it is, it's probably too late to remedy this sad state of affairs—when you come to consider all the silver threads among the gold—among the brown, I mean," laughingly ruffling the thick, brown hair, which as he remarked, had acquired a few silver threads, as indeed, had Marion's own.

"Well, go on," she said, "tell me more."

"But there's nothing interesting to tell about me," he protested. "An old bachelor is the most commonplace and uninteresting being in existence. Instead, tell me something of yourself, won't you? I don't wish to be inquisitive" hastily, "but—but—I do know a little of your life already Marion—and if you would care to tell me—you don't know how I should like to be of use to you—or Cyril" he broke off abruptly as at the mention of her son's name, Mrs. Thoriston's face grew sad. "I see you know," she said gently. And—I am going to tell you all about it—about everything. We were always chums as you said, Dick, and I'm going—do you remember how I used to talk—and write—about the woman's rights advocates, and how a woman's only real influence was that which she exercised on those she loved, or those who loved her—and a lot more rubbish? Well," as he nodded comprehension, "I know now that a woman has absolutely no influence on the lives of her nearest and dearest. I don't know if the suffragists are right—I only know I was absolutely wrong. When I married George Thoriston" she went on, in a quiet, even, voice "I loved him, and—I believed he loved me. We had about six months of happiness, then—his weakness began to assert itself. I did not know before I married George, that his Grandfather had been addicted to the same weakness—it would probably have made no difference if I had—I was so sure of the power of a woman's influence," bitterly. "Then," she continued, quietly. "The first time I saw him thoroughly intoxicated, I thought that there was no further misery or humiliation left, but—I didn't know. Later on as Cyril grew up, I found there were still deeper depths. And still, for years, I never gave up hope. And honestly, Dick, if anyone ever tried to put their theories in practice, I did. It wasn't always easy—it took a lot of thought, and patience, and," hesitatingly, "prayer. But I can say truthfully, I never lost patience, never reproached, never let him

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see—even when I had—that I had given up hope of conquering in the end, but even though he always claimed to care for me, I had never still absolutely no influence on his life. And—with a little break in her voice, "it is the same with Cyril. It has been one long struggle—and a losing one for me. That is one reason why we came here. We had a very comfortable home in Okanagan, right by the Lake too, but Cyril insisted that if I would come away from all his old chums, and give him a chance to make a fresh start, he would go to college, and—keep straight. So we came here, principally I think, because Mrs. Morton was living here, and she was almost the only one of my old friends I had kept in touch with. But it was no use after all, as far as Cyril is concerned. Oh!" she exclaimed, passionately, "I can understand now why there are so many suffragists and temperance cranks. It is terrible that so many lives should be ruined"—she broke off abruptly, as she met his eyes fixed on her, with a peculiar, perplexed expression, which she could not fathom.

"I appreciate your confidence," he said gravely, "but don't forget, Marion, that in our own lives, we can only see one side of the slate; even if your theories didn't seem to work out just the way you expected, that does not prove that your influence was wasted. As for Cyril," he went on, with a change of tone, "if you will let me help you, Marion, perhaps—" and not knowing just what to say, he wisely left the sentence unfinished.

resulted in a large majority in favor of prohibition, but—as usual also—the hotel men and liquor dealers had put up a strong fight, and so far the result seemed doubtful. That afternoon, however, the fate of the Bill was to be decided. When the vote was called, after the final speeches had been made, the House was found to be evenly divided—half for, half against. A second time the vote was taken, with the same result.

Then the Honorable Richard Latimer, speaker of the House, arose.

"Before I exercise my prerogative of casting the deciding vote," he said, "I would like to make a few remarks which may explain what will probably be a surprise to many of my friends. As you all know, I have never made a secret of the fact that my sympathies did not lie with this Bill. I may say that I have always been a temperance man myself, but I have always held that to pass a law enforcing prohibition, was a direct interference with individual liberty of action. Because I do not choose to make use of a certain article, is no reason why I should try to deprive a man who does choose to make use of it, of his right to do so. That has always been my line of argument. But I had a light on the subject afforded me yesterday, which has changed my views entirely. Liberty of action may, work out very well, if the results could be limited to the individual who decides the course of action; but as "the greatest good to the greatest number," should be the motto of all govern-



A G.T.P. View in the Rockies.

"Oh, thank you Dick," she said gratefully, holding out her hand, for he had risen to go. "It is just what Cyril needs—a friend he can look up to—someone for whose judgment he will have some regard. You see, he thinks because I am a woman, that I don't understand."

And it was only when he had gone, that Mrs. Thoriston remembered that Dick had told her almost nothing about himself after all.

As for Dick, he remained in a singularly thoughtful frame of mind, the rest of the day. Marion had not used very lurid colors, in the sketch she had given him, but he was a keen observer, and that indefinable "something" which always lies in the expression of those who have lived and suffered, had not escaped him. He could see—as plainly as if she had told it all—the constant worry and humiliation of her daily life, the never-ending struggle, and the heart-sickening agony of hope, perpetually deferred. And when he thought of the merry, happy-hearted girl he had known in the past, his whole soul rose in revolt at the circumstances, which caused her so much suffering, through no fault of her own.

The next afternoon, the Provincial Legislature, which was then in session, were to take the final vote on the Prohibition Bill, which had been discussed in all its bearings during the recent sittings. The plebiscite, taken just before the elections, had as usual,

ments—and as the motto can only be carried out by providing that the innocent shall not suffer unnecessarily—it becomes the duty of the government to protect, as far as possible, the innocent members of society, from the criminal or weak-minded class. Of course," he went on, quietly, "in most cases such protection is afforded. For instance, a man, normal in other respects, has a weak spot in his brain, which prompts him to appropriate property belonging to others. He is held to be morally deficient; nevertheless, society is protected against the results of his weak-mindedness, as far as possible. Another man has a weak spot in his brain which renders it impossible for him to resist the temptation of using intoxicating drinks. He also is morally deficient; yet he may make some woman miserable for life—he may bring a family into the world, each of whom may inherit his weak spot, and in course of time, each add more links to the chain of misery—and nothing is done to prevent it. Now it seems to me the least we can do, is to try and find a remedy, and since this Prohibition Bill offers a solution, in some measure, at least, it is with much pleasure that I hereby record my vote in favor of the Bill."

And so, for the first time in the history of the Province a Prohibition Bill was passed.

The next night, as Marion Thoriston was reading the evening edition of the Free Press, her eye caught the name of

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Richard Latimer, in a flaring headline announcing the success of the Prohibition Bill.

"Richard Latimer," she mused, "I wonder—surely that can't be Dick," then as she read his speech, her face flushed.

"Surely it must be," she thought, then her doubts were speedily set at rest by the entrance of Dick, himself.

"Well?" he asked her gently, glancing at the paper she still held. "What do you think of it now?"

"It's splendid, Dick! I was just wondering if it were really you," she said earnestly. "Why didn't you tell me you had grown to be such a distinguished personage, Dick? You must let me congratulate you. I am so glad that you at least, are in a fair way to realize your old ambition."

"One of them," he corrected her gently. "In those old days Marion, I used to have two ambitions. I wonder if you ever guessed what the other one was?"

"No," she replied, wonderingly, "I don't think so."

"All the time you like, dear, if you'll only promise that your thinking will end the right way." And as he looked down into her eyes, and watched the color flush her sweet face, his arm slipped around her, and somehow they both knew that for them, things were ending "the right way."—at last.

Vain Seeking

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Hugh S. Eayes.

The other day, while walking with a friend

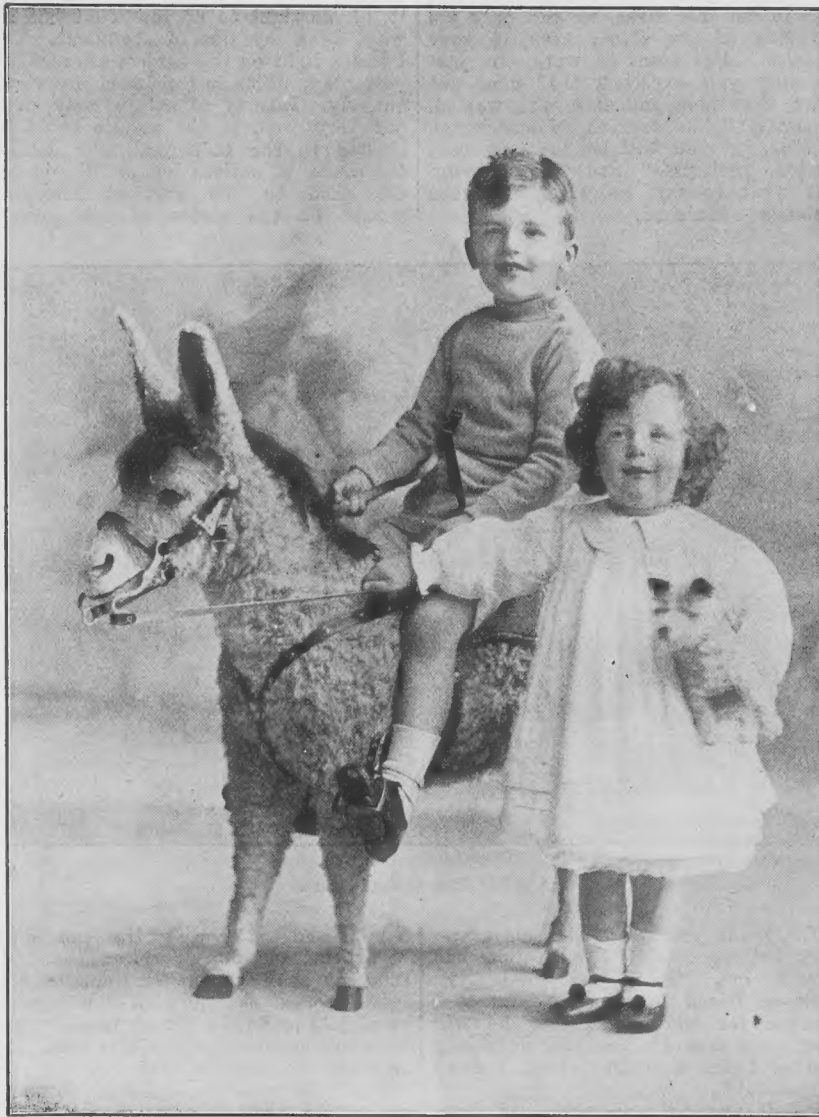
I saw again what oft I saw before,
Nor ever counted fit to be remarked,
Tho' it were right we all might notice take.

A train was speeding on the steely track,

With many a groan, and hissing spurt of steam

And sound reverberating, as anon it passed

Beneath a bridge, and as I looked, a dog
Ran in its wake, and yelped and barked
the while



Off for a Ride.

"No, I don't think you ever did, Marion," he went on quietly, "and yet it was the stronger one of the two. But—I waited too long to tell you, then Thoriston came along, and—it was too late. Now do you know?"

She made no reply, and after a moment's pause, he continued, slowly, "you never knew that I loved you, in those old days, Marion, but I did. I won't say that it has spoiled my life, because I hope I've done my duty in the world just the same; but it certainly did spoil my happiness. Always your face has come between me and any other woman I even thought of, and now that I see you again, I find that I love you just as I used to. Tell me dearest, is it too late yet?" and taking her hand in both his own, he waited for her answer.

"I don't know, Dick," she murmured uncertainly. "This is all so new to me. I never thought—never—I—you must give me time to think," she finished, quite after the fashion of heroines in fiction.

As tho' in anger that it could not bridge
The ever widening breach between.

And then
Reflecting on this common sight I mused,
And saw its moral; for that silly dog
Was wasting time and strength to catch
that train.

If he had got the thing for which he
tried,
What good! He was no better off, be-
cause

He could not use it, nor for work, nor
play
And so his chase was futile. Thus it
seems

That all of us spend many golden hours
And waste our strength and opportuni-
ties

In striving to procure what, if 'twere
ours,

Were nothing useful to us. Better far
To strive to gain the things that really
matter;

Hope, honor, love and acts of kindness
scatter.

The London Column

London, England.—A most useful—in fact quite indispensable—department of the English Post Office is the "Insufficient Address Department." Few people know of its existence; still fewer know what its work is. Yet it deals with thousands of letters a week, and saves many a forgetful letter-writer the annoyance of having his communication returned to him. For it is here that all letters bearing an address insufficient or too indefinite for them to be delivered, are scrutinized by a staff of experts for clues as to the rightful recipient.

Indeed, many are the stories of the strange inscriptions which have from time to time been consigned to the kindly mercies of the English Post Office for delivery. When the cult of shorthand was in its infancy, aspirants of the new science were addicted to inditing the superscription of their letters in the Pitman form. Unfortunately Postal Officials and Postmen are busy men, and within a few weeks a new postal law was framed making it irregular to write addresses in shorthand cypher. However, in spite of the regulation, so tender-hearted is the Post Office, that even still an envelope addressed in shorthand cypher would ultimately arrive at its destination.

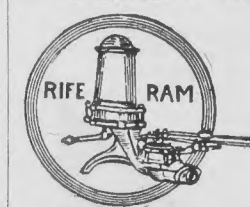
At the time Sir A. Conan Doyle was writing for the Strand Magazine his first Sherlock Holmes stories, one of the most popular of which was the famous "Adventure of the Dancing Figures," somebody for a wager posted a letter written (including the address) in the peculiar "dancing figure" code; nevertheless this letter was delivered, with the seal unbroken, to the addressee, with only a couple of days delay.

We more than once have had letters delivered to us which have borne only the two words 'Curzon, England,' and on one occasion a forgetful gentleman in Ontario sent an order and Twenty Dollars addressed merely "The World's Largest Measure Tailors, London." But they seemed to know who "The World's Largest Measure Tailors" were, and the letter was duly delivered to us at Curzon Brothers, 60-62, City Road, London.

That's the benefit of having a world-wide reputation. And that brings us to an interesting invitation. We want you, in your own interest quite as much as ours, to do two things. First, to send a postcard to our Distributing Depot, 449, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, for our new season's patterns, Catalogue of styles, simple self measure form, and the explanation how it is we can give you the value in tailored goods we do, at less than half local prices. These are not mere words but just the Truth.

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Written for The Western Home Monthly, by G. W. Bartlett

THERE'S treachery among the Fox band at Cedar Creek," said the British commander at Detroit. "Twice this month the Americans have got wind of our movements. Last week Capt. Bairdy's detachment was nearly captured by Johnson's Kentucky riders. Keep an eye on the old chief."

Donald McIntyre, the young army surgeon, stood in Col. Proctor's office with grip packed for a trip among the friendly tribes to the southwest.

"I'll stake my life on Flatstone's loyalty," he replied warmly.

"Well, keep your eyes open. If we cannot hold the Indians, our position is desperate."

McIntyre, a last-year medical student, had volunteered for service in the Canadian militia at the outbreak of the war of 1812, and had been under fire at Malden, Detroit, and a number of lesser skirmishes, but the total lack of medical men had compelled Brock to transfer him to the post of surgeon at Detroit, where he had passed the winter of 1812-13. During this time, he had cultivated the good-will of the Indian allies by careful attention to their needs. He had saved the lives of several dangerously wounded red men; but his most valued services were such simple matters as relieving toothache, frostbites and burns, and a dozen minor surgical operations. He also made visits to outlying villages throughout Michigan to encourage the loyal and confirm the vacillating bands. Nowhere throughout the district had he a stauncher friend than Flatstone, the Reynard Chief, whose son he had attended after a serious gun accident during the winter.

By such means, he won the favor of the red men, and gained for the British forces great bands of vigilant sentinels of the forest, who beset every wood, veiling the British army behind an impassable screen, and revealing every move of the Americans. Covered by these red allies, Proctor could launch his force with appalling suddenness, and deliver his blow before the enemy could rally his superior forces to oppose the attack. Thus favored, the handful of Canadians at Detroit had held their

ground for a year and crushingly repulsed all demonstrations of the enemy.

It was with dismay that Proctor learned during the spring that some traitor in the southwest was betraying his movements. Circumstantial evidence seemed to point to the Fox band at Cedar Creek. In the absence of the two great chiefs—Tecumseh and Roundhead

Proctor could think of no better man to send than young McIntyre who, in his capacity of physician, would have good opportunity for unsuspected observation of the band.

Attended by Snap, his faithful dog, Donald set off through the swamps and thickets of spruce and tamarac, toward the Reynard village. After a lonely tramp, he arrived at sunset, at a small rivulet ten miles from Cedar Creek. He decided to camp for the night. As he threw down his grip, Snap bristled up and uttered a low growl.

"Sssh!" breathed McIntyre. Creeping into a thicket, the doctor made the dog curl up beside him under the boughs of a fallen spruce. Two minutes after a light tread was heard; the boughs of a willow thicket were pushed aside as an Indian came past with silent moccasined tread. Donald recognized the Lynx, the Cedar Creek medicine-man. A heavier tread crushed the shrubbery as a white man pushed on behind the Indian. The watcher wrinkled his brow in perplexity, endeavoring to recollect the face of the white man. Suddenly the identity flashed into his mind. He was Ward, an officer of Hull's staff, who had surrendered with his general, and after a month at Montreal, had been exchanged.

"It looks like mischief," thought the doctor. "I'll warrant old Lynx is mixed up in any rascality afloat."

As he was about to rise and follow the pair, Donald heard them returning at the side of the creek not two rods away. They built a small fire. The watcher held his breath as Lynx came to the fallen tree and hewed off two dead boughs for fuel.

"Now for business," said Ward briskly. "How many soldiers at Detroit?"

"My people not there for two moons, and no red coat came to us."

"When can you find out?" asked the American impatiently.

"When will my brother do his part?" asked the Lynx suspiciously.

"I have authority now from the Great Chief at Washington to make you head man and grant you lands if you do what I say," said Ward.

Lynx grunted his satisfaction.

"You must find where the outposts are situated; how many men at each; and how many at the fort. None will suspect you. If you can put us in the way of getting Tecumseh, the Governor of Ohio will give you a medal that will cover your coat from shoulder to shoulder."

The medicine-man's eye glittered greedily.

"And what of Flatstone?" he asked.

"Why, you told me he was dead."

The Reynard grinned fiendishly.

"The Lynx is a prophet; he sees the shadow before the deed is done."

"Explain yourself," said Ward sourly.

"Flatstone gone many days to the south. He make the Long Knife much trouble. In six sleeps or seven, he come again. If Long Knives get him, he never come. Is it not so?"

"If we catch him, we will give him a collar of hemp," replied Ward grimly.

"And if the Lynx show the place?"

"A medal as big as my hand; and Lynx shall be chief instead."

"Ugh!" grunted the medicine-man,

rising to tear a piece of bark from a birch tree. Then with a coal from the fire he traced a plan on the bark. As the two men bent over the sketch their conversation became inaudible. Presently the Lynx handed the bark to Ward,

saying: "Six sleeps he come down the Miami. At the rapid he come across portage track. Ten men with him. Long Knives can watch portage and get

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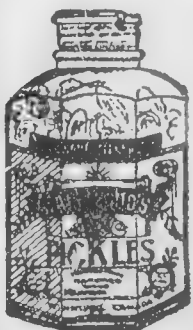
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Flatstone as he passes. Now we go on to camp. Heap feast; people miss the Lynx. Tomorrow Lynx go to Detroit; come back in two sleeps."

The conversation he had overheard drove all thought of sleep from the young Canadian's mind. He must warn Flatstone of the tribesman's treachery; and he must inform the colonel. After sharing a hasty meal with the dog, he arose to return to Detroit. As he stepped into the pathway he found himself face to face with a keen-featured Indian.

"The White Shauman!" cried the latter in pleased surprise. "Gray Wolf!" The two clasped hands.

"My brother comes to our lodges to-night? Our young men have killed a bear. Make much feast."

To decline such an invitation would be a grave affront to the band. Donald reflected a moment. "I will go; but when the moon rises Gray Wolf must go to Detroit on a message."

"Gray Wolf goes where his brother sends," was the ready reply.

Returning to the fire, the doctor scribbled a hasty note in cypher to Col. Proctor, warning him of the Lynx's treason and advising that on his arrival at Detroit he be held until McIntyre's return.

"This paper must be in the commandant's hand before tomorrow's sleep."

Gray Wolf uttered an affirmative "Ugh," and the pair set out for camp.

The Fox encampment had been moved about eight miles nearer Detroit, and a brisk half-hour's walk brought them to the edge of the meadow where the teepees stood.

Their approach was heralded by a savage rush of snarling, wolfish dogs. Snap, nothing daunted by the odds, closed with the curs, tossing the first over his head, and nipping the next so severely that it limped howling away. Then the fight resolved itself into a wild confusion of rolling, snarling, biting animals. Several Indians rushed forward and, clubbing indiscriminately, parted the combatants. The dogs limped away, turning every few yards to bristle and snarl defiance, while Snap, lame, but undaunted, followed his master without deigning another look at his foes.

The Reynards gathered about to welcome the White Shauman and conduct him to a seat of honor in the feasting booth. Here Lynx presided in the absence of Flatstone, and greeted Donald with honeyed welcome. "My heart sings when my white brother comes to our feast. Does he bring good words from the White Chief at Detroit?"

"The White Chief has nothing but good words for all his loyal-red brothers," replied McIntyre as he took a seat in the inner circle.

The bear feast among the western tribes takes the form of a religious festival to appease the angry spirit of the slain animal. It is a point of etiquette to devour the entire carcass at a sitting—a custom which often gives rise to incredible feats of gastronomy. This time, however, there were about sixty persons present, including women and children, so that the average of each was the comparatively easy task of about five pounds of meat.

Donald had taken the precaution of arranging with a young squaw for a greatly reduced portion. Even this proved more than he cared for, and he slyly passed a part of the meat to Red Thunder, a cavernous-visaged old warrior who sat on his right. Meantime he kept an eye on Ward, who sat nearly opposite, struggling with a huge cut of bear sirloin. At last a happy inspiration seemed to strike the American. Tying a cord around his neck, he secured the other end to the meat, and quickly drew it up under his coat out of sight. He then turned his birch bark platter up-side down, as a sign that he had finished. The Indians ate in solemn silence, and when finished turned their platters in the same manner.

Then the calumet was passed round, each guest taking a whiff. Last of all the Lynx took the pipe and, blowing the smoke to the four points of the compass, made a long propitiatory address to the spirit of the dead bear, pointing out the happy deliverance he

had received from a world full of cold and hunger. He further deplored the necessity the Indians were under of sometimes killing their best friends, not from ill-will, but from the necessity of securing food.

The Lynx then went out, and the feast was over. As Ward stepped out into the moonlight, the doctor followed. A short distance from camp he whistled to Snap, "Sic 'em!"

The dog flew at Ward and seized him by the coat, which he tore in ribbons from the spy's shoulders.

With an oath, the American drew a revolver, but a heavy blow on the chin laid him senseless on the ground.

"Watch him, Snap!" And Donald hastened to the fire with the birch bark sketch he had taken from the torn coat.

In five minutes he had made a facsimile of the chart, and keeping the original, slipped the copy into the jacket. He returned to Ward to find Snap mounting guard over the American, while a pack of Indian dogs growled savagely in a circle about them.

"What is the matter?" called the Canadian, clubbing the Indian dogs right and left.

"I do not seem to remember," replied the man sitting up, "I was attacked by a dog and then I don't know what happened."

"This is my dog guarding you from the curs. Good old Snap!" The dog wagged his tail. "I am much obliged to you," said the American struggling to his feet.

"Don't mention it," replied Donald.

Several Indians came up and pointed excitedly to the meat hung about Ward's neck. When he told his story one of the head men, Black Eagle, gravely replied: "The Long Knife did grievous wrong to take bear meat for own use. No doubt the dogs were guided by the wood-spirit to prevent such wickedness. He is our guest, and he may go this once in safety."

So saying the Reynard councillor cast the bear meat into the fire.

"Where is my jacket?" said Ward suddenly.

The tattered garment was soon found. The American felt in his pocket for the birch roll, and gave a sigh of relief as he felt the sketch in its place.

"This is a nice kettle of fish," snapped Col. Proctor, thirty-six hours later.

"Have you taken the Lynx," asked McIntyre breathlessly.

"Yes, I took him, and along came Tecumseh and two Fox chiefs to demand my reasons. I had nothing definite to give. I could not offend them; so I released the prisoner."

The young man gave a whistle of consternation.

The door opened and a tall lithe chief, with strong aquiline but pleasant features, came into the room.

"Tecumseh," exclaimed Donald.

"The White Shauman," and the great Indian's eagle eye sparkled with friendly recognition.

"We must capture Lynx, immediately," said Donald.

"Sir, you forget your rank," shouted Proctor.

"What has the Fox done?" asked Tecumseh, ignoring the commandant.

"He has betrayed his chief to the Long Knives, so as to get his position; he is spying on our forces here; and he has promised to betray you in exchange for a silver medal."

The chief's eyes hardened; his finely chiselled features set like polished copper.

"Have you proof?" he snapped.

Quickly the tale was told, and the bark scroll shown to the astonished listeners.

"He has had half an hour's start," said Tecumseh, and he whistled shrilly in the doorway.

"Take Gray Wolf, he is worth a dozen," said McIntyre as the shawnee warriors rallied to the familiar signal.

"That Indian makes me wonder who is commander," murmured Proctor wearily, as the pursuers plunged into the bush five minutes later.

The doctor then laid his plan before the colonel, for checkmating the American ambush party on the Miami. After much hesitation the commandant gave orders to his officers, and half an hour after sunset the British force of

five hundred marched quietly away to the south. At daybreak they camped in the woods. As the soldiers were sitting down to an early breakfast a party of Indians came silently in.

"Tecumseh," said Donald, rushing forward, "any word of the Reynard traitor?"

"He has turned into a fish," said the Iaconic chief.

From Gray Wolf he soon learned that Tecumseh pursuing in advance of his men had overtaken the Lynx, who seeing one man turned to fight. At the sight of the great chief, however, the

Lynx with a cry of terror had plunged from a crag into the river, and stunned by the fall had drowned before anyone could reach him.

The affair at Miami rapids is well known to history. The Americans walked into their own trap, and were cut off to a man. Quickly following this blow, the British forces cooped Governor Harrison up in Fort Megs, and turning on a large body of reinforcements from the South, forced the entire division to surrender. Harrison, who attempted a sortie during the engagement, was driven back into the fort with heavy loss.

Madame Carsetti.

By C. B. Redfern

AS the clock struck six Amy Vinter closed the door of her pupil's house in Porchester Terrace and turned her footsteps towards home. She was a short, sturdy young woman, very upright in her carriage, and moving in a series of jerks like a mechanical toy. Under her arm was a portfolio clasped with difficulty over such contents as Czerny's exercises, Clementini's sonatas, Sullivan, Donatelli, and the fugues of Bach. Her expression, after a particularly hard day, was neither fretful nor discontented, merely continuously energetic with the unimaginative energy of some little working insect untiringly pursuing its allotted task. A most excellent teacher of the pianoforte was Miss Amy Vinter, an art requiring the patience of Job in its earlier stages; and one is sometimes tempted to wonder what would have been the result if that gentleman, in addition to all his other sufferings, had been called upon to perfect the youth of the community in five finger exercises.

The Vinters lived in Medbury Road, Bayswater. "Dednury" Road would perhaps have been a more fitting designation, for the houses are narrow and straight like coffins, while the ob-

long patches of green behind each remind one rather too forcibly of the space allotted to "tenants on long leases" in a cemetery. The Vinters had always lived in Medbury Road. There had been, once upon a time, a Mrs. Vinter, also two brothers and a sister besides Amy, her father, and Uncle Max. Out of this family there remained only the last three. All the Vinters had been musicians, and of them all Amy, the youngest, was the only one with no pretensions to genius. Old Vinter himself, of German extraction, had been a 'celloist of some distinction in Leipzig before the migration to England, but his compositions, many of them quite excellent, had never received appreciation in this country, and they now filled an old trunk in the basement of Medbury Road. Uncle Max, a little wizened man, with piercing eyes like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, lived with them because he had no other home. There was the tiniest income between them all; therefore it was Amy, the plodding, untalented youngest, who kept the roof above their heads.

In the dining-room of Medbury Road the two old men awaited her arrival. Huddled in a chintz-covered chair by the fire sat Uncle Max. On his thin wrists stretched towards the fire were the grey bearded mittens knitted for him by his niece. In the opposite corner sat his brother, a large, shaggy old man, his great feet in slippers, his back bowed with rheumatism. Against the wall, and lumbrous like himself, stood the 'cello, the distinguished companion of his successful days. All round the shabby room were evidences of the family occupation—musical instruments in all stages of dilapidation, strings, chin-rests, lumps of resin, tattered scores, broken violin-stands.

"She is late," remarked Uncle Max, eyeing with disfavor the tardy preparations for supper.

"She comes; I hear her," replied in sonorous tones the ancient 'celloist.

Amy's key turned in the door. She passed through the narrow linoleumed passage, went up the stairs to her room, where she removed her outdoor things, folding up the tight black veil and impaling it with hatpins, rolling her woolen gloves into a hard knob, and making other preparations for supper. Then she came back to the dining-room, where her aged relatives watched for her entrance. It was characteristic of Amy that, cold as she was, she did not kneel by the fire and spread her hard little red hands to the blaze. Instead, she rang the bell and assisted her father, who groaned with every movement, to the table. Scarcely a word was spoken as the trio sat down to the nightly meal. There was soup, a cottage-pie, and a long brown pudding, an uncompromising oblong, like a railway-station. They all ate with appetite, Amy sitting hard and straight in her chair, the old men leaning over their plates.

"Had a good day, my child?" queried old Vinter.

"Just as usual, father. Louise Schulenberg has measles and will not require lessons till after Easter; Mary Turner will sing at the Bechstein on Monday, and I shall accompany her; and there are two new pupils at the Institute—that is all, I think."

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"Ah, that is all, is it?"

Uncle Max smiled at his brother. He rose and began to fill the long German pipe on the mantelpiece. Amy helped the servant to clear the table, placed a box of chessmen ready for her father, and, drawing near the lamp, began to darn some socks.

The two old men looked meaningfully at one another. Uncle Max reached for the paper and ran his finger down a column.

"Here, my child—here, Amy, look what I have found for you."

He read aloud:

"Madame Carsetti seeks an accompanist for her forthcoming tour in the States. Salary, five pounds per week and all expenses paid. Apply first by letter, Hotel C—, Strand."

Amy took the paper from Uncle Max and read it attentively.

"It is more than you are earning, my child. It is also a fine opening, and may lead to fame—fame! Ha, Ha! You remember the Carsetti, Adelbert? Her father was Italian-Swiss and her mother a Russian Jew. It was in Leipsic, Amy, when your father and I were playing in the Conservatorium. Carsetti, who had the finest basso I have ever heard, brought her, a little black-eyed child, and she sat on my knee and played with Adelbert's watch-chain. 'You will be famous, little one,' I said to her, 'and then you will sing songs of my brother.' Is it not so, Adelbert?"

The old man sighed.

"The dreams of youth, brother—the dreams of youth."

Amy spoke in her clipped, practical voice:

"It would be no use, Uncle Max; I should never get such a post. You know you do not care for my accompaniments."

Uncle Max pulled at his pipe. His enthusiastic nature would admit of no failure.

"Not so, not so. You will obtain this engagement, and when you are on excellent terms with the Carsetti you will show her your father's songs, and she will sing them. She is soprano. She will take that C in alt. in 'Ariosa,' Adelbert, pure and free like a lark in the sky."

Old Adelbert answered never a word, only his hand trembled as he set the men and the game began.

That evening Amy wrote for a long time. She copied out in her neat handwriting her various testimonials. She composed a stilted little letter applying for the post, and the next day as she went to work she slipped it in the box. She had no hope whatever of a favorable reply. It had been written to please Uncle Max, and from that time the matter went entirely out of her mind.

Nearly a fortnight later she came home to find the two old men poring over an oblong of pinkish-yellow paper. Her father, usually so taciturn, hailed her with enthusiasm.

"The chance of my life has come—the chance of my life!"

"Yes, the chance of his life!" echoed Uncle Max.

Amy had never seen her father so excited. She looked anxiously at the flush on his hoary cheek, the trembling of his gigantic knotted hands.

"What is it, father?"

The telegram was handed to her. It was addressed to "Vinter."

Your passage taken on the Kaiser Wilhelm. Please go on board Wednesday next 11 a.m. Pass follows. Accompany me America.—CARSETTI.

It was now Monday.

"Come, come, do not waste time!" cried Uncle Max. "We must get out your music, Adelbert, and see what the child shall take. The grand opera 'Ariosa,' the oratorio 'Christus,' and the lyrics—above all, the lyrics."

Amy folded and replaced the telegram in the envelope. She was strangely excited herself, and found that her hands were trembling. She went over to Mr. Vinter, and from habit the old man leant heavily on her shoulder to raise himself.

"Come to supper, father and Uncle Max," she said. "We will talk about it afterwards."

"Ha, ha, the little one! How calm she is, how practical; but she has not the artistic temperament. As you say, we must eat—we must eat."

"Accompany me America." The words rang in her ears long after the little household had gone to bed. The wonderful, the unexpected, had happened after all. She had been engaged, and without even a personal interview, a practical test. The testimonials, of course, were excellent, and the examinations. She knew herself to be a conscientious, careful player. There was no fault to find with her technique; incessant practice from her childhood had produced quite a wonderful precision of touch in those naturally stiff, stocky fingers; but what of the soul, the gemuth? More than once she had been reluctantly forced to admit to herself that she was somehow lacking in these respects. She was afraid of the unknown, of possible failure. She almost wished this wonderful chance had not come to her. It was out of the question, however, to refuse the offer. She could not so disappoint her father and Uncle Max. She must set about finding a substitute at once. The large musical Institute which employed her would possibly keep the post open for her for a time; in any case she knew enough about such matters to be aware that having accompanied so great an artist as Carsetti, there would be no further difficulty in obtaining engagements. Consoled by this thought she slept dreamlessly till morning.

Amongst the passengers who thronged on board the great liner at Southampton Dock none looked so self possessed or felt so much the reverse as Amy Vinter. She had seen her trunk—a going concern in more senses than one—hoisted and deposited by the crane amidst numerous others of more robust physique handled by the grimy stevedores. There had been no sign of her patron at Waterloo, and she concluded, rightly perhaps, that the great lady, disliking early rising, had spent the night at Southampton. Travelling, to Amy, was an almost entirely new experience. She had been once or twice to the seaside, but somehow it had always been just a glorified Medbury Road, with bathing-machines at one end and a railway-station at the other. She had no idea what course she ought to pursue, so, grasping her bag and umbrella, she began to explore the warren-like intricacies of the lower decks. Here she became immediately lost. Round and round and in and out she wandered, while busy stewards, shrill-voiced American women, their veils streaming behind them, nurses, children, men and women, all the rattle and roar of an ocean-going steamer passed and re-passed before her. Her peregrinations brought her into pink-and-blue velvet rooms of incredible beauty, reading and writing-rooms, where the leather chairs were screwed into the floor and the duldest of dull literature in the shape of time-tables, guide-books, catalogues, and numerous advertisements were strewn on the tables. Once, passing to consider the situation, she took refuge on the edge of a bunk, only to be ignominiously turned out by a stout Dutch woman, who then and there lay down with the palpable intention of stirring no more till Sandy Hook should heave in sight. No one had a minute to spare, and her timid questions answered incoherently or not at all. She was told finally by a gold-laced official to present herself at the office, and in search of this harbor of refuge found the brass-bound treads of the stairs moving under her feet. She clutched at the hand-rail to steady herself. The ship was in motion. This was the crisis of Amy's life, though she did not know it. At the moment when the office appeared in sight, where inquiries for Madame Carsetti would have put an end to her wanderings, she became conscious of a sensation which entirely precluded any possibility of reaching that desirable goal. A kindly stewardess, passing at that moment, placed a stout, supporting arm under hers and conveyed her to some remote corner where she became for the next few hours oblivious of and indifferent to all the more vital problems of human existence. When she regained some measure of interest in life the ship had left Cherbourg, and had turned its face

towards the rolling Atlantic and the distant American continent. She was making up her mind to sally forth once more, when she felt a touch on her arm.

"You are of the suite of Madame Carsetti? Your name is Vinter, hein?"

It was one of the German stewards.

She assented.

"But what have you been doing? We have been searching for you all over the ship. Come at once."

Amy rose and followed him. All along the more peaceful region of the saloon deck, swathed like mummies in their rugs, the first-class passengers lay extended in her deckchairs. The steward brought her to the door of one of the state-rooms and ushered her inside. Here, seated at a desk, was a slim youth writing busily. He looked up for a moment, pointed with his pen towards an inner compartment, and then continued his feverish activities. Amy walked to the door indicated and knocked.

"Entrez!" cried a shrill voice.

The room she now entered was quite unlike the tightly-packed cabins she had been exploring. There was a thick piled carpet on the floor, a brass-bound bedstead, pretty furniture, and a miniature piano in one corner. The Carsetti—for of course it was she—lay on the bed in a peignoir of damask silk, which revealed the froth of a lace petticoat and short, broad feet. Brilliant black eyes met Amy's. The singer was evidently in a bad mood.

"So at last you condescend to appear! How do you suppose I can manage without you all this time? I began to think

sprang from the bed and threw open the door leading to the other room.

"Torriano Lesti! come here instantly—come!"

She beat her hands impatiently, and the slim boy Amy had already seen and a short dark man hastened towards her.

Excited words followed in a language she did not understand. Torriano gesticulated; Lesti smiled. Amy stood by in her shabby clothes, the blackest despair falling like a cloud on her heart. There had been some mistake evidently. What could it mean?

Presently the slim young man spoke in English. He appeared to be in no awe at all of this terrible being.

"You would write those letters yourself, madame, though I warned you. It is all quite plain"—he yawned and stretched himself—"you quarrel with Torriano, who has accompanied you for years; you advertise to annoy him, and then mix up the addresses and wire to the wrong person. I think all apologies are due to Miss Vinter, whom I'm afraid, we have put to considerable inconvenience."

Clutching her hair and rolling her eyeballs in an extremity of rage, reminding one of the fifth act of a transportine drama, where someone has got to pay for things and quickly, Madame let loose a perfect torrent of words, and then suddenly turned her back upon them and banged the door of her room. Lesti laughed; Torriano wrung his hands.

Young Lesti then explained the situation to Amy as kindly as possible. He was really a good-hearted boy and sorry for this uninteresting, extremely dowdy

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you had missed the boat, and then what would have become of me—answer me that! Do not stand and stare at me with your stupid English face. Make me some order in this abominable little pig-sty, fetch me some eau-de-Cologne, brush my hair enfin —"

The voice rose almost to a shriek.

Amy mechanically closed the door behind her and moved a step or two forward. She stared at the singer, who had turned her head pettishly aside, and opened her lips, but no sound came. Then a certain measure of her imperturbable common-sense came to her aid.

"I am sorry you have been wanting to see me. I could not find you at first, and then—and then—but would it not be well for me to fetch your maid; she will know better what to do for you than I?"

"My maid!" The prima donna raised herself on one elbow and almost shrieked the words. "My maid! Are you not, then, my maid? Diable! Has the world gone mad? Have I not engaged you as my maid? Were you not six years with the Baroness Karatoff? Speak, imbecile!"

"You engaged me to accompany you on your American tour."

"Accompany me, and of course. Accompany me! And what would be the good of a maid who did not accompany me? Answer me that."

"You engaged me to accompany your songs on the pianoforte."

The singer stared at her for a moment without replying, and then, with extraordinary agility considering her bulk,

specimen of womanhood; but his sense of the ludicrous was sufficiently keen, and he had to bite his lips every now and then as he thought of the Carsetti, left helpless in a confusion of chiffons, and of the utterly inadequate substitute for a maid which Pate and her own folly had provided. Amy hung on his words with pathetic attention. She would now, of course, have to continue her journey. She would be put on the very next steamer sailing, homeward bound, from New York. Madame would compensate her generously for her time and the inconvenience to which she had been put. Meanwhile he would charge the steward to show her her cabin and give her a seat at table. To one of more volatile temperament than Amy the situation would not have been without its alleviations. A free first-class passage to New York and back again, the delights of travel, the experience of seeing the world. But our heroine was not built on lines such as these. To her it was little less than a tragedy. She thought of the two old men so eagerly awaiting the news of her success, of the position this rash act might have endangered in the Institute which had employed her for so long, and the fear of losing her living was like a cold hand laid on her heart.

Up and down the wind-swept deck she wandered until the cold drove her under cover. Unlike the swathed and rigid mummies on the first-class saloon, she was totally unprovided with cloaks and rugs, and therefore could not accept the generous offer of the deck-steward to

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This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Company, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell models A, B and C at half price. The regular price of Model A, which takes pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is \$5.00, but it will cost our readers only \$2.50. Model B (regular price, \$10.00) which takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, will cost only \$5.00, while Model C (regular price, \$15.00), which takes both sizes, will cost only \$7.50. Whenever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model A is $5 \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ inches in size and weighs 2 pounds 4 ounces. Model B— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 2 pounds 14 ounces. Model C— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 3 pounds 2 ounces.

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find her a chair. In the days that followed, while the great steamer ploughed its way unceasingly through the grey and livid expanse of water, Amy paced the deck continually, pausing often at the forward end to watch the rushing lines of foam made by the bows as they cleft their way into the dim distance in which the American continent lay enshrouded. In the second-class she found a few friendly souls, and here she learnt that a young woman, travelling out to a situation, had been found to supply the place of maid to Madame Carsetti. Of the singer herself she caught but infrequent glimpses. Sometimes, like the flight of some wonderful tropical bird, the prima donna, surrounded by her suite, would swoop across the deck, filling the air with laughter and perfume and leaving a flutter of whispered comments and admiring interest behind her. It was quite obvious also that the lady had entirely forgotten her own insignificant existence, and for this fact Amy was profoundly thankful.

The last morning arrived. Most of the passengers had flocked on deck, anxious to catch the first glimpse of the statue which heralds the approach to the great Western city.

Amy had remained below, and the elderly woman who shared her cabin having gone on deck with the rest, she brought out her valise and set about her modest packing. Almost the first object that met her eyes was the rolled manuscript of her father's songs, and the sight of this brought back in full force the hopeless failure of her undertaking. Amy belonged to the order of women who rarely find relief in tears, yet somehow, as she held these ancient sheets in her hand and thought of all that might have been, a wave of uncontrollable misery swept over her, and, leaning her head against the rail of the berth, the tears welled up in her eyes. Grey and leaden was the turbid water without; grey and leaden was her life. A sob shook her frame, and then another, and abandoning herself as she had never done before, she wept unrestrainedly. A sound behind her caused her to lift her head, and she was horrified to see, standing in the doorway, the person of all others she most wished to avoid. Madame Carsetti was dressed in shore-going costume. A Parisian gown trailed its graceful folds around her; magnificent feathers swept the brim of her picture hat. She stood uncertainly a moment on the threshold, then moved further into the cabin.

"Miss Veenter?"

Her glance fell on the tear-stained face, the crouching form, and the next instant Amy was conscious of a gigantic embrace composed chiefly of chiffons, lace, and perfume.

"It is Miss Veenter. Oh, la pauvre chérie. You weep, and it is perhaps because of my unkindness. I have been rude and cruel, is it not so? But I confess to you I had forgotten, but how completely forgotten! And this morning Lesti, he speak of you, and I say, 'I will go and see her myself. I will ask her to forgive me. Oh, la, la! I am bad; I am wicked.'"

Amy looked up into two brilliant eyes, beseeching her with softest radiance. The singer had put her arms round the kneeling girl and was wiping her eyes with a microscopic piece of cambric. Her voice, which Amy last remembered shrill with rage, was now incredibly soft and sweet. But Amy could not stay her tears; it seemed as if a tempest had been loosed in her soul.

Madame Carsetti drew her gently to a seat beside her.

"What shall I do, then, to comfort you, my poor child? What shall I say?" Her eyes fell on the rolled manuscript still clutched in Amy's hand. "What have you there? Music? You compose, perhaps? What is that you say?—your father's songs? Come, then, I know what I will do; I will sing one to you, and then you will forgive me, hein?"

She drew the girl's arm through hers and together they went out of the cabin. Amy felt dazed and limp, but behind it now there was the dawning sensation of joy. They came to the state-room she remembered so well, now, thanks to the maid, miraculously tidy. In the corner stood the bijou piano. Torriano was summoned and ran his nimble fingers

over the keys. Presently the pure and noble tones of the great lyric soprano filled the little room and gathered in an incredibly short space of time a crowd of passengers outside the window. Amy felt as though she were in a dream. It was a dream surely that the notes she knew so well should be soaring heavenward borne on one of the finest voices she had ever heard.

"Torriano, it is magnificent!" cried the singer. She seemed to have forgotten Amy completely. "I will sing them all, but not now. Put them in my repertoire, Torriano; they suit my voice a merveille. Oh, there she is, the little Veenter! Mon enfant, your father is a genius; his songs will live. I, Carsetti, will make him famous."

"I wonder how the child is doing," said Uncle Max that evening, as they sat down to their game of chess after supper. "Do you think the Carsetti has sung one of your songs yet, Adelbert?"

The older man shook his head as he set the men.

"Not yet, Max—not yet," he answered.

But he was wrong.

Windmills in the Brain.

Many people seem to spend a considerable part of their life in fighting imaginary foes—things which have no existence—like the vampires and gorgons, and monsters of less threatening form, which live only in fable and legend and myth. In all departments of life—religious, political and social—there are men and women who strain their powers in violent attacks upon phantoms and bogies of many shapes and of varied degrees of horrid complexion. And when we come down to our individual selves, most of us have to admit that we have occasionally played the part of Don Quixote in tilting with all our might at windmills, under the delusion that they were g'ants, "two leagues in length or more." We suffered severely, getting the worst of the battle, and perhaps some faithful Sancho Panza rebuked us for our folly. "Did I not tell your worship they were windmills? And who could have thought otherwise, except such as have windmills in their head?"

We often dwell too much on what people think of us and say about us. We magnify a casual, careless remark, until it becomes in our eyes a most cruel reflection upon our character, or even our sanity. Sometimes a person of jesting ways cracks a joke at our expense, and we misunderstand the meaning and the intention, and regard the jest as a downright serious statement. The windmill in our head begins to revolve; we have uneasy days and sleepless nights, and in the end we discover we have only suffered the penalty of our folly.

It is usually the very "sensitive" folks who are plagued with windmills in the brain, and who fancy all sorts of things which have no real existence. The best plan for such people to adopt is to tilt at one of the thousand real giants, who strut and brag and threaten, and block the path of human progress, prosperity and happiness. Real warfare of that kind is the best cure for the "sensitive," and for all who carry windmills in their heads.

The Goal in Sight.

To look upon the most exalted forms of beauty, such as a sunset at sea, the coming of a storm on the prairie, or the sublime majesty of the mountains, begets a sense of sadness, an increasing loneliness. It is not enough to say that man encroaches on man—so that we are really deprived of our freedom, that civilization is caused by bacillus, and that from a natural condition we have gotten into a hurly-burly where rivalry is rife—all this may be true, but beyond and outside all this there is no possible physical environment in which man can supply that which the tired soul needs. They are happiest who have the least; and the fable of the stricken king and the shirtless beggar contains the germ of truth. The wise hold all earthly ties lightly—they are stripping for eternity.

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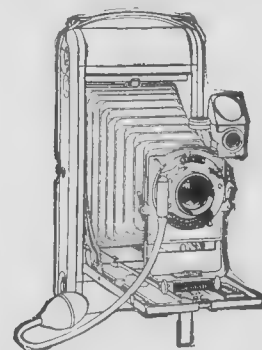
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The Book-Learned Farmer.

Written for the W.H.M. by E. Jerrold Quam.

"It is kindo' queer," said Si Grubb, crossing his legs and taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "what book learnin' will do fur a feller."

"Speakin' of it now," he continued, "it reminds me of old Abner Burr's boy, Pete, an' the way he beat old Cyrus Napper growin' peas, an' how he won Napper's pretty daughter Sally, besides."

Old Abner Burr was the poorest farmer in the state. He owned forty acres of run down land that wouldn't raise enough grain to feed a chicken. His buildings were always out of repair, and the manure heaps stood rottin' in the barnyard.

Abner had one boy, Pete. He was a small feller, an' looked a lot like his mother's folks, an' he took after 'em in most everything. He was tolerable smart too, an' kept a studin' away at his books all the time.

"When Pete was about twenty years old, he got hold of some papers an' magazines that told how to farm, an' they had a lot of no account ideas about fixin' and plowin' the land."

Pete seemed mighty interested in 'em. He soon began tellin' his paw to haul out the manure an' put it on the land, an' then plow a little deeper. But the old man only laughed at him, an' said he guessed he could farm without the help of no fool paper, an' told the boy not to put up stock in sech trash, cause it warn't of no account anyhow.

But Pete stuck right to 'em. That summer I hired the boy for eight months at twelve dollars a month, an' he saved every cent of it. He told his maw that he was goin' to the agricultural school, up state that winter.

Course, old Abner laughed at that. Said he never did see anyone learn to farm out of books, an' he told the boy that he had better stay to home.

HER "BEST FRIEND"

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think tea and coffee are real friends, but watch them carefully awhile and observe that they are two of the meanest of all enemies for they stab one while professing friendship.

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"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days trial of Postum."

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I am free from nervousness."

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house; now she has Postum at home and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

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Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a l :son" for Postum.

But Pete's maw was more encouragin'. She told the boy that if he wanted to go, that she would patch his clothes an' have things ready for him when he went.

An so it was: the day that Pete finished at my place, I paid him off an' he took his carpet bag an' walked to town, where he took the train to the agricultural school, to learn farmin' from a book.

Now, down the valley about a mile and a half, lived Cyrus Napper. Cyrus was just the opposite of Abner Burr, an' he allers raised the best crop of peas an' gardenstuff in the country. Peas was his best crop though. He used to boast that there wasn't nobody in the hull country that could beat him raisin' peas.

When young Pete was workin' to my place, I could tell, he used to think a lot of old Napper's girl, Sally, an' although they weren't seen much together, I knowed they were pretty thick.

Bein' small, an' not havin' much grit by nature, Pete was afraid of old Napper. Napper caught him talkin' once to Sally, an' had told him to his face that he didn't want nothin' to do with the Burrs, an' said if he knowed what was good for him, to hike, an' hike fast. Pete hiked. He didn't have the nerve to face old Napper.

The day Pete came back from school, I could see he'd changed. I happened to be at the depot, an' sein' as his paw warn't there to meet him, he got right in my buggy an' took him home.

He seemed to think that he had learned a lot at school, an' on the way home he kept talkin' about what he called the "possibilities of agriculture." Course, I didn't know exactly what that meant, but he explained that most all the land hereabouts, was run down an' needed better ways of plowin', an' fixen' to make it grow better crops.

The way he used big words was a corker. I couldn't understand half of what he said, although I let on I did. Before he got out of my buggy, I had hired him to help me all summer, at seventeen dollars a month.

The first Sunday come after he was home, he preened up his grit, slicked his hair down nice an' stylish, an' puttin' on a nice green necktie, I never saw him wear before, he went down to call on Sally Napper.

Well, old Cyrus Napper caught 'em sittin' on the front porch, an' he up an' tells Pete all what he thinks of him all over again. Told him that he wasn't nothin' but a worthless farmer's son, an' hadn't sense enough to raise a decent crop of peas.

Seems so Pete had got more grit down to the agricultural school, fur he stands right up an' tells old Napper, that he could raise a better crop of peas than he, Napper, ever saw.

That made old Napper mad, sein' as peas was his pet crop, an' he thunders out so loud that I could hear him clear down to my place: "You can't do it."

"Mr. Napper," said Pete, walkin' up to the irate, old man, "if I can raise a better crop of peas than you, can I—er—can—I come an' see Sally?"

"That took the old man's breath away. But sein' as he thought there warn't anybody that could beat him growin' peas, he thought that would be the best way to discourage Pete."

"Yes," he thundered again, "if you can do that, you can sure have Sally. But," he continued, "if I win, I want you to keep away. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Pete, "I do," an' he walks off.

The first thing Pete did was to go home an' rent half an acre of land from his paw. Then he came to me an' asked me to lend him fifty dollars. As he was goin' to work for me an' I knew he was honest, I let him have it. Then, too, I was kinda curious to know how them new fangled ideas of farmin' would turn out.

He walked over every step of that piece of land takin' notes in a little book. When he came back to my place

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Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

he carried a big stack of books under his arm, an' he set 'em down on a chair."

"Say," he said, "the possibilities of thet little piece of land is great. There's the ditch on one side fur irrigation, an' the land slopes down to the west, makin' a natural drainage fur the surface an' sub-surface water. The only thing that ails it," he said, "is the way it's run down an' grown to weeds, but I know how to fix thet," an' he talked kinda loud, "so I guess I will have a better crop than old Napper."

"Pete began by haulin' fifty loads of rotted manure, an' puttin' it on thet piece of land. Then he spread on half a ton of lime to sweeten the ground, an' atop of thet, he spread about two hundred pounds of what he called, "formula B," an' he said it was made of potash, phosphate, an' other stuff thet was to doctor the land, an' make them peas grow."

Then he disked it, an cross disked it, an' plowed it five inches deep an' disked it, an' harrowed it again. When he had got it as smooth an' nice as a garden, he sowed his peas in rows. After thet, he fixed up a dam at the ditch, so he could irrigate them peas whenever it was needed.

Bein' as the patch was right next to my place, Pete would go over every evenin' an' tend to them peas. On Sunday's he'd read in his books.

I could see thet we were goin' to have frost, an' I begin lookin' for Pete. I wanted to see how he'd fix it. I waited around, but no Pete an' I went to bed thet night feelin' sorry fur the boy, an' wishin' thet the frost hadn't come. The only way I could see, was thet Pete would lose the crop, his time and money, not to say nothin' about Sally Napper.

Thet night old Napper, not takin' any chances, sneaked down to the patch of peas an' turned on the water. He figured thet the water would cool things off an' the frost would do the rest. Then he went an' covered his own patch with sacks.

The next mornin', Pete, havin' returned thet night, got up early, an' without half answerin' my question about the peas, struck across the field to old Napper's place.

When he reached the house Napper was eatin' breakfast.

"Hello, Mr. Napper," he said, bright an' cheery, "fine mornin'."

Napper grunted, but kept on eatin'.

"I thought I'd come over," said Pete, "an' tell you, me an' Sally is engaged."

The old man laid down his knife.

"What?" he bellowed, "you rascal!" "My peas were better than yours," said Pete, "you know it, an' everybody says so. Last night we had a killin' frost. I was out with Sally the early part of the night an' might have lost



A Summer Resort on the G.T.P. Railway.

"Why don't you tile drain your land, practice crop rotation, an' keep more stock," he would say to me. But I never answered, an' kept on thinkin', I'd wait and see how his little patch would turn out, for I said anything.

Well, his peas grew fine. There warn't anybody in the country, had seen better peas.

In the later part of April the weather was a little dry, but Pete made little ditches through the rows, an' kept the ram a-spreadin' water on the plants. By the fifteenth of May, people said that old Cyrus Napper never raised sech peas, an' never could.

Up to the fifteenth of May we hadn't had no frost. Pete was on the look-out for it, an' on cold nights he used to tie two thermometers to a stick, an' put a wet rag about one of them. He said thet would tell him when the frost was comin'.

I asked what he would do if the frost did come, but he just smiled an' said he'd show me sometime.

It made old Cyrus Napper pretty mad when he saw thet Pete was gettin' the best of him. What hurt him worst was the way folks talked about it. He couldn't stand to have anybody beat him raisin' peas, especially Pete, an' as he had, thet time when he was mad, told Pete he could have Sally if he won, there was altogether too much at stake. He couldn't afford to take chances.

So one night, it was the seventeenth of May, an' cold an' clear with every sign of frost, he figured he'd beat Pete out by helpin' the frost along.

'em, but somebody was kind enough to turn the water on my patch. It was the only thing thet saved 'em. When I came over here this mornin', I looked at yours. They are dead."

The Difference

George Ade, at a dinner in New York, urged a subtler use of words. "Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe all subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision,' for instance, when 'sight' is what you mea."

"There is no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted an editor.

"No," said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy when you and I passed each other on Broadway yester' y, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."—Life.

The Lid On

Mrs. Starr returned from her first visit to the city. At the weekly club meeting one of the women asked her: "What do you think of the metropolis?"

Mrs. Starr hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I didn't see it; it wasn't open while I was there."

The Rule Applied

Magnate (given to advice)—"My boy, it is the little things that tell."

Young business man (savagely)—"I know it! She's got a little brother."



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The Finish

As the Bridegroom Told It. By Rex E. Beach

"KINK" Martin's Odyssey is neither epical nor of record, yet the snatches I had gleaned at camp-fire and round-up interested me demoralizingly. Now, after two years, I came upon him again, crowding the edge of the frontier, pioneer by habit, pirate by instinct; lax of morals, lusty of heart.

I had walked the eight miles from camp, hoping, yet doubting, that this Diogenes Martin, Paragon, was my old pal of the vagabond days. Reminiscence is dear to my heart, however, and I spoke of the past.

"Say, do you remember that salted mine in Sonora, that time we took—"

He interrupted me hastily, flushing a painful red, and shifting uneasy glances at the Jap cook.

"Come on outside in the sun," he said awkwardly; "I can talk better in the open," and I followed him, marvelling, to a seat where below us stretched the gravelly creek-bed, ripped and furrowed by the sluices. There floated to us softly the rush of waters, the rattle of the pick and shovel, and the bountiful language of men in a tail-race.

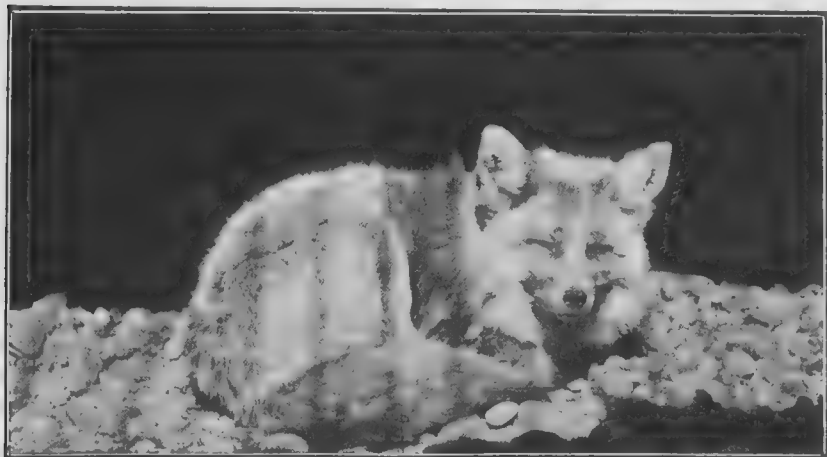
"Say, don't mention them old days in company," he began. "You know I'm respectable now." He paused, and I knew that within him was the telling of a strange tale—removed, perhaps, from

five volumes, includin' one ladies' solid chased gold watch—that is, the watches was solid, clean through, and Pillie was chased quite frequent.

"Here was our Moody-operandus: Pil travelled on schedule. At a foreordained spot our routes intersected, so 'bout dark I'd drive up in my prairie-schooner to the farmhouse where he stabled his sample-case, and you camp in the road out front. After supper Percy and the farmer would wander forth and into conversations with me, during which symposium Pillie would make sarcastic allusions at my rat-traps.

"I would claim it was an invention that seduced sick rats out of bed and into captivity; no matter what strength of character they had my trap would go out an' get 'em. Such statements connived to aggravate acute incredulities in Pillie, complicated with controversy, and infectious to the hay-digger.

"I'd offer demonstration, also the laying on of wagers; the farmer would claim a foul, because he'd never seen a rat on the ranch, and didn't like me to get the worst of a bet. I'd state that absence made the trap work stronger, and if there wasn't any rats on hand it would breed 'em. I assured 'em, however, that rats was omnipresent, like mortgages.



The Captive

the paths of propriety, but true, and as I listened it grew upon me that morals are mainly a matter of latitude and longitude, anyway.

I felt that he lacked the ancient rippling depravity, seeming burdened by a shamed and hesitating rectitude.

"I was run out by rats," said he. "Yes, sir, they run me from Kansas to 'Frisco, and then off the map — so I came to Alaska."

"You're safe here," I remarked; "there aren't any in this country."

"There wasn't any back there, either: that was the trouble. You see, me and a man misdignified by the appellation of Percival Pillie evolved something unique in the way of procuring the 'panga.'

"What?"

"'Mazuma,' money. This here Pillie don't act like he sounds—not largely. He's been affiliated with colleges, horse-racin' and patent-medicine shows till he's infested and overrun with poetry, politeness and peculiar modes of gettin' the goods. He's united to the idea that the Pillie family lost all the money in the world and folks are forcin' it back on him as legatee. His gray pulp ain't never curdled on him yet, and he realized about this date that rats afforded a virgin field of profit, unsullied by the touch of commerce; hence the Pillie Patent Rat Eradicator.

"It comprised a piece of atmosphere surrounded by wire in such proportions that once havin' blindfolded and backed a rat into it he'd stay there; otherwise, its ingenuities wasn't much. We made up a wagonload of 'em, also a zinc tank that fitted the bed of my covered wagon, and hit the trail out into the ruralities—at least, I did. Pillie was a week ahead sellin' cologne, lightnin' rods, and Happy Hints to the Housewife, in calf,

"We'd place some traps in the barn and go to sleep, with the money in the old man's hands.

"It was a nickel-plated scheme, all right — all I kicked on was havin' my rest broke by gettin' up at midnight to fill the traps with nice live rats out of the zinc tank in the wagon.

"We had no trouble sellin' all the eradicators we cared about on a small margin—say five hundred per cent.; but that was too measly slow, so we put the patent on the market.

"Pillie would conspire with the farmer to take advantage of my ignorance and 'job' me out of the patent; they'd go in on halves. Patents brought from two hundred up, accordin' to Pillie's idea of what the man had—we let her go once for twenty dollars, as a mark of affection for a friend. We didn't care much what we got as long as we sold enough of 'em; there was patents for everybody.

"Other drawbacks was the long drives after a deal, and our inability to work the same territory twice. We did good, legitimate business, though, gettin' ahead slowly, till we sold a man whose brother, back at Fort Scott, had bought the patent a month before.

"It transpired that Pillie's Patent Rat Eradicator had a patentee in seventeen adjoining counties, and so, as I stated, I came West. The rat odor stuck to me, however. I was ratified so thorough I found it advisable to keep moving.

"One day I recognized the sheriff of Fort Scott on the street, and as there was only one steamer leaving 'Frisco that afternoon I happened into Alaska. I'd have preferred Honolulu. There's inspiring openings for high-class Christian graft among the Kanakas."

Kink's eyes gleamed with the fire of rhapsody.

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When a fly alights on Tanglefoot it is coated over with a varnish that destroys the germ as well as the fly.

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Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly-traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

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Put a sheet of Tanglefoot where you see the first fly and prevent myriads of unborn flies this season.

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Tanglefoot quickly rids you of this pest. It is a boon to thousands in flea-infested sections. Don't be without it this summer.

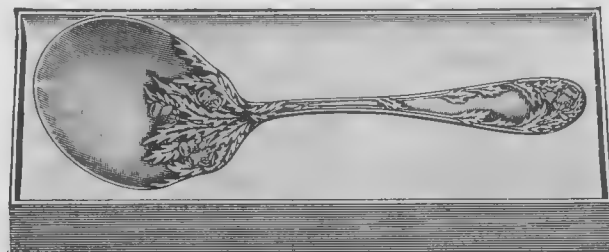
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For Western Home Monthly Readers

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He bore on his person the unmistakable marks of prosperity. They showed in the neatness of his open-necked flannel shirt and the splendor of his wide, wide Stetson. He displayed no wealth of fringed "chaps" and ornate spurs, as of old, for in the mud country hip-boots are ubiquitous; but his thighs were brown in corduroy, unfailing symptom of success.

"You look like a winner," I remarked.

"Ain't you heard about me? No? Well, say, I'm a Swede for luck. It was this way: You know, stowaways ain't generally overburdened with financial resource, and when I was drug out of the hold of that ship they put me to work as cabin-boy, makin' beds. Lord! me, thirty-five years young, jugglin' sheets, when all I know along them lines is beddin' down horses and the 'cowboy tuck.' Ever try the 'cowboy tuck'? You and your bunkie lay flat on your backs; when you count three you lift your legs up high and lower 'em together, so the blanket folds underneath your feet.

"Well, amongst my clientele was a sad-eyed little woman that I took a shine to.

"Madam," says I one day, speakin' through the environment of a nude feather pillow I had between my teeth, 'I'm only a working girl, but in spite of the difference in our stations I want to say that if you're in trouble and need a friend just push that button once and you'll have two hundred-weight of gristle and cow-puncher at your service. Don't ring twice; that means ice water.'

"Say! she broke down and told me a pitiful story, how she'd put all her money in a minin' scheme of one Abramski. The thief claimed he had a lot of rich ground at Nome and had organized The Promised Land Placer and Prospecting Company, gettin' her in on the ground floor, or through the basement window. At the last minute she decided to come along on her own account for fear she'd be buncoed, and she'd just begun to see indications that her aspirations was goin' to be realized. I'd have copped her investment myself, because I was sure Abramski hadn't ever been as close to Alaska as he was at that minute.

"I was sure of it, too, when we landed, but I helped her pitch her tent and get settled. Then I took a pasear out into the hills prospecting. I was gone a week, and when I got back I was handicapped with two dollars in currency and the kind of an appetite you remember as a boy: one that makes brass filings taste like a breakfast food. I investigated the odors emanatin' from the North Star restaurant till I decided to get rid of all this money so as to start fresh and unhampered. I took a private box, and ordered a double sirloin, with fittings complete, ready for installation.

"As I was diminishin' my last visible means of support, under a pressure of about three pounds to the square mouthful, two Swedes come into the next box and ordered supper. From their talk I knew there was something big in the

air. One of them was too excited to pronounce; just gummed his language up and snowballed his partner with it.

"I gathered that they'd been out prospecting and struck it rich, on located ground. They'd looked up the records, and found the claim belonged to a Riley Murtagh, so now they were scourin' the camp to hand him a mess of potash for his birthright, if you choose to look at it scripturally. Neither one knew him by sight.

"I recalled the poet's words, 'There is a knot tied in the affairs of men which taken in time saves nine,' and I thinks: 'Kink, you're a blamed idiot to go bustin' over the hills for gold when kind Swedes bring it to you at meals.' After I'd got my two dollars loaded F.O.B. I stepped out and accosts the cashier. He was a little Irishman with pugnacities enrolled amongst his facial habiliments:

"Those Laplanders in the next box have been castin' aspersions at me, not knowing I could hear," says I. 'In the interest of Ireland and the Marquis of Queensberry rules would you mind introducin' me when they come out? My name is Riley Murtagh.'

"Sure not," says he. 'Tis a grand name. You take your choice, leavin' me the little one.' He began appropriatin' munitions of war in the nature of cups and crockery. 'Put some in your pockets,' says he; 'they'll come handy.'

"When they appeared he remarks, full of insults:

"Hey, Riley Murtagh, it's the fine job for an Irishman I have, takin' money away from Swedes.'

"Is your name Murtagh?" says one of 'em in the disembowled dialects of Sweden.

"It is," says the cashier; 'Riley Murtagh, me old friend.'

"Then come with us," and out we went, leavin' my sponsor burdened with bile and balasted with dishes.

"After considerable elocution on weather and prospects one of 'em says:

"Have you got any mining claims?"

"Sure! lots of 'em."

"Where'bouts?"

"I named over several creeks."

"Got anything on Glacier Creek you'd like to sell?"

"Aha," thinks I; 'it's on Glacier, eh?'

"Yes, I'll sell."

"How much do you want?"

"Hundred," says I.

"I thought he'd tear his pants gettin' the money. After he'd counted out ten banknotes I says:

"Where's the balance: the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred?"

"What d' you mean? They got excited, and their language began to sour on 'em again like clabber."

"Why, a hundred thousand dollars, of course," I says.

"They went up in the air so that I had to stand on a chair and hook 'em down with the poker."

"See here, gents," says I, 'you can't flim-flam Riley Murtagh. I was in the next box to you in the restaurant to-night, and heard all you said. Now,



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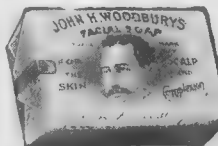
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give me the full particulars and maybe I'll let you have a "lay" on the claim.

"They were pretty decent when they saw it was all off, and took me into a back room. I came out of there a half-hour later; my knees weak as the fold in a napkin, and my optics protrudin' like the Aunt-Annie's of a crab. It was big—so big it scared me and made me sick, sick at the spot I'd squandered the two dollars on.

"I wobbled down street and claimed sanctuary in Joe Deacon's place, leanin' agin' the bar pale and disfiggered.

"Joe," says I, 'do you know a Riley Murtagh?'

"Sure! that's him now," indicatin' the sweeper, who was wettin' down the sawdust on the floor.

"Mr. Murtagh," says I, 'I see a location notice of yours up on Glacier Creek the other day. I'm a tenderfoot lookin' for a place to prospect. What'll you take for your claim?'

"Thousan' dollars."

"You must be injured in the head," says I. 'I'll give you five hundred.'

"Take you! Cash deal, of course?"

"Why, cert," says I, fingerin' a brass key, all I had in the world. 'Pay you this evenin'. Just give me an option till dark.'

"Op—nothin'," says he; 'money don't talk with me—it shouts. This sellin' claims on conversation money don't tickle my funnybone. If nobody else takes her first she's yours.'

'Realizin' the situation offered opportunities for reflection, I took a walk. First thing I knew I'd landed at the little lady's tent. She was full of homesickness and joy at seein' me.

"I'm going to fail," she says, her lip trembling, and little rainstorms comin' into her vision. 'Mr. Abramski laughs at me. He says he's forgotten what he did with his mine; thinks he must have misplaced them—now he's going to buy a town lot and build a drygoods store. I'll never get my money back. I know it.' She had cold feet right.

"Don't worry; I'll take you in partners with me," says I. 'You're in on all I've got, little pal.' If she'd 'a' called me I'd been forced to give her half my clothes. 'I'm goin' to close a big deal tonight,' says I, kind of sang fraudulently, and before leavin' I'd hot-aired her spirits up considerable.

"I went back to Deacon's.

"Joe, have you got a town lot?"

"Sure! the one next door."

"Let me borrow it this afternoon, will you? There's a Jew up street with a roll that pains him like a bad tooth. I won't hurt the lot."

"Go to it," says he with animations. 'Bury him deep enough so I won't be bothered, that's all.'

"Well, Abramski didn't remember me, and I had no difficulty sellin' him the lot, also three thousand feet of Oregon pine, for six hundred cash. We examined the records to see everything was straight. It was—'Lot thirteen, block C, Front Street, Joseph O'Donnell Deacon, locator'—my name.

"I paid Murtagh at three o'clock, with a hundred to the good.

"Look a-here," said Deacon when I'd explained the lot transaction. 'The Jew is legitimate prey, of course, and I don't object to lettin' him down the ground for a while to help you, but I don't want him sawin' up them boards.'

"Enough said!" says I, so after dark I packs the lumber around back of Joe's saloon, and piles it up.

"Next morning, before day, I'm hitin' the trail to Glacier Creek, incumbered with a bill of sale of The Honest Injun bench claim, likewise a pick, pan and shovel. As I pass the lady's tent I yells:

"I'm off for our mine, partner. You'll find two twenties and a ten under the door—your share of the first clean-up."

"Have you ever made a strike, kid? It's a wonderful sensation, dreamy and Edmond Danteslike. I'd been so wrapped up in financiering the enterprise I hadn't rightly allowed my realizations to soak in, but as I got close to the claim my courage oozed out of me. I had to button my suspenders to my spirits to keep 'em up; I was the Heavy-Hearted Kid.

"It's a fake," I kept sayin', prepared for a disappointment. 'Fortune ain't

addicted to favorin' the upright this way: some scoundrelly Swede'll get the goods while the honest miner works his hands to the bone tradin' real estate, and grows moral callouses totin' lumber.'

"I found the Swedes' shaft all right, and give up hope. It wasn't five foot deep, and consisted of poverty-stricken red dirt, lookin' like the ground blushed for me. Anybody that had placer mined a minute could tell that gold had more self-respect than to be incriminated in such a layout. I didn't need to pan it for a test.

"Says I, 'By diggin' two feet more off of one end it'll be big enough to bury 'em both. If I ain't a successful miner I'm a terrible hit as a grave-digger,' and I commenced the visible indications of a double Swede funeral.

"I was pickin' away close to the bed-rock when something gleamed in the dirt. It's a sensation you don't get but once in a lifetime, and I knew I was indeed a rich man before I had grabbed the dirt up. The colors lay in the clay like currants in a pudding. After I'd jabbed the pick in my foot to see I wasn't somnambulatin' I stood shoulder deep in that hole and swore, while the sweat dreined off of me in little freshets.

"My excitements had sort of coa-

gulated when I got back to town, and I was ready for business when I see Abramski make a run at me with a weapon in his hand. He'd found out about the lot, and run amuck. It was a shiny little popgun he'd borrowed, and bein' a hammerless it didn't discommode his epiglottis like a real gun would when I rammed it down his throat.

"I pinned him agin' a door, mellerin' up his Adam's apple, and inserted my knee amongst his dyspepsia kind of casual. At the same time I explained I was Miss Walling's attorney in fact and fiction, and had took a change of venue with her investments, liquidatin' her stock in The Promised Land Placer and Prospecting Company, investin' it for a half interest in The Honest Injun bench claim instead. I said that if he wanted to make trouble I'd get her permission to nail his hide up on the wall and let the sun dry it. Strange how domesticated he got; due in part, perhaps, to a diet of Smith and Wesson.

"That's how the play come up," said Kink. "The Honest Injun, as you see, is workin' night and day, a livin' example of merited success and the application of modern methods." He indicated the rows of laboring men beneath us.

As he ceased speaking he consulted a huge silver watch.

"I'm goin' to meet the little lady in town at three o'clock; then we're goin' to select a diamond the size of a mud-turtle. If you're here Saturday I'd like you to stand up with me and give me away. First time I was ever married, and I get took with gooseflesh horrible every time I think of it."

I squeezed his brown hand, and he added with a strain of anxiety:

"You needn't mind tellin' her the biography of this deal, nor anything about the old days on the range. She's from Boston, you know — back where my mother come from—and she thinks decent. Somehow I feel different about rat-trapping the American farmer and such things now. I ain't proud of myself, and if she ever found it out —" His big face burned redly under its tan.

"She's romantic, too; she's changed the name of The Honest Injun to The White Knight in my honor. Do you s'pose anybody could have told her about my old habit of turning night into daytime? She's got a sign nailed over the bunk-house yonder, too, with this motto: Sans père and sans reproche, which I gather means without father or mother—you see, we're both orphans."

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HOW TO PRESERVE YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

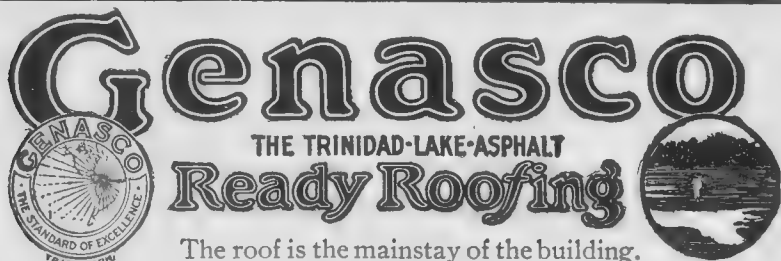
One great secret of youth and beauty for the young woman or the mother is the proper understanding of her womanly system and well-being. Every woman, young or old, should know herself and her physical make up. A good way to arrive at this knowledge is to get a good doctor book, such for instance, as "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which can readily be procured by sending thirty-one cents for cloth-bound copy, addressing Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y.

The womanly system is a delicate machine which can only be compared to the intricate mechanism of a beautiful watch which will keep in good running order only with good care and the proper oiling at the right time, so that the delicate mechanism may not be worn out. Very many times young women get old or run down before their time through ignorance and the improper handling of this human mechanism. Mental depression, a confused head, backache, headache, or hot flashes and many symptoms of derangement of the womanly system can be avoided by a proper understanding of what to do, in those trying times that come to all women.



MRS. WILLIAMS.

MRS. G. H. WILLIAMS, of Lynnhaven, Va., wrote: "It is six years since my health gave way. I had female trouble and all the doctors (I employed three) said I would die. I was not able to do my work, had to hire someone all the time. Finally, I read in the papers about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and decided to try it. I had not taken but one bottle until I found it had done me good. I took, in all, five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and now I am able to do all my housework, and have gained fourteen pounds. I advise all women who suffer from female trouble to try your 'Favorite Prescription.' It's the only medicine on earth."



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A Mother's Love

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

THE time was two o'clock and a glorious autumn afternoon, and the place was Simla. The sun shone with a splendor only seen in tropical countries, and a solemn hush lay over the face of the earth, and the unclouded blue of the sky.

In a lofty room opening directly on to the wide verandah of a bungalow stood Colonel Stuart of the Bengal Horse Artillery and a girl of twenty-one summers.

He was a powerfully-built man with dark hair streaked with silver. For the rest, he was brave, honorable and distinguished, and inspired all ranks with confidence in his power and capacity.

"Must you really go to the Viceregal Lodge, John? Couldn't you stay with me for just one afternoon? I cannot understand my own feelings, but I have a presentiment that evil is near — a strong presentiment," said Nora Stuart in an earnest tone with a pleading ring in her accents.

The slightest possible misgiving arose in his mind by the earnestness with which she spoke, but he banished it at once. A tender smile hovered round the corners of the resolute mouth as he placed a hand on each of her shoulders and looked into the upturned eyes which had darkened and softened in a wonderfully touching way as they always did



Taking the Health Cure. G.T.P. Ry., Minaki, Ont.

He had been through the Crimean War, and had rendered important service in India. On the outbreak of the mutiny, he had commanded the troops despatched to Lucknow, and had relieved the besieged residency after a march involving the utmost difficulty and danger.

Since then he had been back to England on furlough, when he had wooed and married a beautiful Irish girl, and had taken her out to Simla, where his regiment had been stationed for two years. He loved her with a tenderness peculiar to certain stern characters, and her love for him was like heaven's love — it knew no variableness.

A perfect unity of feeling existed between the young wife and her husband — that mysterious affinity of souls, properly attuned one to the other, without which no married life can be complete.

His dark, grey eyes usually wore a preoccupied look, but they were not preoccupied now. They were full of admiration as they gazed down on the slender figure by his side.

when she was troubled.

"You mustn't give heed to such foolish fancies, darling. Probably the slight oppression in the air is the sole cause of your fears. Much as I should like to remain with you, sweetheart, I cannot neglect a duty, but I shall not be long away." Then, taking out his watch and looking at it, he observed, "It is ten minutes past two, and I shall be home again by five at the latest, in less than three hours. Now, let me smooth out these wrinkles," shaking her forehead with a caressing touch. "Promise me, little woman, not to worry during my short absence."

She made no answer at first, but her face betrayed hesitation. He bent nearer to her and spoke still more earnestly. Then her lips curved with a smile.

"I promise," she answered in a tone of forced cheerfulness.

With a gentle movement he pressed her head gently backward and his lips met hers. A moment later she was standing outside the verandah intently watching him mount his horse and can-

ter down the hill. He rode with a careless grace and ease that carried off his height and the powerful look of his limbs. An indescribable fear stirred through her nerves as he vanished from her sight—a fear which she summoned all her strength to dispel.

The bungalow was situated on the top of a hill which commanded an exquisite view of the wooded hills of Jakko and Elysium, a beautiful northern spur clothed with oak and old rhododendron trees. Beyond, towering above all, the everlasting snows glistening in the sun formed a picture of unsurpassing beauty. It was all so lovely and peaceful and calm, and the autumn tints made the woods and hills a blaze of gorgeous color, and the scarlet festoons of the Himalayan vine stood out in vivid contrast to the dark green of the deodar, amongst the branches of which it loves to twine itself.

Suddenly a wailing cry disturbed her reverie, and she went quickly back through the verandah into the room she had left. There at the far end was a cradle in which her baby boy had just been placed by his nurse.

"You need not stay, Rose; I shall mind 'baby this afternoon," said the young mother, bending over the cradle. But the child was already asleep again with a small pink thumb nestling between the carmine lips.

As the nurse withdrew, Nora Stuart took up a volume of Tennyson from the table and, seating herself in a cane rocking-chair near the fire, swung lightly to and fro. She turned over the leaves of the book till she came to the "Cradle Song" from "The Princess," and was struck afresh with the exquisite beauty of the lines. Now and again her eyes sought the open window and lingered restfully on the masses of blossom and leaves that shut out the glare of the sun. A flood of thoughts stole over her, and wondering, dreaming, she fell asleep.

Minutes ran on into hours, the afternoon was waning, the delicious scents of the evening were blending with the air.

As the timepiece struck five, Nora Stuart slowly opened her eyes, and they fell on something which caused every vestige of color to die out of her cheeks. A cobra about three and a half feet in length was lying coiled up on the quilt at the foot of the cradle. Beyond the brown shining curves she caught a glimpse of a flushed face, closed lids, and downy curls. For one terrible moment she felt as if sense and motion alike had deserted her; an overwhelming terror had stirred her whole being and clutched round her heart with an icy-cold clasp. The next instant all her faculties were concentrated in one intense desire to save her baby boy. Mysterious, sacred, bordering on the divine, was the tie that bound him to her—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh—and her heart went up in one great, silent cry to Heaven to protect her infant son.

Seconds elapsed that seemed like an eternity of time. Then a strange calmness came over her—a calmness which sometimes comes in the presence of an imminent peril. Suddenly she had remembered the music-loving nature of the snake, and a curious expression swept over her face, as if with the happiness of inspiration.

Surely it might be possible to fascinate the reptile with her voice, she thought, and the song she had been reading was uppermost in her mind. So, forcing herself to rise, she noiselessly approached the cradle. Then her lips parted and the magnificent contralto voice, with its ringing harmonious tones—thrilling, passionate, grand, beyond all power of expression—sounded through the room as they never had before, and never would again—

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea.

Low, low, breathe and blow

Wind of the western sea.

At the sound of the deep, clear notes the cobra began to move, and with a sensation of horror she met the fixed glittering stare. Gradually uncoiling itself, it slipped to the ground.

Her eyes never wavered as she moved cautiously backwards, step by step, to-

wards the verandah. And the crawling creature came slowly gliding towards her with graceful undulating movements, following the waving motion of the slim, white hand, and swaying its head from side to side as if evincing pleasure at the melody.

Just then she heard the tramping tread of a horse, the joyous bark of a dog. The welcome sounds rang through the surging and beating in her ears. Her strength was nearly exhausted as she reached the verandah, but the refrain ran on and floated out through the

open window—

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea.

As the last grand note died away the beautiful voice failed. Her whole frame shook with a long shiver as of mortal



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cold and, swaying a little, she fell senseless to the ground, her face upturned, the straight delicate features white and rigid.

It was at that moment that a red setter ran into the verandah followed by his master. A brief glance sufficed to show him the danger. He set his teeth hard and the blood rushed to his head with a ringing sound. Then he was his usual self—keen, alert, and self-possessed.

In the meantime the dog had sprung forward with hair bristling erect and barking furiously. Instantly the cobra drew itself together in a remarkably graceful posture and flickered its mysterious little tongue as it gave a threatening hiss. Then, with hood erect and eyes glaring, it prepared to strike.

But too late! There came a swift, smart blow from a heavy stick which felled the cobra to the earth.

"Thank God, I was in time!" muttered Colonel Stuart as trampling on the head he crushed it to pieces.

Two hours had passed by. On a couch drawn to the log fire lay Nora Stuart. She did not move or show any signs of consciousness. Her eyes were closed and the dark lashes curled softly on the ivory-tinted cheeks. The doctor had come and gone; everything had been done that could be done to restore animation to the senseless form, but

without success. Colonel Stuart was standing by the couch looking down on the whiteness and stillness of the beautiful face which looked like sculptured marble. Tears were in his eyes—terrible tears that are only wrung from a strong man in moments of intense mental anguish. Suddenly he fell on his knees by her side and threw his arms round her.

"Nora, my beloved, speak to me!"

The cry of a heart in agony sounded in the utterance of those words and penetrated the sacred depths of her soul.

She stirred. The brows twitched; the dark eyes slowly opened. As if awaking from a dream, she looked up.

"John," she murmured in a scarcely audible voice, and gave a long sobbing sigh as her head sank against his breast.

He could not trust himself to speak, but gathered her closer to him and pressed a passionate kiss on the perfect lips.

With that kiss her eyes closed again and she fell into a deep, refreshing sleep—a sleep that brought her back from the misty borderland which lies between life and death. When she awoke her rippling masses of rich, dark hair had become white as snow. But what did that matter? She lived—the baby was safe?

The Seeker

Written for the Western Home Monthly by J. K. Leys

MY acquaintance with Elijah (one of the most singular persons I ever knew) happened in this wise.

One mild winter's day I was at a small town called Heddington, and, having transacted my business there, I wished to proceed to Market Fairleigh, where there is a railway station. The distance between the two towns is a little over ten miles, and I found that I had just time to get to Market Fairleigh and catch a train I particularly wanted to travel by.

I knew that the landlord of the Sun had a little mare that could cover the distance in the time comfortably if she was fresh; so I hurried down to the inn to make enquiries. Fortunately the mare was in the stables, so I ordered her to be put between the shafts of the light gig while I attended to some cold beef and pickles in the parlor. I also said that I must have a man to drive me, as I had hurt my hand, and could not hold the reins.

My meal over, I came to the front door of the establishment, where the gig and mare were ready waiting.

"What! are you going to drive, Elijah?" I asked with some surprise.

He was a big fellow, with a coarse, sullen, smooth-shaven face, dressed in shabby ill-fitting garments. He was sitting on the box seat ready to start.

The man touched his hat and growled something by way of reply. I did not fancy having Elijah for a coachman, and I turned back into the inn with the idea of demanding another charioteer. I reflected, however, that a change would mean loss of time, and that the landlady would not have sent this man if she could have spared a more presentable person. So I jumped into the vehicle and told my Jehu to drive on.

The man at my side was a tall fellow, but he always seemed rather short at first sight, so great was his girth. He was by far and away the thickest man and the stoutest man round the chest that I ever saw or expect to see. I imagined that at one time of his life he must have been in training as an athlete, and that his sobriquet "Heavy Elijah" must have been an allusion to his being classed in athletic competitions as a heavy-weight.

His face was slightly marked with the small-pox, and his complexion was pale—I should rather say white, a dull, fusty white, without a suspicion of color in it. His cheeks and chin were as smooth as a girl's.

The man's expression was sullen, reserved and forbidding. His eyes had a dull glazed look that might either be-

token great suffering or merely great stupidity. He always loved (I understood) to be by himself, and sometimes he had been overheard talking to himself, or addressing absent or imaginary persons, when he believed himself to be unobserved. Never had he been known to drink with his mates of the stable yard or play at games with them. He lived alone. Doubtless his solitary position would have made him enemies had not the other fellows been afraid to meddle with a man of such gigantic strength. Elijah was a stupid but harmless fellow almost half-witted and certainly "cracked," but incapable of doing any one serious harm—a man to be used and fed and disregarded. He had drifted to the Sun Inn at Heddington no one exactly knew how and there, no doubt, he would remain till some current of fortune should float him off to some other resting-place.

Such was the man who was now sitting beside me driving me to Market Fairleigh—driving with judgment, too, I could see, for he eased the mare uphill and sent her along the level bits of road at a capital pace. I had no doubt she would do what was required of her, with some minutes to spare, and was congratulating myself already on my good fortune as we neared the town of Selway, about three miles from our destination.

We were about half a mile from the town when the discordant notes of a very inferior brass band broke suddenly upon our ears. From that moment I noticed a change come over Elijah. He jerked up his head, his eyes were distended, his breathing came and went rapidly. Evidently he was laboring under some strong emotion. As we drew near the little town the music became louder, and my coachman's excitement increased. His eyes flashed fire; he seemed to be animated by a stronger and bolder spirit than that which had before inhabited his body. At length, turning a corner we caught sight of the establishment from which the music proceeded—a circus, with two or three travelling vans, and a stage in front of the canvas amphitheatre, on which two cornets, a bassoon, and a drum were making all the noise they could. It was a commonplace sight enough—even the inhabitants of Selway seemed to think so, for only about a score of them were gathered in front of the show—but it seemed to possess an overpowering attraction for Heavy Elijah. No sooner had he caught sight of the tent and the vans than he checked the mare, threw me the reins, and was gone, running as fast as he could towards the circus, before I could even remonstrate with him on his conduct.

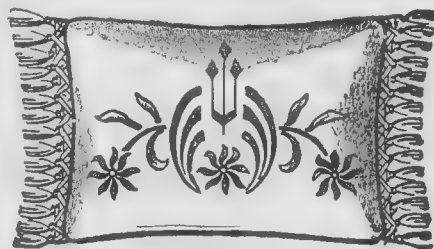


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I was in a pretty fix. My business engagements had been made on the understanding that I would catch this particular train; we had hardly more than enough time to cover the distance; and here was my driver rushing over the fields to a circus like a stage-struck schoolboy, leaving me to fume and swear as I chose!

In a few minutes Elijah was lost in the little crowd of people that stood in front of the stage. I was absolutely helpless. My hand was too sore to allow me to drive at a fast pace. I looked all around for a man to help me, but there was no one to be seen. I shouted at the top of my voice, but the strains of the band, small as it was, prevented the people from hearing me.

Minute after minute went by, and my hope of being able to catch my train faded, flickered, and went out. I allowed the mare to walk on in the direction of the town, looking around every now and then to see whether my hare-brained Jehu was following me.

At length I saw him coming along the road, not running, but walking at a tremendous pace, while his great arms hung loosely by his sides. As soon as he was within earshot my wrath boiled over.

"You infernal scoundrel!" I shouted. "What do you mean by leaving me in the lurch like this? You knew I couldn't drive, and there was neither man nor boy to be seen. I have missed my train and spoiled my day's work through your ridiculous folly. I have a great mind—"

I stopped. The man did not seem to hear me. His eyes had a strange wondering expression, the muscles of his face were drawn, his thoughts were far away, and now and then a muttered word or two escaped his lips. Evidently Elijah was not quite himself. To scold him would have been foolish; in fact, he seemed incapable of attending to what I said.

He mounted to his place without a word of apology or explanation, and drove on faster than before. But although the mare did her best, the task was too much for her. The train glided out of the station as we turned into the station-yard.

As it happened, the adjoining hotel was kept by an old acquaintance of mine, a Mrs. Grainger, and I told Elijah to put up the mare and get her some meal and water, for she was a bit blown. Then I went into the bar parlor to while away the time, for a good hour had to elapse before another train was due. Before long the landlady made her appearance, and I told her of the trick Elijah had played me, adding that I half doubted whether the man was in the possession of his right senses.

"Indeed, sir, it scarcely seems as if he were," said Mrs. Grainger. "Last week he served a gentleman just the same trick, and I'm told that if a circus comes within thirty miles of Heddington, Elijah must visit it, though he should have to walk night and day to do it."

It was evident that the man must have some strong motive for acting in such a way. My curiosity was excited; and as I had nothing to do for an hour or more, I resolved to try whether I could make Elijah tell me his story.

Going into the stable yard, I found my man seated on an upturned pail, his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands.

"Come into the bar and have a drink after your drive," I said to him.

He looked at me with lack-lustre eyes, as if trying to remember who I was, for several seconds. Then, pulling himself together, he rose, touched his hat, and followed me into the bar-parlor.

"You seemed very much interested in the circus we passed today," I observed, when glasses of brandy and water had been put before us. "Was there anything remarkable about it?"

For fully two minutes he made no reply. Then, without any further questioning from me, he answered, as if I had spoken but the instant before.

"Interestin' it was to me. I once belonged to a circus."

"Indeed? I always fancied you had been a professional athlete at one time. Is it long since you gave up a roving life?"

"I forget; twelve, thirteen—no, fourteen years."

"And why did you leave it?"

He turned and looked at me, and his face was so strange—so full of horror, of grief, mingled, as it seemed to me, with something like ferocity, that I hastened to apologise for my question and beg the man not to answer me. But he paid no attention.

"Why did I leave the circus?" he said to himself, as if debating whether he should answer my question or not. "Why did I leave it? My God! Why didn't I die there and then?"

It was by this time getting dark, and I think the darkness encouraged him to go on. At any rate he soon began to speak in a low hurried tone, as if he were afraid to hear what he had to say. It was evidently a relief to him to pour out his story into a human ear. I give it, as nearly as possible, as he told it to me.

"From my youth up," he said, "I've been what's known in the profession as a strong man. I used to break chains and let men stand on me and jump on me and break iron bolts on anvils placed on my chest. Nothing ever hurt me, and I could do things that would surprise you, sir."

"I was still a young man when I joined the World-famous Cirque and Star Theatre of Varieties. We went about the country, and did fairly well. One of us was a clever conjuror, another did the tumbling business, and so on. There were several lady members of the troupe—one danced, one was a 'medium' and one was an equestrienne. The lady rider's name was Clytie. She was the best and most fearless horsewoman I ever saw. Only a small figure, sir—but there, I can't go on with it."

Elijah suddenly stopped, and seemed disinclined to continue his narrative.

"Never mind her various charms, Elijah," said I. "We will suppose her to have been the most lovely, most captivating creature—"

I suddenly stopped, for the man had slowly turned his head, and sat gazing at me with an indescribable look on his face. For the moment I was literally terrified by his expression. The words died away on my lips.

"Believe me, Elijah, I had no intention

of hurting your feelings" I stammered out.

My companion nodded twice or thrice, with a queer solemnity, and turned away his face. Presently I heard the sound of his voice again:

"She was very young, they told me, when she joined the troupe. Her father had been a musician, and they said he had been a gentleman. Anyway, the girl looked as if she had gentle blood in her veins. She was small, as I told you, small and slim, with a tiny face and big wistful eyes. She was like a child, but she was nineteen years old. I loved her



The whole family rejoice on the arrival of the Western Home Monthly

from the first, but it was a long time before I could make her like me. My feats of strength, that I thought she ought to admire, only frightened her, and I couldn't so much as win a smile from her. I had a rival, I knew very well—no less a man than our manager—Sims was his name. He did his best to keep me and the girl apart, for he loved her himself. He was a big stout man, nearly as big as I am, half German by birth, and by nature a slave-driver. That's what he was—a slave-driver, and we were the slaves, Clytie and me and the rest.

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TIME TABLE

June 2	REDCLIFFE	June	OLDS	June	ELBOW	June	VERMILION	June 27	WATROUS
" 3	MEDICINE HAT	" 10	INNISFAIL	" 16	TUGASKE	" 21	VEGREVILLE	" 28	NOKOMIS
" 4	BOW ISLAND	" 11	RED DEER	" 17	BROWNLEE	" 22	HILLIARD	" 29	SEMANIS
" 5	TABER	" 12	LACOMBE	" 18	KEELER	" 23	LAMONT	" 30	KELLIHER
" 6	LETHBRIDGE	" 13	PONOKA	" 19	LUMSDEN	" 24	FORT	" 1	MELVILLE
" 7	STERLING	" 14	WETASKIWIN	" 20	CELIK	" 25	SASKATCHEWAN	" 2	YORKTON
" 8	RAYMOND	" 15	DAYSLAND	" 21	DAVIDSON	" 26	EDMONTON	" 3	CANORA
" 9	MAGRATH	" 16	STROME	" 22	HANLEY	" 27	CAMROSE	" 4	KAMSACK
" 10	CARDSTON	" 17	SEDGWICK	" 23	DUNDURN	" 28	NEW NOEWAY	" 5	TOGO
" 11	MACLEOD	" 18	HARDISTY	" 24	SASKATOON	" 29	MIRROB	" 6	ROBLIN
" 12	GRANUM	" 19	MACKLIN	" 25	ROSTERN	" 30	ALIX	" 7	GRAND VIEW
" 13	CLARESHOLM	" 20	LUSELAND	" 26	DUCK LAKE	" 1	TOFIELD	" 8	GILBERT PLAINS
" 14	NANTON	" 21	KERROBERT	" 27	PRINCE ALBERT	" 2	HOLDEN	" 9	DAUPHIN
" 15	HIGH RIVER	" 22	PLENTY	" 28	LANGHAM	" 3	VIKING	" 10	GLENELLA
" 16	ALDERSYDE	" 23	ROSETOWN	" 29	RADISSON	" 4	WAINWRIGHT	" 11	GLADSTONE
" 17	OKOTOKS	" 24	BOUNTY	" 30	NTH BATTLEFORD	" 5	UNITY	" 12	PORTAGE La
" 18	CALGARY	" 25	CONQUEST	" 1	LASHBURN	" 6	SCOTT	" 13	PRAIRIE
" 19	CALGARY	" 26	OUTLOOK	" 2	LLOYDMINSTER	" 7	BIGGAR	" 14	WINNIPEG (Unload)
" 20	CROSSFIELD	" 27	HAWARDEN			" 8	ASQUITH		

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"As soon as it became known that Clytie and I were engaged, a devil seemed to get possession of Sims. He couldn't hide his rage; and often, I feel sure, my poor innocent girl felt the weight of his anger without telling me a word of it. I used to be afraid to meet him alone at night lest we should quarrel and he do me a mischief or I him one.

"Clytie and I had been engaged about two months when a new item was put in the bills. I was to do some shooting tricks, one of them being to split an apple lying on a lady's outstretched hand at fifty paces. There was nothing remarkable in this, but the feat was always a popular one—the public's always cruel at heart—on account of the danger they supposed the lady was in. The girl's name was Jane—she that held the apple. She was in no danger to speak of. "One night—"

Again my companion suddenly stopped and seemed unable or unwilling to go on.

Sims said "There's nobody else can do it except Clytie. She might do as far as looks go, but she's too much of a coward." So I want him to know that whatever else I may be, I'm no coward."

"I can't, Clytie!" I cried. "I dursn't!"

"Oh, nonsense!" says she, with a smile like a glint of sunshine, "when you do it every night of your life. See how steady I can hold it;" and, indeed, her slender arm was as firm as a rock.

"By this time the audience were getting impatient, and yelling for the show to go on.

"You must do it," says my little one, with another smile. Still I hesitated, and the howls of the crowd seemed as if they would take the roof off the circus.

"Don't put up your hand till I'm back in my place, and hold it right away from you, darling," I whispered.

"Then I turned and raced back to my



Giant Firs along the route to the Chateau Miette—the new Grand Trunk Pacific Hotel, shortly to be erected in Jasper Park.

He mastered his emotion, however, and continued, speaking in a hurried manner and almost in a whisper:

"One night, when the shooting part of the programme was nearly over, I took my rifle and prepared to split the apple on Jane's outstretched hand. It was not till I had brought my rifle to my shoulder that I noticed it was not Jane but Clytie that was holding the apple!

"My hand trembled so that I could scarcely support the gun. I walked up to Clytie, and under pretence of making her change her attitude a little, I said under my breath.

"Why are you here? Throw down that apple and go back to your room. Do you think I would shoot at you?" says I. "Do you think I would shoot at you?"

"Not at me, certainly," says she; "but you must split the apple on my hand. Jane has sprained her wrist—at least, so she says—and can't hold it; and Mr.

place. When the people saw me take my rifle and sign to Clytie to hold up the apple they became dead quiet. You might have thought the earth had swallowed them, and that the circus was empty, it was so still.

"I got my rifle up—and would to God my hand had been withered first!—and covered the apple. My finger was on the trigger. I was, I may say, in the act of firing when a loud noise startled me and Clytie as well—a sound as of a plank falling in a little gallery that ran round part of the circus a few feet above the ground. The noise was directly above the spot where Clytie stood. Without intending it I glanced up, and there I saw Sims' cruel, black-bearded face, grinning like a devil, peering over the edge of the gallery.

"The sight was so unexpected that my hand shook, the hair-trigger leapt from my finger, and Clytie was down, shot through the neck.

"The place, I know, was full of the shrieks of the people; but I did not hear their cries. I was at my dear girl's side, lifting her in my arms, and trying to staunch the blood that poured down her neck. The blood ran all over me, and soaked into my clothes. I have them still.

"Don't grieve, little one," says she—she used to call me little 'un because I was big and heavy—"don't grieve," says she; "it wasn't your fault." But the blood streamed out so, she had to stop speaking. Nothing would staunch the bleeding, and before we could get a doctor to her she was dead. "I've been a happy girl since I was engaged to you, little one," she says with a smile, and then she died. You see, sir, she thought of what would give me most comfort at the last."

"But was it really an accident?" I asked involuntarily.

"When I laid down her dead body," said Elijah, "I went to look for Sims. He was gone. No one knew where he was, and I couldn't trace him. But I found Jane Treacher, the girl who usually held the apple, and I got it from her that she never had sprained her wrist, but that Sims had made her say she had done so in order to get Clytie to hold the apple that night. More than that, I saw the man who did our carpentering, and he said that the manager had come to him for a bit of loose board that afternoon, and the board was found in the gallery (where there was no manner of need for it) exactly at the spot where he had startled me. I haven't the slightest doubt he did it on purpose to bring it about that Clytie should be wounded, and maybe killed outright, by my hand. He had his wish."

There was silence for a time, and then I asked:

"Was that your old circus you persisted in visiting just before we reached the town?"

"That? No, sir. Our circus was a much finer one than that."

"What were you doing there, then?"

"I was looking for Sims," said Elijah, looking me steadily in the eye.

The whistle of the approaching train warned me that it was time to go. I could only speak a few hurried words of warning to my companion, words to which, as I saw perfectly well, he paid no heed whatever.

Some years went by, perhaps four or five, and I had not seen Heavy Elijah again. Soon after my conversation with him he had wandered away from Heddington, no one knew whither.

My business took me occasionally to Bristol; and one day when I visited that city I found the walls placarded with enormous bills, giving notice of a menagerie which was then stationed in the town. In the evening there was to be a performance in which various wild animals were to play a part, the chief attraction being the "daring and unequalled feats of Signor Bottecini, the world-renowned Italian lion-tamer."

As I had nothing better to do in the evening, I went to see the show. It turned out to be a more ambitious affair than I had expected to see. In the centre of a great tent was a kind of pit, several yards in diameter, and perhaps two feet deep, guarded by high iron railings. All around the seats, crowded with spectators, rose tier upon tier. It was, in fact a reproduction on a small scale of the old Roman amphitheatre.

The performance began with a sham fight (as it might have been called) between two leopards, and one spectacle of that kind succeeded another until the time came for the grand event of the evening. The two lions were to be turned loose in the arena, and Signor Bottecini was to enter unarmed, lay his hand on their heads, and take other liberties with them.

The lions were introduced, one after another, from doors in the railing which communicated with their cages. Delighted with their comparative freedom, the two lions roared, and ran like enormous cats round and round the enclosure. In a few minutes the lion-tamer—a tall man, with a forbidding expression of face, wearing a huge black beard—walked into the pit, with nothing but a whip in his hand.

Hardly had he shown himself when the crowd gave a loud inarticulate cry of

surprise and horror. A man from the audience had vaulted over the railings, and was running straight at the lion-tamer.

I knew him. It was Heavy Elijah!

The other man saw him, gave an involuntary scream of dismay, turned, and fled. But he was too late. In another instant Elijah had him by the throat.

The crowd roared, but nobody ventured to jump into the arena, on account of the lions. The lion-tamer (who I knew must be none other than Sims) struggled hard to free himself from Elijah's grip, but, big as he was, he was no match for the athlete. The two men swayed this way and that, while the two savage brutes lay still, their manes on end, gazing with fascinated eyes at the struggle.

It did not last long. The two men fell together, Sims being undermost, and lay there motionless. One of the lions crept slowly nearer and nearer to the two prostrate forms, uttering now and then a low savage growl.

The creature had nearly reached the two men, when one of them, the upper one, rose slowly from the ground, and gazed around with him a look of such diabolical delight, such triumphant ferocity, that the lion slunk away, and such of the crowd as saw the man's face were awed into silence.

By this time some of the keepers and one or two policemen were ready to enter



A youthful subscriber and her two favorites

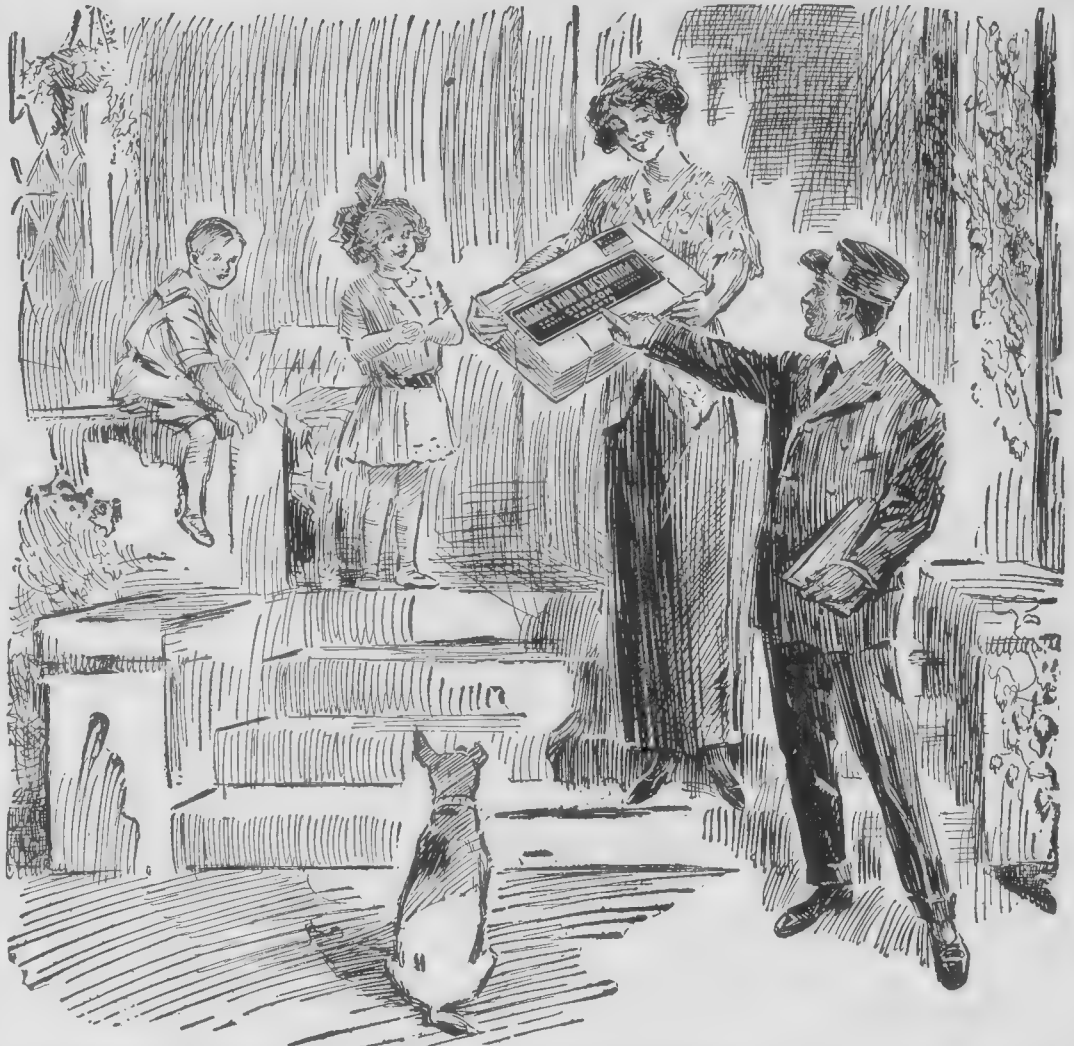
the arena. They did so, and the menagerie men managed to drive the lions back into their cages. Then the constables came forward and tried to raise Sims, who was still lying where he had fallen.

They tried to lift him, but he was dead. The man he had so foully wronged had literally crushed and throttled the life out of him, as a wild beast might have done.

When the horrified policeman tried to arrest Elijah he was seated on the ground. The expression of ferocity which had so lately transformed his features had vanished, and a look of absolute vacuity had taken its place. When he was told to rise, he mumbled something, and remained where he was. It was said he was mad, and I could readily believe it. His attack on Botticini was itself considered to be a proof that he was a maniac, for no one but myself, who knew the sad story of Elijah's life, suspected that the two men had ever met before.

At any rate, the jury found Elijah "Not Guilty" on the ground of insanity. I went to see him once at Broadmoor. He did not know me. He was undoubtedly mad then. Whether he was mad or not at the time when he took his terrible revenge is more than I can say.

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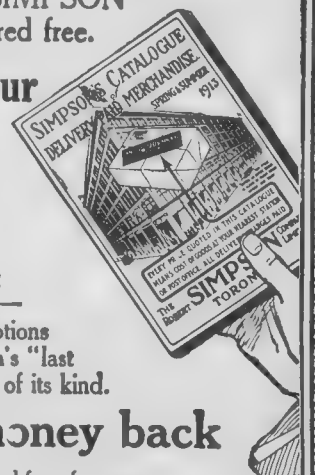
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Winter Wildfowling

Written for the Western Home Monthly. By Bonnycastle Dale

At sunset the ducks passed down the lake to the wild rice beds. Huge flocks of screeching whistlewings. Big, dark bodies of softly flying red-heads and canvasbacks. A few dusky mallards swept by in the gloom. At times a swift rushing sound told where the Morning ducks (as the Ojibways call the Crested Merganser) were passing. Now and then the hoarse grunt of a "big ship" indicated a flock of American Mergansers. All spoke well for the morning's shoot; even if it was December, winter had held off remarkably well. Many were the anxious enquiries by Fritz as to where the wind was from. Many were the trips we made to the north point of the island to investigate, with tell-tale handkerchief, the vagrant wind. At last it calmed down and we sought the duck feather mattresses on the bunks with high hopes of the morrow.

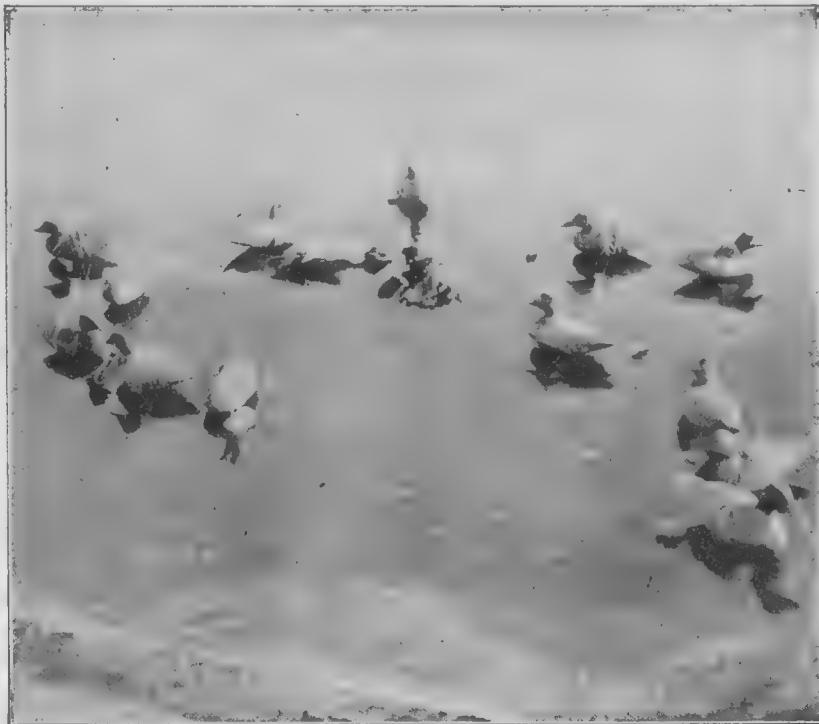
I was just in the midst of a comfortable dream. The harbor seal-against whose spotted hide the guns were racked-had awoke from his long sleep that had lasted since we killed him in Pacific waters and was now marching out of the shanty door to investigate this Ontario lake. It never got any further than the doorstep for the alarm clock took a hand in the game and seal and guns melted back onto the wall, and the dim light of the stars outlined the shanty windows in its place. Fritz was the first up and in answer to my question called back, "the lake is calm." Then came a ringing slipping sound and again the voice sounded out on the frosty air: "The whole bally lake's frozen," and another flat stone went merrily tinkling across the smooth surface.

I had been caught like this before. Once, on a neighboring island we awoke to find ourselves frozen in and all the

decoys a half mile distant on our own island. Here my guide's knowledge came in handy. We cut squares of sod about the size of a brick and had some really good shooting over them. Flocks of whistlewings would come along whistling merrily. Suddenly they espied the black dots on the ice-that is the first thing a wild duck sees of the birds it is seeking on other feeding grounds. Evidently they thought they had luckily

found open water for over the decoys they would stream and the smashing impact when they struck the ice, the ridiculous attempts of the poor wounded ones to get upon their feet, mercifully ended by a charge of very coarse shot, often twos, still lingers in my memory.

We had our decoys all right this time, so speedily the big cedar board canoe was loaded with a small flock, and an icebreaker was handed me and off I started to break my way along the shore to the north point. Now these canoes are tender craft so I had to strike a smashing, pulling blow every time I rocked it. This drew me ahead and made a swell at the same time, so I cracked a path wider than the canoe.



Decoys and Dead Ducks on the Ice

Very, very slowly I crept along, dealing rapid blows with the ponderous pole. Once at the point I proceeded to break the ice in a circle. After quite a lot of work I got a place broken up about fifty feet square. Fritz in the meantime had thrown the motor boat canvas on the snow, lugged two cushions and the guns and shell box and was now squatted like a little fat Indian idol cross legged on his shrine. The flight was on before we settled down to shoot. All the night long the ducks had swam in circles and lines, in swift squadrons, in little bunches, paddling, swiftly paddling with their big feet, fanning swiftly, fanning with their great wings-to keep a bit of water open-*Alas!* for the wounded ones and the crippled. We have found them frozen in the ice, with wings outstretched and neck protruding, and the tell-tale circles and frozen splashed up water told of their last vain struggle.

"Swish-h-h" sounded a duck, "tack" sang the hammerless on the clear frosty air, and a little sawbill, of the crested variety, struck the high bank behind us with a resounding thud. Now occurred a sorrowful thing. A flock of ducks were passing, high up and far out, in front of the decoys. I was sure they were the big, coarse, fish-eating "ships"-as we call them from their sailing flight. "Redheads, shoot" hoarsely whispered Fritz. I pulled the left trigger and the number four sped on their way catching a duck on the first joint of the wing and smashing the bone. We watched it sail away from the flock and fall upon the ice, with a big smack, about five hundred yards off. It could stagger along on the glare ice as all ducks can and manage to keep out of range of the slow ice-breaking canoe. We tried even with a 22 special to kill the poor wounded thing, but there it sat, or walked, or flapped, all the day long, to our great sorrow.

Two small stones went "splash." "Myamph! myamph!" called Fritz and the golden eyes of the passing drakes picked up the decoys and they whirled

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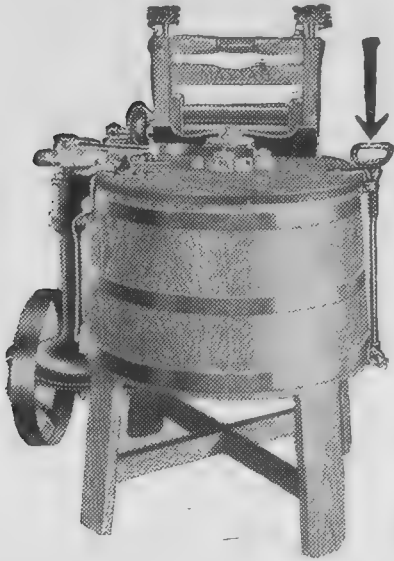
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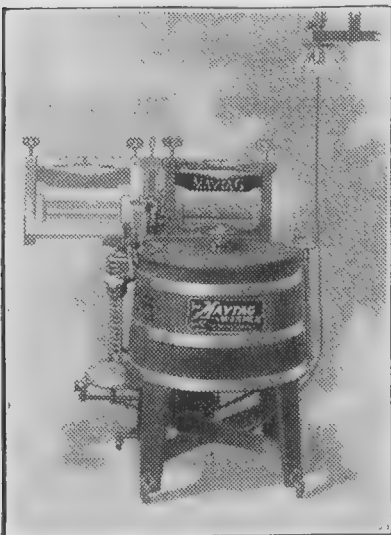
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The Wildfowler creeping up on shore feeding ducks

and came straight at us with that direct incoming flight that sets every nerve a throbbing. I had told Fritz to always kill them just as their toes struck the water, when their wings are thrown back, at the moment of alighting. He obeyed, oh, too well indeed, as, just as I was about to pull the trigger on a very fat drake that was about to settle, it crumples up in front of my gun and went splash into the water. "Shoot gain," I yelled-alas! too late, the big white drake had dived under the ice. "Watch for him lad, he must come back to the only hole there is." We sat breathless waiting for the green head to pop up. The bird took fully five minutes before it returned to the opening. As it rarely dives longer than forty-five seconds to one minute it must have expelled the air from its lungs several times onto the lower surface of the ice and have sucked back the vitalized remainder. The big handsome bird emerged right into a death-dealing shower of number six and with hardly a struggle floated back upwards.

By this time guns were echoing merrily all over the lake and the alarmed birds were streaming everywhere. Some flocks were already started on the migration to New York State and the Atlantic seaboard. Others were trying to get a sheltered spot on the waters of the still open river. The Mississauga tribe were out there in force. Hides were built in all sorts of cover and ducks were splashing into the water or thumping on the ice. Odd how the different breeds will fly on different routes! While my neighbor on the next island to the east kept up a regular fusillade he amassed only big ships--and what a squadron he did have--imagine carrying home nineteen American Mergansers! They asked me on my return from the Pacific Coast how to cook these big birds. I gave

them my Scotch host's recipe. "Make a good fire of fir bark, a big one, lay the bird upon it breast up, very reverently, gently scratch a match on your hunting coat, ignite the pile and walk away." "But what then," I asked. "Oh just stay away, the longer you stay the better the bird, I never return myself."

One bird we hit was shot through both eyes and unseeing it swung into the island trees, bringing up directly with a hard whack against an oak Fritz retrieved and instantly killed it. Now a dense fog descended and shut out the scene, so we picked up our ducks and decoys and went shantywards.

The next morning we found the ice so solid that we just laid the decoys on it and squatted on the snowy bank. The flocks were not half as numerous. Many had migrated. Only the coarser ducks were left. But still the guns were sounding and the birds dropping as of old. If the shot did not instantly kill in the air the fall on the hard ice finished the swiftly falling bird. We wonder why the soft snow does not burden the flight feathers. Nor can we understand how a whistling drake could stand for hours on the glare ice without freezing the very thin, silk-like membrane that connects the toes. Now came the foolhardy work. There were a few airholes left in the inch thick ice. In these we saw a few wounded birds were swimming. Out we sallied with a pocket full of shells. As we crossed the ice it yielded and settled and cracked and did everything but break. When we neared the first hole the two whistlers dived. Fritz followed one and I the other. Right beneath our feet they swam, using the wings as we do our arms and coming often to the ice surface to expel air. This once reinhaled, there was a kick of



They are worth all the cold hard work



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We are showing in our Spring and Summer Catalogue an extremely pretty range in lingerie and beautiful cool wash dresses. They are very moderately priced, ranging from \$2.75 to \$7.50 each.

We desire to call particular attention to a very pretty model in Pallette silk shown on page 36, suitable for the June bride. It is attractively made and has a neat yoke and collar of Irish lace.

Our styles in Summer dresses are individual and include many charming models suitable for parties and such like, besides some very practical little frocks for visiting or running into town.

The materials include fine lawn, mercerized mull, cotton voile, striped percale, chambray, corded pique, striped madras, Rajah silk and others. They come in either plain, lace trimmed or richly embroidered effects.

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HOSIERY

In pages 103 to 107 we show a wide range in women's high grade hosiery. This hosiery comes in plain and fancy designs and in cotton, cashmere, lisle or silk. Special attention is directed to our "Multiplex" line. This superior grade of hose is strongly reinforced where the wear is hardest and is dyed with a pure vegetable dye. It is holeproof--a very important feature, and costs no more than the ordinary hosiery.

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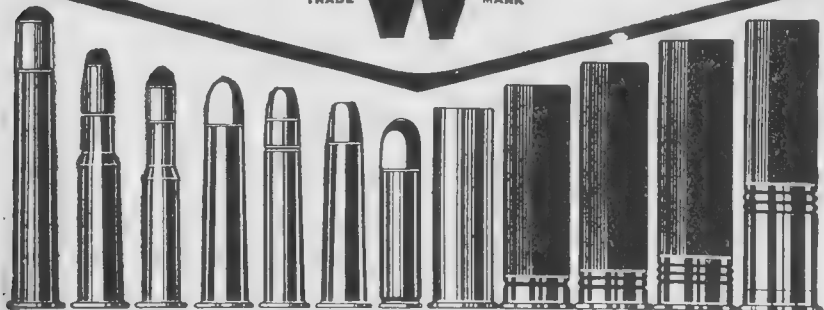
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HEAD OFFICE: - - WINNIPEG



"Homeward Returning"

the big strong feet, and off the bird swam as lustily as ever. Soon we headed them back to the hole and ended their suffering with a quick shot. I think we should have nearly ended our own as we were always obliged to lie down on the ice and drag the floating bird to us with our gunbarrels, as the open edges of these airholes were formed of weaker ice.

Soon we had cleared out all the open places, and as a snow storm was drifting up, we deemed it wise to speedily get back to the shore of our good old solid island. You have no idea how comfortably firm the rough rocks and island banks feel under your feet after such risky ice work (we have vowed never again to take air hole shooting). But we were not through with our troubles yet. The mainland lay a mile from the island and cross it we must—sometime. The very next morning looked favorable, so we rapidly made a couple of sleds, packed the canoes with the ducks and guns and ammunition, and drew them along the side of the island to the south point—where the mainland was only half a mile away. All our work was in vain. The sun had weakened the ice so that it would not carry the canoe-laden sleds. Back we struggled to the north point. I ran up and opened the shanty and got some hot chocolate ready, as it was noonday now. Telling Fritz to start ahead and paddle north in a crack that had just opened—then to turn south in another and make for the mainland—I hurriedly put things into their places and started after the now distant canoe. Fritz had taken the cedar and three paddles with the duffle bags and had left me the basswood, three guns and thirty ducks.

I saw him turn at the river and speed south through the now wide crack. I followed, all went well until I got about a quarter way along the second

narrow waterway. A heavy southwest had formed and every time that I tried to force the light craft alongside the lee edge of the crack the wind would swiftly drift me onto the sharp edge on the left hand and the thin ice cut into the canoe as readily as a knife into cheese. The cuts were just about the length of a match, a bit thicker, and the rear end was always connected by a thin strand of basswood. I had a pot of duck grease in anticipation of any such danger. I rapidly daubed each opening, closing the splinter in under the spoonful of cold grease—it was hardly firm enough however, and water trickled in through every grease blob. I was not alarmed yet. I simply tilted the canoe a bit onto its side and paddled on. But the jutting points were closer now and the icy edges entered more rapidly. Soon I had the canoe well sidetilted and was calling "Fritz! Fritz!" Of course, the wind swept my voice far away from the swiftly paddled leading canoe—it was fully half a mile ahead now. Then between strokes I saw my neighbor walk down to the top of the bank of his island, evidently watching Fritz and I. Once, when I managed to hold the canoe by a swift stroke on the calm side of the crack. I waved my hand for help. My friend saw me and returned my wave with a very friendly toss of both arms, as if to say, "Hurry up old man and have a cup of something warm." I was warm enough by now, resting regretful eyes on guns and ducks, wondering which to toss over first. I had the canoe resting almost on one gunwale now and the ducks and guns and water were a sorrowful looking mess. Just then I passed a broken paddle. Fritz evidently had had troubles of his own. This made me glance down and I found that he had taken all the paddles but the one I firmly grasped. I decided to bail out and managed to "paddle-splash"



A cold day and a small bag

a fair amount of water out. This alarmed Fritz and he started back towards me, but a favoring lull in the wind allowed me to spurt and I soon made the shelter of the island. My canoe was literally cut to pieces. All one side and bottom let the free, glad light through as you may have seen some very coarsely woven basket do. I passed the time of day with Fritz relative to his absorbing so many paddles. Luckily my neighbor's wife ran down to the bank and I proceeded in more strictly parliamentary language to describe my predicament. They both insisted I should come up to lunch. Here was the gravest danger I had faced. Alack, my clothes were wet and greased, my sweater black with many a campfire, my untrimmed beard and hair the glory of a cartoonist. No excuse would the good friends take, so behold me ushered in all my grime into a bungalow dining-room in which a table sparkled with white linen, cut glass and dainty silver! A polished oak diner was drawn out by the white-aproned maid. I stood a moment non-plussed, then taking a very ancient red bandanna from my pocket. I gravely dusted that resplendent chair and amid the ensuing roars of laughter my troubles and my story end.

The Great-West

The increasing business of the Great-West Life Assurance Company in Northern Alberta has necessitated the arrangement of a permanent office at Edmonton. Adequate premises have been secured at 205 C.P.R. Building, Edmonton—housing both the life insurance and loaning interests of the company in that territory.

Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition

Western ladies are deservedly praised for the high quality of their needlework. The Winnipeg Exhibition has been no mean factor in bringing about this state of excellence. By making fair rules and offering good prizes the officials have systematically brought about a splendid spirit of keen, friendly rivalry among the ladies, so that each year the judges in the ladies' work and home economics sections of the Canadian Industrial Exhibition have a more difficult task in selecting the winning entries.

The sections devoted to ladies' work have received special attention from the authorities this year; over a thousand dollars has been allotted in cash prizes and every inducement to exhibitors is being made. There is one section open for entries from all over the world; another is being reserved especially for Western ladies; and yet another only for members of the various home economics societies. This gives everyone a chance to compete in the class to which their capabilities aptly place them.

All applications must reach the officials on or before June 21st, and after that date no entry can be made. Every lady who has any needlework or art work of any description should make an entry. Some of the best work that has ever been accomplished has never been shown outside the home circle, and so the public has missed the educational value which should have resulted, and the worker's personality has, to a large extent, missed its object in life.

Choose the best of your fancy needlework and exhibit it. You will know the relative value of your work and be of great service to you. If there are others who have exhibits superior to your own it will create a healthy desire to do better. Should you win a prize you have a greater knowledge of your own capabilities and your self-esteem will be strengthened and your ambition stimulated. This has an uplifting tendency, the benefits from which cannot be too highly rated.

Then, again, every article exhibited makes the fair that much bigger and better than it otherwise would have been, and you owe a duty to the community in which you live to help to make every public event, as much as lies in your power, the best possible.

The greater the public spirit in the individuals of a district or town the more prosperous and wealthy that district will be. Support the exhibition in every way possible and help by your own personality to make the Canadian Industrial Exhibition this year the best and biggest it has ever been.

Acetylene Construction Company

It is not so very many years ago since the best light obtainable on a farm was the old-fashioned tallow candle now almost unknown. In those days farming in Canada was mostly scraping the ground for enough to eat. Nowadays farming is a science, a business. It calls for the finest modern facilities if it is to be made profitable. There is no reason why a farm home should not be as well lighted as a business man's home. Light means progress. Better light means better progress. It is now possible to have the farm home as well lighted as the finest city home at very little cost. Progressive farmers in Canada are intensely interested in having their homes comfortable. We advise all such to carefully read the advertisement of the Acetylene Construction Company

in this issue and to send for particulars of this modern lighting system which is revolutionizing life on the farm.

Art versus Matrimony

Oh, I'm devoted to my Art!
Devoted though it break my heart:
For life is Art, and Art is life
And yet I must support my wife.

It's truly trying to be born,
And all to shreds and tatters torn
With yearnings after high ideals—
The while you must provide the meals!

I wish that I were duly dead,
And that a stone stood at my head,
Whereon these homely words were writ:
"He tried, but failed to make a hit."

Perhaps this line would catch the eye
Of some sweet stranger passing by,
And urge him on to nobler strife
Unless he, too, had got a wife.

Edna M. Owings.

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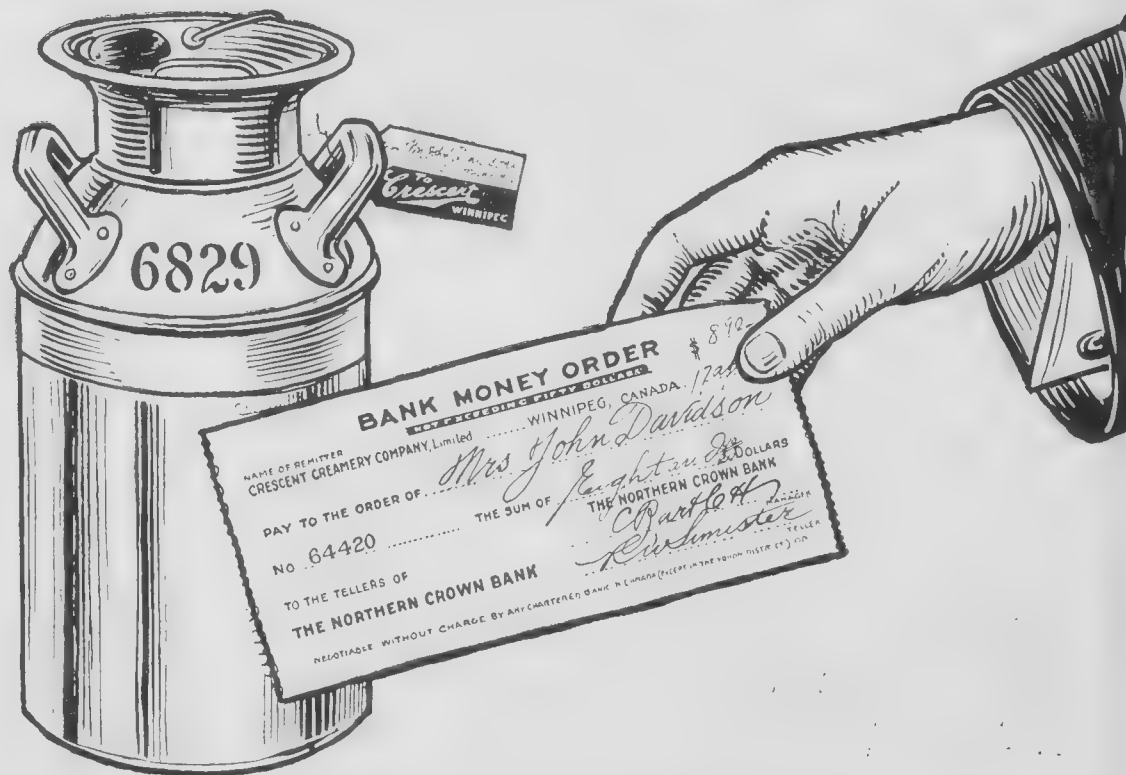
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The Stampede

HERO of many a romance, actual actor in a thousand episodes more romantic than novelist ever penned, for fact is stranger than fiction. "The Cowboy" is a vanishing factor in the life of the West. With the disappearance of the frontier, the frontiersman is going too.

Yet how great a part has the pioneer played in preparing the way for all that is meant in the words "Modern Civilization" and it is little wonder that his life should have a peculiar fascination for the Anglo-Saxon race, for they have been the pioneers of civilization wherever new lands have had to be reclaimed by man from brute and barbarian.

Necessity brought the cowboy into being as it is now putting him out of business. As population in the east increased, the more adventurous spirits worked further west, soon the Mississippi valley was occupied, but further west were vast stretches of territory of little value for agricultural purposes but eminently suitable for grazing purposes. In these districts—Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana and in the Canadian Northwest—sprang up the great ranges. Millions of cattle wandered half wild over the rolling plains and among the foothills.

To keep guard over them, protect them from thieving men or robber beasts, to drive them to new pastures or to market, found work for plenty of daring and hardy adventurers. An arduous life, exposed to every vicissitude of weather, practically living in the saddle and on the simplest of fare, holding his life in his hand, it is little wonder that in his hours of relaxation the cowboy sometimes tried to crowd a little too much fun into the short time at his disposal. But he was a gallant, picturesque figure, true friend and lover, and generally living up to his ideals more than the most of men.

As to his business outfit his hat was his particular pride, nothing but the highest priced Stetson for the Northern Cowboy or an even more costly sombrero if from the south, was good enough for him. The heaviest of woollen shirts, and as like as not the cheapest of overalls, clothed his body summer and winter alike, but in winter a fringed buckskin coat afforded protection from the

icy blasts and his legs up to the hips were protected when riding, by chaps, really long leather leggings, sometimes, in fact often, with the hair left on. Next to his hat, the cowboy's boots were his chief pride. Long boots with high heels made of the finest leather and supplemented with formidable spurs. Nor must the red handkerchief tied loosely round the neck be forgotten, cotton for everyday but of the grandest silk if he was going to "spark" the school marm, or have a flutter.

A lariat, a winchester rifle and a big colt "navy" had to be part of his outfit and it was part of his trade to be able to use them. Long, lean, tanned, all sinew and muscle, keen of sight, quick to act, the cowboy was every inch a man.

Next to his chum and his best girl his affections were bestowed upon his saddle horse, the hardy range horse he had broken in himself and among the cowboys were a few of the aristocracy of the ranges, regular "broncho busters." His saddle and bridle were of the Mexican type and as much articles of pride as hat, chaps and boots.

Where no law existed or could be enforced the custom of the range came into existence. The land of forgotten or unknown pasts, the duel settled most differences between man and man. Two crimes, however, were considered unpardonable and punished with hanging on the nearest tree—horse stealing and cattle rustling and taking brands. The range thief knew what was coming to him and when caught usually "took his medicine" like a man.

It is no wonder that the cowboy figures in every moving picture theatre in every story of western life, but things seen are always better than their representations. During the Stampede, which will be here in August, Winnipeggers will have an opportunity that may not occur again to see the cowboy in all his glory, his daring horsemanship, and his incredible skill with lariat and gun.

The object of the Stampede is to bring to the peoples' very doors the realities of the frontier life. It is being organized on a scale that insures its being the most interesting exhibition of its kind ever before the public.



Mexican Cowboys will be seen at the Stampede

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2269 Bath Avenue Brooklyn, N.Y.

A Pilot of the Pioneers

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans, Crystal City

The eye of the pioneer in 1879 scanned with eager expectation the horizon for a certain landmark when plodding upon his way to the prairie country which is known today as Central Southern Manitoba. There was a definite goal which lay before the pioneer: the selection of a homestead, and certain directions had been furnished by means of which his journey into the trackless land might be accomplished in less time and with greater convenience.

He had learned in the home town of Ontario concerning this landmark. To observe this his eye was alert; the guide post was ahead of him; verily the lighthouse marked upon his chart delineatory of the course it behoved him to follow.

And this was Pilot Butte, a prominence of land situated at a distance of two miles northward from the town of Pilot Mound.

In these days the traveller upon the Southwestern branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will observe the "pioneer's landmark" from the car windows immediately his train has emerged from the rocky cuts between La Riviere and Wood Bay. It is feasible to assume that the view he will then obtain will create within him the idea that Pilot Butte is a lonely elevation of land standing amidst the now pastoral scenes of the countryside by which it is surrounded. As the train approaches

in closer proximity, he is likely to conclude that the butte is the beacon hill of a rugged landscape. His surmise is correct; it is the "last mountain" of a broken country which stretches northward to Swan Lake and the Valley of the Pembina.

And Pilot Butte is unique in the peculiar characteristics of its appearance and formation. Upon its summit a cluster of trees are visible. In days of autumn a veritable ocean of shocks may be observed in the gigantic area of wheat fields of the districts surrounding. At the base of the butte and immediately adjacent are farm homes; whilst at a distance of two miles the elevators of Pilot Mound stand forth, and the quintette of similar grain bins at Crystal City are plainly discernible. In dimension, Pilot Butte is not of great area; its gradually sloping nature renders extremely difficult any reliable conclusion as to size from a circumferential point of view. It is not of high altitude, and may be designated as the terminating feature of other buttes which stretch from the wooded country of gullies and banks to the north. For the erroneous impression he is somewhat certain to assume the casual observer must be exonerated should he claim the butte to be but an eminence of land of which characteristic he is unable to locate similar creations. To the contrary, it is the last elevation of a series of peaks, an assertion which will be given corroborative testimony from the presence of fourteen similar creations within the adjacent neighborhood. There is likewise an eminence which, in topographical record, is known as Star Mound. This is, however, of greater length, and is situated to the southward of Pilot Butte at a distance of ten miles.

Let us briefly glance at the presumable origin of Pilot Butte, to what can such be traced? In this, a question most perplexing confronts us, as is of frequent enquiry. And this has not alone been confined to the man dwelling within the districts from which a view of the butte is obtainable; the adherents of scientific research have not assumed dormant attitude toward the unravelling of possibly a mysterious creation, and opinions, based upon various theories, have emanated from men of repute in such matters. From the view of one section of a certain learned body, it has been conceded that in the prehistoric era, during which they of a mound creative propensity

maybe donated credit for laborious undertakings, this workmanship contributed to the upraising of this lonely sentinel upon the prairie land. Another trend of opinion renders strenuous denial to this theory. Yet one other aspect has been presented, it is possible and, in all probability, a solution in closer proximity to the actual facts, to make the claim that Pilot Butte's formative basis is the resultant issue of an upheaval of land contributed by volcanic agency at some remote period.

In the Infinite wisdom of a World's Creator, man has been permitted to theorize concerning many features, the origin of which he will, for all time, remain in entire ignorance of. The mound builder may perchance have caused the butte's formation. We can only surmise; historical authority there is none.

And whilst opinions in diametrical opposition to one another have been, and will continue to be, rehearsed, it is recognized upon basis of authenticity that in the Manitoba of the long years ago many important events have taken place upon Pilot Butte's summit, whereon great councils of the Indian tribes have taken place; and more than one great warrior is known to have been consigned to his last long sleep in its slopes.

In making allusion to similar land formations in the butte's vicinity, it will be of interest to learn that upon one of these a decisive battle was in 1862 engaged in between a body of Manitoba Indians and a band of Sioux from North Dakota territory. It is



Boosting the W.H.M.

also recorded by actual participants in this bloodthirsty encounter that in excess of eighty of the fallen braves were interred in a dug-out upon the slopes of this hillock which is situated in close adjacency to Barbour's Lake.

And in the days of 1879 Pilot Butte was recognized as the chief landmark to the incoming settler to Central Southern Manitoba. The railway had not forged its way into the prairie land at that date; hence the emigrant was under compulsion to disembark from his train at Emerson. He had learned of the prairie sentinel. It was his objective view; the goal of his ambitions lay within its shadows. Today Pilot Butte, ancient landmark, stands as in times of yore, but its surroundings are not as were witnessed in its locality a few decades ago; then the smoke of the Indian's teepee curled over its summit.

Verily, the butte has borne silent witness of great scenic transformation in its surroundings. Today it stands amidst an area upon which the homes of a thriving populace are situated, and amongst these there yet remains a sprinkling of those who, in the long years ago, glanced in eager anticipation across the prairie land for the landmark of which they had heard and been directed to watch for. And some of they who kept vigilant watch for its appearance today sleep in the God's Acre near the deep gully one mile to the westward of the butte.

STOMACH TROUBLE AND HEADACHE

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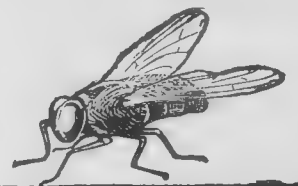
When the stomach is unable to do its work properly and in a natural way, it is bound to react harmfully on your whole system. If steps are not taken to remedy the evil, the every day duties of life soon become a burden. A disordered stomach is the sure forerunner of headache, biliousness, constipation, and countless other troubles. A great Scotch physician, Dr. Abernethy, said: "If there were no indigestion, we doctors would have little to do."

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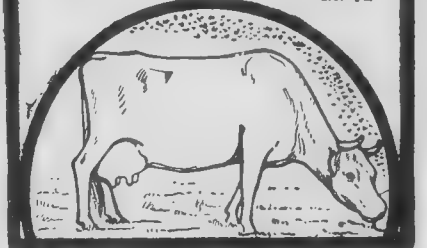
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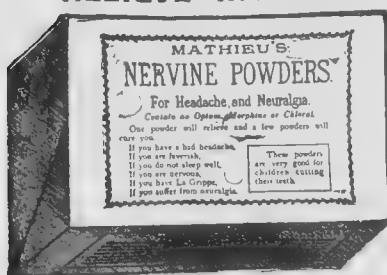


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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

GREAT MEN

There are certain men who are classed by the world as "great." They have managed to get into the lime-light, or they are there without choice or personal design. Their photographs are to be seen in every public place. Their names are used by advertising agents as standard authorities in the last court of appeal. These are the great ones of the earth. They are great in name, great in reputation, great in their ability to command universal attention. But are they different from the most of us? Are they great because of a universal contrast or by reason of a universal resemblance? The truth is that we like them because they are so much like us. They are prophecies of what we may become. Abraham Lincoln studied this class of individuals—the great ones of the earth—and decided that he might become one of them. "I have talked with great men," he told his fellow clerk and friend Green, "and I do not see how they differ from others. I can be one of them."

AN UGLY FACE

I know a man who took a good look at himself in the mirror when he was sixteen years of age and who discovered himself to be so homely in his looks and so plain in his features that he was downright discouraged about himself. But the lines of a homely face are very often strong lines. And the face, too, changes in a remarkable manner between the ages of sixteen and thirty. In that period thought gives quality to the facial features and the growth of the body fills out the physical outlines of the face and form. Study the photographs of a great man as they appear in his biography and see how the physiognomy improves with the passing of the years. You can be great and be loved for your greatness even if you are "homely." The writer of "Tolstoy The Man" says: "He was a boy who never had a childhood, and over whose cradle hung the shadow of a sorrow which was never quite lifted. His aunt says that 'he gave promise of being a very homely boy, and kept his promise so well that his looks separated him from other children, creating in him a sensitiveness which both refined and embittered his life.'" But he conquered magnificently in the end.

PAY THE PRICE

You can have anything the world has to sell if you are willing to pay the price. And there is nothing which is worth having which is "marked down." There is no bargain counter in the realm of real achievement. Everything has its price. Money, fame, reputation, position and character can all be bought, if you are willing and can pay the price. The price is to be paid in toil, loneliness, study, application, perseverance and steadfastness of purpose. The man who speaks to crowds is a lonely man. He must be, in order to sustain himself before those who wait upon his words. That is a part of the price he pays. A great public life means a deep, private life. You can have whatever you desire if you can pay the price. Someone said to Phoebe Palmer, "Mrs. Palmer, I'd give all the world to live as near God as you do." To which the saintly woman replied: "That's just exactly what it will cost you. All the world."

WRINKLES

A wrinkle is a facial contraction. You may not know it, but you can expand your face just as you can expand your lungs. It is a good deal better to open your eyes in wonder than it is to contract the muscles of your face in dismay. Remember you are responsible for your own looks. You make your own mouth. You mould your own cheeks. You chisel your own nose. You build your own brow. You curve your own chin. Your biography is written on your physiognomy. A certain writer on "Character," remarks: "Indeed, traits of character, good or bad, we seldom choose deliberately. We choose particular actions, and then other actions more or less like them, and so habits grow, and habits ripen into character, and so we make ourselves the men we are. By our continual action we are fashioned. Years ago, next door, lived a pretty child just out of babyhood. She had a comical way of wrinkling up her forehead. Twenty years later I saw her in another State, a pleasant young mother, only her forehead was wrinkled like an old woman of seventy. So we wrinkle up the face of our character, which ought to be beautiful with all the lovely fruits of the Spirit."

SORROW

Sorrow is apt to come early into life. Failure in business, disappointment in love, a breakdown in health, and the world is apt to take on a sombre hue and our flowers begin to fade. Of course we will

rise again. Our failure in business is not forever. You may live long enough, also, to thank a favoring fate that your love was rejected; and, as for your breakdown in health, you may learn through it to conserve your physical strength and thus live to a ripe old age. But be sure of this, that trouble is a test of character and sorrow refines the soul. Early in life learn the lesson of sympathy. Always try and find somebody else who is in deeper trouble than yourself. It is said that a rich woman in Chicago, who had lost her only child, was induced by her maid-servant to take a bouquet of flowers and lay it upon the little coffin in the home of her washerwoman. Rich woman and poor mother stood and wept over the little body, while they spoke to each other words of consolation.

JOY IN SERVICE

The main question is: "How much joy can you get out of life?" How much satisfaction can you get out of your money? How much happiness can you get out of your recreation? How much rest and peace can you get out of your home? The ability to get 100 per cent. of real, genuine pleasure out of every dollar which you have earned is the secret of a happy life. There are rich people who are miserable because in making their money they have forgotten how to enjoy themselves. They are silly enough to imagine that what they need is more money. A certain writer remarks: When I was young, an old gentleman asked me, "When is a person rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." "No." "When he has ten thousand." "No." "When he has a hundred thousand." "No." "What, then?" "When he has got a little more than he has got, and that is never."

AN EXTRA OUNCE

In your transactions with men add a little. After the scales are balanced, throw in an ounce. Don't be too exacting about the change in your own money matters, especially when you are dealing with the poor. And, in fact, in all your transactions—add a little. Don't stop your work exactly at six. Don't be too exacting in your dealings with people. Give good measure in all your service and it will all come back to you. A recent writer tells of a little candy store which he used to patronize when he was a boy. It was owned by a big-hearted Irishman, and the boys called it "the bit more store," because when the dealer would drop in the candies until the scale was well down on the side of their two-cent purchase, he would drop in "a bit more" for good measure. A bit more is much better than a bit less. It is the difference between the stingy, selfish, hard man and a generous, big-hearted man.

VISION HOURS

God grant to you many vision hours. Hours when the possibilities of life loom large. Hours when we enter the temple of history and stand with the world's great ones. Hours when we breathe the atmosphere of genuine poetry and know that we are divine in the fibre of our being. A gifted Englishman told us lately of his first night as a youth within the walls of his university: "Do any of us remember," he writes, "when, leaving home and school and the boy's life behind us, we stood for the first time within the college walls? The first night in the antique place, how wonderfully we were struck by it! As we looked out of our window on the still quadrangle, with the moonlight streaming down like some silvery flood upon the grave buildings and the grass, and heard the bells answering one another in the vocal air, it seemed as if the place were alive with all the dead. The thousand forms of famous men who came thither with unborn thoughts within them, which, when born, should move the world to passion and to power, appeared to thrill the air with their unseen presence. The silence was eloquent with those secrets which are told to hearts that listen in the hour of presentiment; secrets which, though they seem our own thoughts, are, it may be, impressions from that silent world of souls of which our intellect knows nothing, but our heart so much."

LEARN TO RESPECT

There comes a time in the life of every true man when he passes beyond the line of cheap criticism. He has achieved a thing or two. He has entered the temple of fame. He has written his name on the scroll of history. He has gained a place in the affections of men. Henceforth he is lifted above the cheap criticism of ordinary and unthinking mortals. Friend, learn to respect the man of character who has built his life out of the quarried blocks of genuine granite and cemented the edifice of his career with quality in all things. Newman Hall, in his autobiography, says: On occasion of the Handel

Festival in the Crystal Palace, I was walking in the rear of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone as they went out during the interval, and saw two ladies fashionably attired go up behind him, one of whom hissed in his ear. On returning to our seats I happened to be near them, and heard one exultingly say to her companion, "Didn't I hiss in his ear?" In my clearest, loudest tones I said, "And you should be ashamed of yourself, madam, whatever your politics, for daring thus to insult a man of whom the whole nation should be proud."

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

If there is a mile between your creed and your character you are fooling yourself, and it is the easiest thing in the world to fool yourself. You are fooling yourself when you preach holiness and practice imperfection—when you talk high and live low—when you profess great things and accomplish small things—when you grow eloquent about the poor and enjoy the unlimited luxuries of the rich. The Chicago Advance notes that the Duchess of Marlborough was one of the speakers at the first annual banquet of the Playground Association of America in New York last week. She wore a blue satin princess gown, embroidered with gold and further ornamented with silver tinsel draped from the shoulders. A diamond crescent flashed in her coiffure, and around her throat was a diamond dog collar and her famous robe of pearls. Rigged out in this most costly elegance, she made a plea for the poor.

SECRET OF POPULARITY

The secret of popularity is to make a favorable impression on the people whom you meet. And, mark you, you meet people not in the mass or bulk but one by one. And as people approach you, one by one, your problem is simply and only to deal properly with the next man whom you may happen to meet. So you have only one man to conquer—the next one. Thus one by one you will win the world to your side. Why not be popular then? It will bring you joy, power and influence. General Havelock, when questioned concerning the secret of his unique influence over the brave soldiers of his regiments, answered: "I keep close to them; I come personally into contact with each man, and know the name of every individual."

HEROISM

A man is never so much of a man as when he is bearing suffering in silence. It may be for mother, sister, younger brother or friend. The man who can go on in silence and endure is a hero. How many noble institutions have been saved and how many frail individuals have been protected by the self-sacrificing hero who cared not what the world said, but who walked on in dignity, quietness and silence! An American journal records a beautiful case: Everyone remembers the awful Park Avenue collision in New York City. One of the sufferers was a young man named Peter Murphy. His feet and legs were caught beneath the engine which had telescoped the car. He had worked one leg free and was about to pull the other loose when the roof of the car fell on both legs. While he hung there in agony Battalion Chief Farrel of the Fire Department came along, and Murphy begged him to lift the timbers off his legs. "If I do that," said Farrel, "the roof will fall on the other side. There are women there." "I didn't think of that," said Murphy. "Let it stay. I'll stand the pain."

SING A SONG

Sing a song. If you can't sing, whistle. If you can't whistle, hum a little. Put a little music into life. Manufacture a little sunshine for humanity. Exhale a little good cheer for the race. The world always stops long enough to hear the band play. There is power in music to soothe. Therefore sing a song. The following sounds like T. De Wit Talmage: "Richard, in the war of the Crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where, so his loyal friend went around the land from stronghold to stronghold, and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Coeur de Lion had taught him in other days. And one day coming before a jail where he suspected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song, and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts was discovered, and a successful movement was at once made for his liberation. So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate, and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings. More hymn-book and less razor."

The WONDERFUL LIGHT

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FOR
CHURCHES

ARE YOU A SLAVE TO YOUR FARM?

Are your women folk martyrs to your crops or your cows? Are all of you working like Trojans and putting up with inconveniences and discomforts that sap your energy and courage and take the "fun" out of it all.

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No matter where you live we can install in your cellar or outbuilding one of these simple home equipments that with only ten minutes' attention each month will yield a flood of beautiful, white, soft, radiant light for your sitting room, bedroom, kitchen, attic, cellar, barn and dairy—any part of your home or outbuilding where you need light.

This modern system of home-made gas is creating a revolution in farm life. It is giving city comforts and conveniences to prairie homes—adding years to the life and happiness of women and youngsters on the farm. Once installed in your homes you would not be without it for one hundred times its cost.

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to maintain. Anyone can manage it. Yourself, your wife, your child or hired man or woman can operate and understand it and keep it going with less trouble than you can keep a kerosene lamp.

All the attention it needs is to drop a few lumps of fuel in the generator once a month. The rest takes care of itself. Turning a thumb screw and striking a match gives you all the light you want at any time. Cheerful, beautiful illumination in your home will be yours to own and utilize and enjoy for many years.

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If you will fill out the coupon below and mail to us we will be glad to send you complete information regarding our plans of installing these systems. We will answer fully all questions as to probable cost in the first place and cost by the year to maintain. We will explain in detail the safety, simplicity and economy of acetylene gas as sold under our guarantee plan. We can probably refer you to somebody whom you know that is already using this fine light. We will send you a complete explanation of how this light is installed and operated and numerous testimonials from farmers who have used it for years. If necessary we will send one of our lighting experts to talk it over with you. He will give you exact figures as to cost. If you are ready for this great convenience in your home do not lose any time in filling out the coupon and mailing it to us. In return you will get information that will be worth to you hundreds of dollars a year.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

They Are Always Hungry

The coming of mosquitoes reminds many people that every season has its little drawbacks. Mosquitoes never seem to go on a hunger strike.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Turn Overs

Every acre of land turned over by the plow means more to Melfort than a dozen town lots turned over in a real estate deal.—Melfort (Sask.) Moon.

A Plea for Ontario

Boom Ontario and let the West blow its own horn. There is plenty of wind out there and plenty of sturdy men to do the blowing.—Peterboro Examiner.

Sightseeing in a Hurry

The Prince of Wales made a lightning tour of Frankfort the other day, exploring the cathedral in five minutes, and there is some talk of making him an honorary American.—London Punch.

Divorce In This Country Comes High

Dean Walton, of Montreal, says the minimum cost of divorce in Canada is one thousand dollars. Thus the laws are framed to make divorce a luxury for the rich. The worst of it is that he's absolutely right.—Ottawa Free Press.

Excessive Cautiousness

Things are in a bad way in Kansas. "When two trains approach a crossing," says a bill pending in the legislature, "both shall stop, and neither shall go ahead until the other has passed by." Still, it would eliminate the hazard of wreck.—Duluth Herald.

Old Songs and New

The trouble is that the best of the new songs are not popular; but it is doubtful if the really good songs were ever popular when they were new. On the other hand, some of the songs that have achieved the greatest popularity in the past are very poor stuff according to modern taste.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Dodgers of Duty

They have unearthed another clever dodge whereby Uncle Sam has been, for nine years past, cheated at the customs in important French gowns. When lovely woman stoops to smuggling she is usually about ten times as clever at it as a mere man.—Montreal Herald.

Seyen Proposals in Seven Weeks

Miss Teetgen, the English lady who testified before the central emigration board in London that in Western Canada she received seven proposals of marriage in seven weeks, should be engaged by the Dominion immigration department. She would make a first-class agent.—Hamilton Herald.

Dividends on Water

It used to be the fashion to water the milk. But the dairy companies are finding it better to water their stock. Milk has gone up to ten cents a quart and dividends will be paid at eight per cent. on the water. The farmer never had the right idea about water.—Toronto World.

The Kaiser's Good Record

Emperor William is about to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne. And in all that time he hasn't once broken the peace of Europe, which is a pretty good record for a man who was generally regarded as an international fire brand.—New York Tribune.

No Smallpox Hospitals in Germany

The cost of maintaining smallpox hospitals falls not only on the small minority who have smallpox, but on the great majority who are protected by vaccination. Thoroughly vaccinated countries, like Germany, have done away with smallpox hospitals. To force the vaccinated to maintain them is unjust.—Halifax Herald.

Life-time Service

In this youthful country of many and constant changes it is hard to realize employees of one firm with a record of sixty-four, sixty-three and fifty-five years of service. A man and two women with these records were recently presented to the King and Queen on their visit to the well known establishment of Messrs. Minton, whose chinaware is in favor all over the world.—Victoria Colonist.

A Noble Vision

"The day is coming," said Mr. Bryan, "when civilized man will understand that no matter into what breast he thrust his bayonet he has killed a brother." These words voice the highest sentiments of the human race. Mr. Bryan beholds the United States of the World.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Diplomat

The new American ambassador to Austria is a Canadian by birth, and when a boy was a "news butcher" on the Grand Trunk. The lad who can sell a last year's magazine to a passenger for the latest issue, has all the earmarks of a diplomat.—New York Globe.

Hammering Civilization into Natives

One of the men involved in the Putumayo rubber trade brutalities stated in court that the company had practically to hammer civilization into the natives. The natives were to be excused if they exhibited little love for the kind of civilization their oppressors professed.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A Glasgow Spinster's Retort

A Glasgow M.P. has fallen into serious trouble because he has stated that spinsters knew nothing about men. One of them has retorted upon him that it is because they know so much about men that they remain spinsters. She witheringly exclaimed: "Think of paying such men four hundred pounds per year to talk such nonsense."—Lethbridge Herald.

The Scot Welcome

Scotland is losing population. The drain is worse there than in Ireland. On the way over now are 4200 emigrants bound to this country and to Canada. It was a record departure from the Clyde. It would be a fine thing if all of these voyagers were bound for the United States. Here settlers from Scotland have done great work, and here is room and a welcome for every Scot who wants to change his flag.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lagging Behind Europe

A London newspaper records the fact that the parcel post system has been in operation in Germany since 1782, and that packages weighing up to 110 pounds are carried. As the United States only adopted the system this year, and as Canada is only considering it, it seems that old Europe, which is often looked upon as slow by fast America, really leads this continent in some important matters.—Montreal Gazette.

Marry in Haste

The "marrying preacher" of Bridgeburg, Ont., who issued advertising cards announcing that he was prepared to make matrimonial alliances with celerity and secrecy, is receiving a proper castigation in the local legislature. Ontario cannot afford to deal in any "matrimony made easy" schemes. The after repentance is usually in proportion to the haste.—Toronto Star.

The Age of Luxury

The strain of living is no doubt partly due to the cost of commodities having increased more rapidly than most people's incomes, a derangement which is, we hope, always righting itself. But it is also due to the extraordinary difference between the needs of today and those of a generation or two ago. It is a false idea of life which foregoes the real things which made our fathers happy for the sake of those things which our fathers and mothers lived happily without.—Montreal Witness.

New Idea of Companionship

The old notion of a hard and fast line between the young and the middle-aged, and between the middle-aged and the old, is false, and the new idea of companionship is sound. The basis of the home and of family life is the meeting of both sexes and of all ages upon common ground. The children should have their play. There are differences in taste and capacity, of course, but the more companionship the better.—Toronto Globe.

Holland's Centennial

From behind the dykes where she has made such wonderful progress, Holland will celebrate the first centennial of her life under a constitutional monarchy, and will dedicate some time this summer the great peace palace at The Hague, to which the world and his wife and children are invited. Holland is a wonderful country, not only because of its substantial progress, but because it controls and governs 30,000,000 of colonists beyond the seas, and many of these millions are only partly civilized.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Safe Bet

A report from New York City states that there are 507,000 women who work for their living in that city. Of this number 100,000 are married, and 50,000 of them, it is stated, support their husbands. And it's a safe bet these are the men that talk the loudest of woman's place being in the home, and ridicule the idea of her having a vote.—Vancouver World.

The Jingoistic Japs

The East as well as the West is getting its proletarian which insists on meddling in foreign affairs. In old Japan the jingo outburst of an irresponsible city crowd would have counted for little with the elder statesmen. Now the vox populi insists on being heard, and unfortunately it is not always voice for peace. The inflammatory newspaper and the inflammatory urban crowd make a dangerous combination.—Springfield Republican.

Pullman Cars and Babies

A Pullman car at Port Arthur was completely destroyed by fire, started from a spirit lamp which a woman passenger was using in warming milk for a baby. The mother should not be reproached, Pullman cars are trifles compared with babies. Pullman cars come and go, but the feeding of babies must go on forever.—Edmonton Journal.

Ice Cream as Medicine

Some years ago, when prosecutions of ice-cream vendors for Sunday selling were frequent, some magistrates ruled that ice-cream was a food. Its real value as food has, however, been appreciated only of late. Though lending itself readily to adulteration with cornstarch, gelatine, or other ingredients, ice-cream is nevertheless regarded as a proloner of life, a destroyer of the toxic poisons in the intestines that Prof. Emile Metchnikoff says are responsible for old age.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Mothers' Pensions in New Jersey

New Jersey is the first state in the East to put a widows' pension law on the statute books, and there is no little curiosity as to how it will work out. The law provides from \$3 to \$5 a month for each child who is dependent on a widowed mother, until the child becomes of age. It is expected that the law will relieve many cities and towns of certain charitable obligations they now have, and not the least important point its friends make is that the stigma of poverty is removed from many dependent families.—Detroit Free Press.

Where Settlers Are Needed

Foodstuffs to the value of fifteen million dollars are imported yearly into British Columbia. It is said that there are fewer farmers, and a smaller amount of foodstuffs, other than fruit, grown in British Columbia today than there were six years ago. It is conditions like these that account for the high cost of living. Well may it be said that one of the greatest problems confronting the government and people of British Columbia today is the task of settling the vacant lands in the Province. A similar task faces every Government in Canada.—Medicine Hat Call.

Laws Hard to Understand

A speaker at the women's convention in Montreal expressed the opinion that the laws of the Province of Quebec are very complicated and very difficult to understand. The same might be said of the laws of every other province in Canada, and, indeed, of every other country. It can be believed, though, that if they were amended every time an amateur became seized of an idea they would be a thousand times worse. Even the legislators put them sadly out of joint at times.—Hamilton Spectator.

Trusting the Women

Chicago has gone to the front in appreciative acknowledgment of the superiority of women as teachers of the young and in administrative ability in school management. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is the Superintendent of Schools in that city, and the Board of Education has recently elected Miss Elizabeth W. Murphy to the position of Assistant Superintendent, with a yearly salary of \$4,000. Miss Murphy was chosen on the recommendation of Mrs. Young. This is as it should be. Women have intuitive ability as teachers. From the time the youngsters are taught to walk to the time when they are done with primary school instruction they should be kept fast, so to speak, to the apron strings of the mothers, and daughters of the land. It is safe to predict good result as the outcome of the Chicago experiment.—St. John Globe.



Pier and Auditorium, Long Beach, California, where through the collapse of the Pier 35 persons were killed and 200 injured, while Canadians and Britishers were celebrating Victoria Day, May 24th

Most Tactful Man in Europe is to Retire

Lord Knollys was the Friend and Counsellor of Three Rulers

It is not everyone who is fitted for the role of courtier: there are indeed few men who achieved greatness in this direction, and still fewer women. But Lord Knollys, whose retirement after forty years' service as royal secretary is announced, was the ideal man for the post.

It was in 1870 that Lord Knollys, then Mr. Francis Knollys, relinquished his place in the Treasury to become a private secretary to the Prince of Wales. Tact and discretion—those invaluable attributes of a courtier—he possesses to a remarkable degree, and these promptly gained for him an exceptional position in the entourage of Marlborough House.

His career in the household of the late King is too well known to need recapitulation. Practically the whole of the correspondence of King Edward, both as Prince of Wales, and as King, passed through his hands, with the exception of the very few letters which were opened by his late Majesty himself. The private secretary naturally became the recipient of an enormous amount of information, much of it requiring to be cautiously dealt with, and for this Lord Knollys was eminently well fitted.

It was a strenuous life, and became much more so after the accession of King Edward, when the work of the private secretary was almost trebled. His long and faithful services were rewarded by a peerage in 1902, and in 1911 his present Majesty raised him from a Baron to a Viscount.

The tribute once paid to Lord Knollys that "no one ever knew so much or said so little" was fully deserved. He was peculiarly versed in the art of saying "no" without giving offence to those who approached him with occasionally impossible requests for his good offices on their behalf. Perhaps no one, except those who have actually been about the court, can have the remotest conception of the amazing claims put forth by applicants for court favors. Letters of this description are always answered, and the greatest care is taken to avoid hurting the feelings of the claimants.

Lord Knollys' appointment carried with it no less than three charming residences: the picturesque little abode next the Lord Chamberlain's office and forming part of St. James's Palace; the rooms in Winchester Tower at Windsor, and Craig Gowan, the pretty cottage near Balmoral, which he occupied during the autumn residence of the court in the Highlands, since the King's private secretary must always be within reach. The two latter he relinquishes, but the apartment in St. James's Palace he retains for life, together with some other privileges including the use of a royal carriage.

It was after King Edward's accession that he was raised to the dignity of a peerage. It is stated in regard to this



Bathing in the Surf, Long Beach, Cal.

honor that Queen Alexandra desired to be the first to acquaint him of the King's pleasure, and that the first intimation to reach him was a note in the Queen's handwriting addressed to "Lord Knollys of Caversham." Lord Knollys filled a post at Queen Victoria's court, and has thus served under three monarchs.

One of the minor points of interest about Lord Knollys is the pronunciation of his name, which ought of course to rhyme with "coals." It is perhaps worth recalling that one of the most astonishing deathbed utterances of our time was an assertion of this fact.

The Dowager Lady Morton, who for many years was in Queen Alexandra's household when she was Princess, had a governess-like instinct for setting people right which had alienated most of her friends. Some years ago, in King Edward's reign, long after she had retired from the court into Scotland, she became seriously ill, and it was evident that the end was near.

She had been unconscious for some days when a letter written by Miss Charlotte Knollys for Queen Alexandra came asking for news. The doctor, believing that though she was unable to speak her mind was clear, read her the letter. No sign of attention was visible until he reached the signature (which he pronounced "Knollis"), when he was startled by the voice of his patient, which he had not heard for many days, uttering these words: "More commonly pronounced "Knowles." She never spoke again.

The House of McLean.

Winnipeg's New Victor-Victrola Parlors

Winnipeg can now boast the most beautiful Victor-Victrola parlors in America, thanks to the enterprise and progressiveness of the House of McLean. The new Victor-Victrola parlors of McLean's occupy the complete mezzanine floor and consist of four record demonstrating rooms and a large reception room in which the various types of Victrolas are displayed. These rooms are all of the latest ventilated type with sound-proof walls. The customer can sit in comfort and select records and hear them played on the Victrola without being disturbed by conflicting sounds from other parts of the store. A large amount of time and money has been spent on the designing and furnishing of these parlors and the public will doubtless appreciate the advantages of selecting records amid such pleasant surroundings. These parlors are now fully completed with the exception of the silk drapings for windows and arches, but this little detail is now being arranged for.

The House of McLean is certainly to be complimented on the splendid quarters they have provided for the convenience of the public.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price.

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The Appropriate Thing

"And these," said the jeweler's assistant, "are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in, madam."

"Oh, ain't those lovely?" cried Mrs. Neuriche. "I'll take a dozen. My new French chef makes perfectly delicious souvenir."

Generosity

A large, husky negro and a small Frenchman were sawing a large piece of timber for the Boston subway with a heavy crosscut saw, each in turn pulling it back and forth. A pugilistic Irishman stopped to watch the operation. After a few moments he strolled up to the negro and dealt him a blow saying:

"Give the saw to th little fellow if he wants it."

Not the Stock Yard

"Any letters for Mike Howe?" inquired the farmer of the postmaster.

"No, not for your cow or anybody else's cow," responded the postmaster in a rage.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.



The Bath House, Long Beach, Cal

THE PHILOSOPHER

CELEBRATE DOMINION DAY

This is the closing month of the forty-sixth year since our Dominion took its place in world history as the first of the self-governing confederations within the Empire. On July 1 the Dominion will enter upon the forty-seventh year of its existence. That day should be celebrated worthily, in a way to make it every year the outstanding day of the year for all Canadians, and most of all for the children who are to be the men and women of this Canada of ours in the years to come. Dominion Day should be made use of, to the fullest possible measure, as an occasion for the fostering of the spirit of true Canadianism and the inculcating of loyalty to Canada and the Empire. The world has heard much, and is going to hear more, of Canada and the Canadians. Our country has a great destiny as the premier overseas nation of the Empire, and for the achieving of that destiny we Canadians must be true to the high example of the men who, in the making of Canada, laid the foundations for the national structure which we are now building up. Canada is destined to take a great part in the solving of the many problems which face the Empire. Dominion Day should be devoted zealously to the cultivation of the Canadian spirit and the Imperial spirit. That good work should be done on every other day of the year also; but Dominion Day should shine out above all the other days in our calendar, as our national birthday. It should be made the great festival of national welding. Here we are outstretched four thousand miles, in nine provinces, between two oceans. We are an aggregation of elements sufficiently diverse, and the work we have to do is to become ever more and more united in a strong, vigorous Canadianism. So we shall do our duty to our country and our Empire, handing down to our children, not impaired but enriched, this heritage which has been entrusted to us.

THE MELTING POT

That was serious news in the papers in the early part of last month about the rioting in Fort William. That the police were obliged to fire on the mob is a fact that must make every thoughtful Canadian consider what such a thing means. The authorities had arrested a Hungarian, Peter Landi, and were taking him through an angry crowd of strikers and strike sympathizers. In the disorderly element of the crowd it is probable that there was not a single Canadian citizen. That element attempted to rescue Landi, with the result that Mike Smorak was killed and John Fulk was wounded. It is a dreadful thing that the recourse to shooting should be necessary in this country for the enforcement of the law; it is pitiful that there should be any human beings in our country unaware of the fact that the law of Canada protects them in their rights. But it takes time to teach those ignorant of our language and our laws to realize this fact. Truly this country of ours is a melting pot into which many diverse and difficult elements are cast, for the making of the Canada that is to be. The thought is a sobering one and brings home to all of us who are qualified to take thought about these matters, the responsibilities which rest upon us as Canadian citizens.

A LOCAL NEWS ITEM

The following news paragraph, from a weekly newspaper published in a town in Alberta, on the Canadian Northern line, serves to dispel any possibility of imagining that life can be dull and uninteresting in that community: "Mrs. Herbert Taylor, who is a pleasant and estimable woman, and who can bake the finest cake ever made, having sent us some, and therefore making us a judge, and who has a family of nice, clean, polite children, and who plays the piano beautifully and who gives lessons to a few fortunate pupils in our little city, had a tooth pulled on Friday." It is also to be said that the above quoted paragraph gives proof that the graces and refinements of life are by no manner of means confined to the populous centres. It furnishes, moreover, evidence of a convincing character for the confounding of those cynics who say that subtle flattery is becoming a lost art in this age. Was there ever a courtier with a more delicate appreciation of the niceties in the practice of that art than "ye editor" who penned this news item, chronicling the visit of an estimable lady to a dentist? Could a painful subject be unwrapped more agreeably with pleasant language?

EXTENDING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

The Philosopher recalls with pleasure an eloquent passage in a discourse by Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon in regard to the immense and ever-increasing power of the English-speaking people of the world for the promotion of all that makes for the betterment of humanity. The English language is constantly extending itself, and those who believe that it is destined to become the world language can advance many

reasons in support of that belief. An amusing exemplification of one of the influences working in that direction is furnished by a travelling correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, in a letter from Muscat, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. He relates that there lived for many years at Muscat an Englishman, now dead, who did a prosperous business. There were few, if any, other British residents then along the 1,500 miles of Arabian coast line from Aden to Koweit. The English trader acknowledged that he could not speak more than a few dozen words of Arabic. "How, then, do you carry on your trade?" he was asked. "Oh," he replied, "the beggars have got to learn English."

MOTHERS' PENSIONS

At the annual meeting of the National Council of Women last month in Montreal, a proposal was made to bring before the various Provincial Governments the advisability of establishing a system of pensions for widowed mothers for the support of their children. After discussion, the matter was referred to a committee, which will report at next year's meeting. A system for providing such pensions in Illinois became operative two years ago. Since then mothers' pensions have been established in New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin and Colorado. So far as the experiment has been tried, the results are reported to be decidedly satisfactory. The only official report which the Philosopher has seen is the one issued by the authorities of Cook County, in Illinois. The law in Illinois provides for local option in regard to mothers' pensions, each county in the State deciding for itself whether to have them or not. Most of the counties in Illinois, it may be mentioned, have decided to have them. The report issued by the authorities of Cook County—in which Chicago is situated, though, of course, it is municipally distinct—states that, under the supervision of the juvenile court, 327 widowed mothers, with a total of 1,193 children, were paid pensions in 1912 averaging \$5.75 per month for each child. Under the plan of providing for orphaned children in institutions, the cost per child in the same county averaged \$10 per month. But cheapness is not the only argument in favor of mothers' pensions. The mother is the proper guardian of the child. It is no argument against the principle to show that some mothers are inefficient, and that some children brought up under a mother's charge have turned out to be worse citizens than some children brought up in a public institution. Undeniably the mother is the child's proper guardian. A question of difficulty in connection with mothers' pensions has been found to arise out of wife desertion. Should a mother whose husband has abandoned her and her children be pensioned? There can be but one answer, of course, from the point of view of the mother and the children, if they are in actual need. But how to safeguard against the State being thus victimized by fathers casting off their responsibilities—this is a problem to be solved. But in the case of widows, it is difficult to see what valid objection there can be to State aid, if they and their children actually need it. What purpose is there for which State aid could more rightly be provided?

THE CLOTHING OF MANKIND

Among one half of humanity, at any rate, there are few topics of conversation more abiding, unending and absorbing than dress. From its fig-leaf beginning down to the latest fashionable "creation," there has been a marvellous and bewildering variety of costume; and dress seems likely to continue to occupy a great deal of time and attention. Its first purpose was to furnish protection against the weather, and to that end, just as to use in architecture, everything should be subordinated—in theory. That is to say, it should always be comfortable, permitting perfectly free movement. After comfort and suitability, the greatest possible degree of grace and beauty is natural and desirable. Every woman has the right and the duty to make herself attractive, and no one can object to her adorning herself in such a way as to enhance her good looks, and, without going so far as the resort to shams, to minimize her shortcomings. As for the dress of the male half of human kind, it has lost all picturesqueness and practically all color effect; and for fitness, comfort and use it has probably reached fixed standards, from which there will be hereafter little, if any, variation. In considering, as a whole, the question of the clothing of humanity in this era, there are two things which appear noteworthy—all the more so because of the fact that there is a seeming contradiction between them. One is that in the prevailing styles of dress for women there is an accentuation of the distinctly feminine to a degree seldom, if ever, common in any previous era in modern times, and the other is that there are no less distinctly evident tendencies in women's dress to conform to man's dress. Both tendencies are instinctive, though the ends in view, beauty, on the one hand, and comfort, on the other, may be in opposition.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE DORRIT

Among those who passed away last month in England was Mary Ann Cooper, the original of Little Dorrit, in Dickens' famous story. If she had lived a couple of months longer she would have been a hundred and one years old. Dickens and she were playmates in their childhood. When the book in which she is immortalized was published—appearing in monthly serial parts, from 1855 to 1857, as the custom of publication then was—the reading public in Great Britain eagerly awaited the appearance of each instalment, and the description of William Dorrit's protracted imprisonment in the Marshalsea Prison, through the indignation it evoked, was a potent influence in bringing about prison reform. The little girl with whom Dickens played as a child is known in the life which he has given her by his genius wherever the tongue of Shakespeare is spoken, wherever an English book is read. Mary Ann Cooper might have remained forever among "the forgotten millions." What was she among so many in the same street, the same village, the same parish, the same country? Yet she holds a secure place in the gallery of the people in Dickens' books, of whom it may almost be said that they are more living than many living people. Her fame will not fade as long as David Copperfield and Little Nell, Pickwick and Sairey Gamp and Nicholas Nickleby live. A renown not of her seeking will keep the memory forever green of the little girl who was the childhood playmate of Charles Dickens.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

Among the States which have woman suffrage, California is attracting special attention from both the opponents and the advocates of votes for women, the former asserting, and the latter denying, that the granting of the franchise to the women in that State on an equality with the men is having bad effects. Heading off foolish legislation is declared to be the crying need of California at the present time, but that this is due to woman suffrage is strongly denied by many public men and newspapers, among the latter the Oakland Tribune, which says pungently: "There are no women in the present Legislature, and certainly a more whimsical and emotional body never assembled in this State." The paper mentioned, as well as others in California, take the ground that woman suffrage has not been sufficiently tested to prove anything decisively as yet. Indirectly the Oakland Times blames the women, but the men more, by saying that members of the Legislature have got into the habit of saying, "I am opposed to this thing personally, but the women want it, and we must give it to them." It is a noteworthy fact that in Oakland last month there was a campaign to organize the women's vote for women's candidates, and that it failed. The women voted as independently as the men.

BALKAN BELLIGERENCY

Those who, after the decisive and most sanguinary victories won by the leagued Balkan States against the Turks, entertained the hope of the coming of a new era, have been forced to realize, instead, that there is reason to fear that new disputes, as bitter and as lasting as the old, may continue to make that great peninsula of Europe a scene of strife. The outlook was well indicated in a cartoon in Punch a few weeks ago, representing Europe, as a stately woman in classic garb, and the Turk in conversation. "Well, so the war is over," says Europe. "My felicitations, Madam," replies the Turk, with a grin, "everything seems to point to the outbreak of a sanguinary peace." Both internal dissensions and adverse influences from the outside have given, and are continuing to give, only too much ground for the expectation voiced by the Turk in the Punch cartoon. If the terrible struggle in which the Balkan States fought so desperately and successfully side by side against the Turks is to result only in their fighting no less desperately amongst themselves, surely there would seem to be a deplorable need of making the meaning of civilization and Christianity better understood in that part of Europe. The Great Powers are not all blameless in this connection, by any means. They have not all shown the weaker and less advanced nations of the Balkan peninsula an example of moderation and self-restraint in the interests of justice. But when the representatives of the nations meet in council, there seems to be a spirit at work which, fairly interpreted and duly heeded, can lead them all into the way of righteousness—the spirit of truth and justice. That this spirit may prevail is ardently to be desired.

The Home Beautiful

Home-Keeping Hearts

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

For those that wander they know not
where,

Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown
about

By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;

O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly;

A hawk is fluttering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—Longfellow.

Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole
day long?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting
place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours
begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my
face?

You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before?

Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight?

They will not keep you waiting at the
door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who
seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina Rossetti.

The Philosophy of Tenderness

My spirit, pondering over a morning
of dream—for Beauty is not seen of the
eye when the soul is awake, and the
blue mists of transcendent light obscure
the outline of range upon range of
shadowed trees—my Spirit, pondering,
awoke to bliss.

Then a deep wonder stole over me,
and I sought to unfold this mystery. I
remembered the common life of man—the
grinding wheels of duty, the smoking
chimneys of his thought's endeavor, the
fretful play of emotion upon the sands
of illusion—the restless, restless world,
the tireless tireless quest of something
unknown, as unattained.

Yet here—O wonder!—upon the out-
skirts of discord and unrest, flooding
our human life as the morning sun
floods the hillside, lies another world,
a world at rest, whose common pursuit
is peace, whose very wheel of duty—
love! This love, this peace, this heaven-
world, with tender arms outstretched,
encircles our life as the soft atmosphere
encircles our whirling planet or a
mother's arms her fretful child. It
wraps us round, as it were, quieting our
cries of distress, crooning over us, hold-
ing up our weakness, winning us with
smiles of sweet encouragement, sooth-
ing us with tender looks of love.

I called to my soul as it sped where
I could follow, asking, "There—what is
it? Is it Beauty?"—and the answer
returned, "Ay, Beauty; but the sense of
Beauty is lost!"

"Is it not Love?" I asked again. "It
is all Love, and naught but Love; but it
is no more Love as understood in the
world."

There it is no hot flame of passion,

no light that dances upon the waters,
and the moonlit glances of comprehend-
ing souls are but its faintest reflection.
It is that Great and Pure Spirit that is
all Tenderness, that gives itself to
everything that is—Mother of all,
Mother of our earth, and the Sun of
every heart. So strong is It that not a
planet drops in space; so tender that the
frailty of the wood anemone is not
crushed by its power. The golden-
hearted sunflower raises a fearless eye
to its gaze, the blue egg is not shattered
in the nest, nor is the proud stem of the
lily broken by its breath!

This is the unknown, the unattained,
that which cries from the heart of man-
kind for fulfilment. Why do men, while
waging constant wars, for ever talk of
"Peace"? Why is "tolerance" preached
at every corner in the midst of a critical
age? Whence springs "remorse"—that
knowledge in the heart of broken law—
when harsh words have sent our friend
from us, when we obey the pride that
brings misery while believing in the for-
giveness that would restore peace? How
came it to be the ideal of manhood to be
"gentle"? Is it not, indeed, because
Tenderness is one of the laws of Nature
written by the Father of all in the
hearts of men, the breaking of which
law is the gravest of errors? Do not
let us attribute harshness or cruelty to
Nature, for the retributive force sprang
from within ourselves when we erred
against her gentle laws. She never
struck us, but we it was, when we es-

pressure of work that falls to the lot of
every mother; my nerves sympathized
as every good neighbor should, and my
spirits ran at low ebb. But that am-
bitious brain—not always as wise a
neighbor as my nerves—said: "Go on!
Go on! There are a dozen things to be
done yet!" and I obeyed my poor, foolish
brain until my whole body and nerves
became slaves to an imperious master.
At last they revolted. They made my
brain understand that its servants were
not doing as good work, nor as much,
under the whiplash of injustice, and it
wisely changed its method. "Rest every
little while," it now said. "You will
work with new zeal. You will do more,
and you will love your work. Your
children will catch your happy mood
just as before they caught your weary
fretfulness."

Since then I make it a part of my re-
ligion to lie down on my back in a quiet
room when I begin to feel tired, and to
relax every muscle and close my eyes
(and my mind if possible) to all out-
ward things. It is a wonderful tonic!
It never fails to give me a new spiritual
uplift. My loved ones seem more lovely
to me, my home more attractive, and I
am always glad of life and the blessed
privilege of work. Until I began this
practice I had never realized how closely
related our spiritual and our physical
bodies are, or that tired-out muscles and
nerves are poor neighbors for the spirit.

Humbling a Child's Pride

A child's self-respect should never be
sacrificed. It is as essential to him as
it is to his parent. Self-respect is not

LOOK IN THE LOOKING GLASS!

By Frank Jewel Raymond

Have you ever taken the looking-glass treatment?

There are few things that have greater curative properties
than a looking-glass.

Every morning go to the glass and look at your face. Ask yourself
if it is the kind of a face you would like to look at all day. If it
is not, get the thoughts into your mind, which will change it into a
face of smiles and sunshine.

Our faces are advertisements of our thoughts. Yet advertisements
we write upon our faces in youth will become fixed and remain there
to make miserable or happy our old age. What kind of advertisement
are you writing? Do they draw trade or drive trade? Look in the
looking-glass.

sayed in ignorance to violate her in-
violateness, who dealt ourselves the
blow. Our hate never pierced her
bosom, her heart was never sullied by
our ignominy; because in her Perfection
of Wisdom she forgave all, and poured
down continual harmony on our discord,
light upon our darkness, giving back
truth for error and love for hate.

And why? Because she holds our
hearts in the palm of her hand, because
we are natives of that country, heirs of
that heaven-world. In our purest mo-
ments a breath from its gardens will
reach us even here; in the hour of dark-
ness we touch the hem of its peace. For
surely in Nature, somewhere at the
heart of all, the Spirit of Man has a
home, a point of complete self-realiza-
tion, the perfect and eternal beauty of
which is such as to outweigh a
million times our short lives of weary
seeking, of fierce contest and hopeless
tears. One day we shall unite this world
and that world in one complete existence,
the temporary being gradually moulded
into the perfect expression of the eternal.
That Peace, that Harmony, that Love, of
which we now catch but a momentary
glimpse, will then be ours for all time,
and human life will thus have achieved
its goal.

Dorothy Mary Codd.

A Wonderful Tonic

By Olive Hurd Bragdon

Years ago I discovered it was a spirit-
ual as well as a physical necessity to
have intervals of rest throughout the
day—rest even from the companionship
of those I loved the most dearly. My
body so often became overtired from

pride, and should not be looked upon as
such. A child would far better have a
reasonable degree of pride, however, than
to possess no self-respect.

Mothers sometimes have exceedingly
queer ideas on the subject of humbling
a child's pride; they forget that while
they are attempting to do this they are,
in reality, taking from the boy or girl
the very element of God-given self-
respect.

To this day I feel sorry for my
mother, when I think of an incident
which occurred when she was a little
child. She says that one cold day she
sat down on the stove hearth to get her
back warm. Presently she smelled
woollen burning, and at the same time,
began to feel warmer than warm. She
jumped up, realizing that her clothing
was afire.

Grandmother noticed the conflagration
at once, and seizing a braided rug, wrap-
ped Ruby in it. The flames were soon
extinguished, but not before the new
flannel dress had a sad hole in the back
breadth.

To punish her for her carelessness, and
to "humble her pride," Ruby was made
to wear that dress to school with an
ugly patch in the back until it was worn
out. "If we had been poor people and
there had been nothing with which to
buy another dress, I could have stood
it; but as it was, I was bitter and re-
bellious all the time, and took especial
pains to do daring, careless things, so
that I might tear and otherwise wear
out the dress more quickly. It did not
humble my pride; it only made me the
more proud," confessed my mother to
me. "It took away my self-respect and
almost ruined my disposition for the
time being."

for the
Kiddies
in summer



will
Quickly relieve

SUNBURN-BITES-BRUISES
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FREE OFFER—To anyone who has not
used Mentholatum we will
send a sample on request, or for ten cents in
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The Mentholatum Co., Dept. D., Bridgeburg, Ont.

Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer quite the other way
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play
To have to go to bed by day?

Three Cooking Dishes

Orange Sherbet.—Grate rinds of four
oranges and soak for ten minutes in
one pint and one gill of boiling water.
Strain one pint of this water upon one
pound of sugar; when this is dissolved,
add one pint of orange juice. When
cold freeze. When nearly frozen, add
whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff
froth. Close can carefully and freeze
again. Take out dishes, scrape down
sherbet and repack.

Lemon Water Ice.—Peel the thin yel-
low rind from three lemons and one or-
ange; put it in a saucepan with one
quart of water and one and one-quarter
pounds of sugar; bring to a boil; boil
five minutes and set away to cool.
Squeeze the juice from the lemons and
orange, strain it into the syrup when
cold. Strain the whole into the freezer
and freeze. Turn until stiff, remove
dasher and scrape down the water ice.
Cover it securely, drain off the water,
repack with salt and ice in layers of
three inches of ice to one inch of salt.
Set away in a cool place for two hours.
The whites of two eggs beaten very
stiff may be added a little before re-
packing; freeze again then repack.

Brown Bread or Biscuit Ice Cream.—
Toast or dry three slices of Boston
brown bread in a cool oven until crisp
through, then roll and sift it through
a fine sieve. Put one pint of cream in
a double boiler on the fire; add half
a pound of sugar and stir until dis-
solved. Add another pint of cream and
set away to cool. When cold freeze.
When frozen, beat in the brown bread;
remove the dasher and repack. Set
away two hours. Biscuit ice cream is
made in the same way, substituting six
ounces of sponge cake for the brown
bread.

Makes Breathing Easy. The constriction of
the air passages and the struggle for breath,
too familiar evidence of asthmatic trouble,
cannot daunt Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma
Remedy. This is the famous remedy which is
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one with many years of strong service behind
it. Buy it from your nearest dealer.

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OPENING ST. LAWRENCE SEASON from MONTREAL

Sicilian to London	June 1	Victorian to Liverpool	July 3
Victorian to Liverpool	June 5	Grampian to Glasgow	July 5
Grampian to Glasgow	June 7	Sicilian to Havre and London	July 6
Ionian to London	June 8	Corsican to Liverpool	July 11
Scandinavian to Glasgow	June 14	Scandinavian to Glasgow	July 12
Corsican to Liverpool	June 14	Ionian to Havre and London	July 13
Pomeranian to London	June 15	Virginian to Liverpool	July 17
Virginian to Liverpool	June 19	Hesperian to Glasgow	July 19
Hesperian to Glasgow	June 21	Pomeranian to Havre & London	July 20
Scotian to Havre and London	June 22	Tunisian to Liverpool	July 22
Tunisian to Liverpool	June 27	Pretorian to Glasgow	July 26
Pretorian to Glasgow	June 28		
Corinthian to Havre and London	June 29		

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New Steamers Building: "ALSATIAN" "CALGARIAN" Length 600 feet. Tonnage 18,000

These steamers are now launched, and will make their maiden voyages during the summer.

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Public rooms will comprise the Lounge, Library, Reading-room, Card room, Smoking room, Cafe, Gymnasium, etc. Numerous Single Berth Cabins.

For further particulars regarding rate and reservation of berths, etc., apply to any Agent or

W. R. ALLAN, General Northwestern Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

WE are receiving many requests from young women in Western Canada asking us to see that they are met at the station when they arrive in the city. These requests we immediately hand to the Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. who sees that the Traveler's Aid Agent meets the girl and these agents never fail in their noble work. It would help us if a girl who intends to come into the city would write us about two weeks before coming—a description of herself, what she will wear and the time her train is due are necessary as so many come in on every train that we must have the above information.

OBSERVATION LENS

A man who often visits in the country, recently told me of an experience he had last summer. He offered a ten dollar gold piece to any one in a group of young people who could tell him the names of four kinds of weeds that were abundant in that part of the country. Not one in the group could win the gold piece. They had seen these weeds all their lives. Then this friend showed me a book containing colored plates and descriptions of Canadian weeds. It was

How they built their nests in Summer, Where they hid themselves in Winter, Talked with them whenever he met them.

Of all beasts he learned the language, Learned their names and all their secrets.

How the beavers built their lodges, Where the squirrels hid their acorns, How the reindeer ran so swiftly, Why the rabbit was so timid, Talked with them whenever he met them."

If our girls would read what Wordsworth, Lowell, Scott, Longfellow and Burns have written about nature they could not be discouraged. We are living too much for material things. We are lonely indeed if we must rely on outside companionship and pleasure entirely and continually chase after artificial pleasures. We must develop resources within ourselves. There are essentials besides money to lay by for a rainy day. Bring a trained mind to deal with life's perplexing problems.

It makes a vast difference whether we look through the windows of God's natural palaces or man's artificial show rooms. Everything beautiful has a refining influence. Let us put beauty into our lives.



A picnic at Sterlingville, Alta., showing the young folks who came there from Boncourt, South Dakota, within the past few years

intensely interesting. We lose so much in life because we have no observation lens. One of the purposes Henry D. Thoreau had in mind when he built his little cabin beside Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts, was to find out, if possible, whether nature is as "mean and grudging" as many people think, or whether she has profitable lessons for those who turn to her with open minds and hearts. After close observation for two years, he found nature a wise, culture-imparting, inspiring friend, one who gives and teaches on broad principles. A fact that is well worth noting is this: They who really love to get into the open and revel in mind and sunshine, to look at the blue sky and study the bird life, flower-life and insect life and vegetation, are not petty and given to grudges or timid of life's experience but are usually happy, broad-minded people.

A girl who wants to see life in the large and have expansive ideas should love the outdoors, for there she can gain a knowledge of the length and breadth and depth of God's creation.

The Indian talks in terms of nature. When Pauline Johnson interviewed an Indian chief after his visit to our king and queen, she asked him to describe the dress our queen wore. He hesitated and then reverently replied: "It sounded like the leaves when stirred by the wind among the trees." In "Hiawatha" we read the personification of nature's language as interpreted by the Indian.

"The little Hiawatha Learned of every bird its language, Learned their names and all their secrets,

THE FRINGED PETTICOAT

A smartly dressed girl sat opposite me in the street car last week. She wore a blue tailored suit of perfect fit, her hat was the latest shape trimmed with an expensive plume, and she wore neat boots and clean white kid gloves. But peeping just below her skirt was a ragged silk petticoat—light in shade and not clean. The fringe on the petticoat attracted everyone in the car because we were first so interested in her correct dress that the careless undershirt surprised us. An exposed safety pin and a divorced blouse and skirt in the back have cost many a girl her position. The history of the human race is full of horrible tragedies caused by lack of thoroughness, or failing to do things to a finish. A girl once served twenty years for a twenty months' sentence in a southern prison because the court clerk carelessly wrote "years" instead of "months" in the record of the prisoner's sentence. Every piece of work half done leaves its trace of demoralization. It has a tendency to weaken one mentally. Stradivarius regarded his violins as "made for eternity." Not one he ever made has broken. He put his stamp of superiority upon his work. Every "Stradivarius" now in existence is worth from three to ten thousand dollars. The reputation for thoroughness is well worth attaining. One successful man says the "secret of success is to do the common thing uncommonly well." Thoroughness characterizes all successful people. This is the quality that makes the German race so strong and powerful. German employees are in great demand in banks and commer-



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Special rates for repairing or remodelling furs during the summer months.

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Receive by return mail two pretty dresses, for girls 2 to 8, of red, cream or navy. Cashmere as pictured, age 10 and 12, 75c each, add 15c for postage.

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SEND US \$1.00

Receive by mail three little dresses like cut, 2 to 8. One gingham, one blue and white print and one white lawn. Age 10—two \$1; age 12 and 14 75c each. Add 14c postage.

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WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address (nearest office) **Dept. 148 National Salesmen's Training Assn.** Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco New Orleans Toronto

cial houses because of the completeness of their preparation for business. The world is full of half-finished work. Be sure, if an ideal piece of work is covered by carelessness the neglected part, like the fringed petticoat, will expose itself when least expected.

ANOTHER SCHEME

A girl making her own way in the world must be continually cautious; for all kinds of sharks are in the field ready to deceive her. The being I have in mind now is the real estate agent. This man goes to her place of work, be it departmental store, restaurant, millinery establishment or wherever she is employed, and tries to sell her real estate in Calgary, Edmonton, or any other place that is too far for her to go to see. If possible he tries to make a date with her to call at her rooming place to talk over his scheme. He gets her address and sends her all kinds of maps and circulars. Then after he sells her the lots, she pays a certain amount down and a certain sum every month until it is paid for. In some cases the girl goes without good food and comfortable clothing in order to make the payments. In many deals it would require all the detectives in Western Canada to find the location of the lots sold to the girls. I know of one girl who worked and sacrificed for a long time to pay for a lot and then found there was no such lot. This spring these agents are conspicuously numerous and haunt every establishment where the wage-earning girl is at work. One day last week four different men tried to persuade a clerk to buy this class of real estate, but she was shrewd enough to see through their scheme. This is one of the most abominable schemes possible, to steal money from our hard-working girls. Many young women are investing in real estate to good advantage but they buy of reliable real-estate firms and employ the services of a successful lawyer to investigate carefully the papers as well as the property. This is the only safe way. I might add that these real estate agents are not all men. Last year a young woman came into my club of girls and tried in every possible way to sell this class of real estate to my girls. She joined our club but it was only a short time before we discovered her plots and of course let her know that she could not carry on her work there. It is a great risk for a girl to buy real estate that she does not see. I do not like to write about these things but I simply cannot conduct this page for young women without warning them of the thieves that are out after their money. The Western Home Monthly has a sympathetic circulation. Our readers place great confidence in us and we must be true to this trust.

THE UNPOPULAR EMPLOYEE

In Robert Louis Stevenson's book entitled Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, one character impersonates two distinct dispositions. As Dr. Jekyll he is kind, considerate, human and manly. As Mr. Hyde he is ugly, terrible—a vicious beast. So in all of us there are really two dispositions and in the proportion that one or the other predominates are we popular or unpopular. If the Dr. Jekyll disposition predominates we are popular. On the other hand, if the Mr. Hyde disposition predominates we are not popular. This is the whole secret of the right kind of popularity. Managers tell me that one of their most difficult problems to control is to impress upon their help the importance of treating everyone with equal consideration. A customer comes in and may not be dressed in correct style—while another one who is very much up to date appears. The clerk immediately gives the latter her best attention. The first may be able to buy ten times the amount the latter can. I know a woman who went into a store to buy a rug that would cost about one-hundred dollars. She had been too busy that morning to give much attention to her dress. The clerk thinking her appearance suggested lack of knowledge of good rugs and a thin pocket book gave her little attention—was even sarcastic in his answer

Quality Wedding Gifts for Little Money

If you are in a quandary as to what you shall give the June Bride, we will deliver you at once from all uncertainty. Send for a free copy of our finely illustrated folder, containing a very large selection of most attractive Wedding Gifts in the form of highest quality, inexpensive Jewellery, articles of general household and personal use, etc. These are for the most part manufactured by ourselves in our own Canadian factories. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or money will be refunded at once. We take all risks of safe delivery.

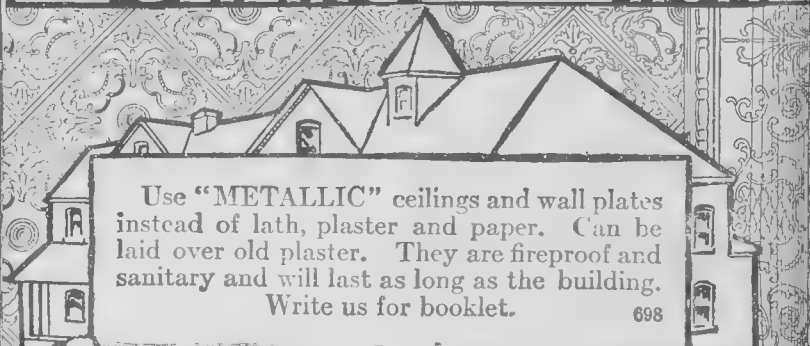
The following will give a small idea of this Special Wedding Selection:

14k. Gold and Pearl Collar Pins, per pair \$4.50
Set of Six Pearl Handie Silver Plated
Butter Spreads in neat velvet-lined Case \$5.00

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Use "METALLIC" ceilings and wall plates instead of lath, plaster and paper. Can be laid over old plaster. They are fireproof and sanitary and will last as long as the building. Write us for booklet. 698

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to her questions. Later another woman who could not have bought a ten dollar rug, but who was dressed in striking style desired to look at rugs merely through curiosity, but with no intention of buying anything. The latter woman received the most considerate attention from the clerk. It is most unfortunate that many employees get the impression that financial and social prosperity is measured by the fit of the dress and position of the trimming on the hat.

THE MOTHER-HEART

Every girl who has a normal idea of her own existence likes to believe she is born to a mission. Every girl dreams her dreams, builds her castles and imagines her own special future. Since more than four-fifths of our girls become home-makers of some kind, it is necessary that they cultivate the mother-heart. Though all girls do not become physical mothers, they may in the true sense of the word mother others. Indeed I do not know how humanity could exist were it not for the unmarried women who create ideals in the minds of our boys and girls and lift the unfortunate above the baser things in life. Many great men look back with gratitude to such women who figured largely in the molding of their lives. I have in mind a man of large affairs who recognized in a letter requesting certain statistics, the writer to be a woman who, as his Sunday School teacher during his boyhood, had figured largely in molding his character and in inspiring him with noble ambitions. It

was a pleasure to him to give her request special attention, for he never forgot his debt of gratitude to her. There are scores of men whose success in life they owe to women with motherly arts who influenced them during the impressionable periods of their lives. Sophia Wright was known in New Orleans as "a little mother of the poor." Crippled in hips and back in early childhood at fourteen she determined to support herself, and in doing so, to help the poor of her beloved city. In her free night school she had an attendance of over 180 Russians, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, French and Americans. Her motto was this: "No work is valuable in this life unless it helps another." Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly is the official mother of 1500 children in Boston. Then we all feel the mother-heart in the life of Jane Addams of Chicago, whose visit to Winnipeg next September we anticipate with pleasure. Down among the poor in our own city is a woman with a mother-heart that is genuine. As one leaves the Margaret Scott mission, one feels that she has been in sacred atmosphere for Margaret Scott is a genuine "angel of mercy." She has brought sunshine into sunless souls for many years. Out from her mission trained nurses go into the homes of Winnipeg's poor to nurse the sick ones back to health and hundreds of mothers owe their lives and the lives of their little ones to these nurses. At the head of the stairway several little satchels are packed ready for the nurse to go at a moment's notice. Then Margaret Scott is loved by scores of women whom she has brought out of the depths of sin



Please Try One Cake

Regardless of what soap you may now be using please try one cake of *Infants' Delight*. You no doubt think your present soap is good, but when you once have tried this new kind—when you have seen it lather into a rich, creamy foam—seen how it wears as thin as a wafer and leaves the skin soft and pink like an infant's—then you will never be content with ordinary soaps that cost as much but lack the real goodness of

Infants' Delight Soap

This soap is unlike the ordinary kind. We bring coconut oil thousands of miles from the Orient. We go to the gardens of France for pure olive oil. And we pay the highest prices to be sure we get the best.

Then the soap goes through our own special milling process, after which it flutters like snow into enormous bins. Crushed under a weight of thirty tons and passed through heavy granite rollers, it comes out in miles of silky ribbons—then it is pressed into cakes.

So you see we put our best into this soap—we give you honest values at every point. We sell thousands of gross every year and the demand grows every day. So we can give you the best in quality because our big sales allow us to buy in immense quantities and get the best of materials at ordinary prices.

Ten cents a cake at all dealers
Try one cake today. 115A

John Taylor & Co.
Limited
Toronto



to the sunlight of the good. Real reform must be brought about by prevention—not punishment. Only they who have experienced it can know the pleasure that comes from administering hope and faith to those in life's dungeon of social outcasts. Our faith is a very good measure of what we get out of life. Margaret Scott has great faith and her life is therefore full of beauty and loveliness. She has given her strength and talents to help humanity and humanity is blessing her with an abundant harvest of moral improvement. "According to your faith be it unto you."

UNDISCOVERED TALENT

There is a great deal of talent in our city that does not seem to be given its proper place. This week a girl who works in an office invited me to her room to see her paintings. I was greatly surprised to see so much splendid work on the walls of her room and packed away in her trunk. There was superior work in oil and water colors. This young woman came here intending to go on with her work as instructor in painting but as she knows no one interested in art here she is working in an office. I explained to her that I felt she had a future here in her line of work as Winnipeg is doing a great deal to promote interest in art. I trust our Winnipeg girls and visitors from Western Canada are taking advantage of the splendid opportunity to see free of charge the paintings in the art gallery of the Industrial Bureau. There are five or six rooms devoted to paintings by talented artists both abroad and at home and it is an education to see them. I find among our wage-earning girls elocutionists, musicians, artists and college graduates, who, failing to find the field of their choice open, work in offices, but our country is new and if they have courage they will in

time see an opportunity to make use of their talent.

"IF"

If I were to lecture in the Old Country to young women, I would use as my title these words: "Be Careful." Indeed I wish I might have an opportunity to talk personally to them, but since I cannot I shall write just a line to our old country readers. If I were a girl in the old country who contemplates coming to Canada, I would write to a minister of my denomination and tell him of my plans, the time and place of arrival, and the description of myself and clothes I would wear. Any minister would see that a girl directed to him would have proper attention in every way. It is also

wise to send word to the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. These women, through the traveler's aid help thousands of women. Just now there are both men and women who go to the Old Country to collect parties of girls for Canada. Some of these men and women who conduct parties are reliable—others are not. It seems a pity that any one who is not reliable in character and purpose should be allowed to conduct parties of girls, yet there are certain individuals who are paid "so much a head," who bring these girls over and are not careful of the girls after they arrive. These people, too, picture false prospects and the girls come lured by promises that are never fulfilled. "If they had only told us the truth," these girls tell me by the score. Then our social workers who love these girls, have their hearts and hands full to find them positions in safe environments and keep them from the plots of tempters. Sixty-thousand girls a year on this continent is the number of girls the white slave traffic demands. Is it any wonder that my soul cries out to the Old Country girl, as well as to the Canadian, these words: "Be Careful?"

A QUESTION

This month I applied for work from another stamping firm. This was no more satisfactory than the experience I described last month. They advertise an offer of eight to fifteen dollars a week to women and girls who will take up their work, which is stamping and painting sofa pillows and cushion tops.

One girl of my acquaintance is an artist who won a gold medal in her work in an Eastern art school. Seeing this advertisement she decided to take advantage of the offer. She worked hard to turn in good work and when she took her work to the place it was not accepted—even though it was better than any piece the firm had on display for patterns. If the work of a talented artist is not accepted, what chance has an inexperienced girl or woman to have her work accepted?

DOMESTIC SERVICE

During the past month we have had some very pleasant experiences interviewing women who employ home-help, and the girls who work in these homes are delighted with their treatment, which goes to prove that Winnipeg has many good homes for the girl in domestic service. Just now, since the supply of girls for office work seems to exceed the demand, many educated girls are engaging in domestic service. I believe this will have a tendency to dignify the profession. I believe as soon as the mistress is convinced of the fact that her servants need kindness and consideration and when the domestic servant, or "home-helper" as I like to call her, is determined on efficiency—then the servant problem will be solved—and I believe the time is not far distant. I trust that our home-helpers will do all they can to dignify their work. A most convincing article in the Methodist Quarterly Review by Mary Helen, contains

some features of the problem worthy of consideration.

"While we see the factory and department store besieged by applicants, housekeepers are trying in vain to secure servants. Why? The number of hours of employment are not systematic. The isolated life of the ordinary domestic is intolerable. On the other hand she may be forced to live with another servant who is not clean or who is not agreeable. Things are blamed on her by the other servant. Mistresses often do not realize what they demand. In some homes servants have scant food and an uncomfortable room. An arrogant manner of command—a constant effort to make a servant "know her place;" orders rudely given; slighting remarks about the servant, nagging, fault-finding; unjust accusations—any of these are hard for a home-helper to endure. There are many types of housekeepers, and their demands differ. On the other hand there are as many types of domestics—there are the stupid and the intelligent, the ignorant and the trained, the careful and the careless, the lazy and the industrious, the clean and the dirty, the polite and the impertinent, the conscientious and the dishonest; and these different qualities in their various combinations go to make up as many types as there are among their employers. This, then, is a problem that must be solved by women alone in their dealing with one another. This problem decidedly has two sides and there can be no one-sided solution." Mary Helen asks in closing: "What is the matter with us and our homes, that so many people do not want to come into them to serve us? Is it that we and they have forgotten the great principle inculcated by Christ?—'Let him that would be greatest among you be the servant of all.' Jesus in his life and example dignified manual labor." It is a strange coincidence, but while writing this little bit on Domestic Service, I was interrupted by the door bell and my caller was a domestic who has just left her place. She was nervous and discouraged. She began her work in this home two days ago and of course it takes a little time to learn the ways of a home, but her mistress expected her to begin immediately and do the work with little explanation. A little patience, consideration and kindness were all that was needed on the part of this mistress—for the girl wanted to stay. While on this subject I might add that it is a common thing in this city for a woman to hire a girl at a certain sum and then when the girl begins her work, the mistress tries to persuade her to work for less. Immigration workers tell me they find this common. Is this problem too complicated for women's clubs to solve? It would seem to me that they could not take up a more important work, for it is a problem that concerns all sections of the country and demands a solution.

Quill Lake, Sask.

"Dear Sir.—I have been a reader of your paper for some time and think it an excellent magazine, in fact it cannot be excelled. My brother takes it also, and he is of the same opinion as myself. Yours truly,—W. Y. Chilcote."

Red Deer, Alta.

"Dear Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable magazine and must say I could not too highly recommend same for any person wishing interesting and instructive reading. Yours truly,—J. O. Rich."

'Sad affair over at Jones's.'

"What's the matter?"

"One of the twins has died."

"That is an affliction."

"Yes, and the worst of it is the people don't know which of them is dead."



An Indian Temple of Great Age

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are warded off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Winnipeg celebrated the presence of the Annual Dominion gathering of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire by an Empire Pageant. The funds from this are to

The Pageant be used for the Immigrants Welcome Work, which is being carried on under the auspices of the local chapters. Miss Edna Sutherland, whose name is familiar to many women in the West, was the originator of the idea, which proved an immense success, not only financially, but educationally as well. I question if many Canadians now resident in Winnipeg, had ever fully grasped the extent and might of the British Empire, while to the thousands of American settlers in the Canadian metropolis, it was a revelation. I am dwelling upon it because I think on a smaller scale it might be gotten up in many of the smaller towns and would prove highly beneficial in stimulating the interest of the native born in the empire and of informing the newly arrived of the grandeur and extent of the empire to which he now belongs.

I will describe how Canada was illustrated and that will give some idea of the plan on which the Pageant was worked. The official trumpeter blew his shrill call and there was a stentorian announcement of the singelword "Canada." The band struck up "The Maple Leaf for Ever," and up the aisle came walking two and two, forty young girls all with their hair down their backs, and crowned with wreaths of autumn maple leaves. Their dresses were a soft wood brown, almost the color of the bark of maple trees and in their hands they carried long branches of autumn tinted maple leaves. They marched on to the platform and formed an arch and under this arch came the Indian and his squaw, the voyageur and the trapper, the cowboy, the miner, the shipbuilder, the mounted policeman, the farmer, and after these young girls representing the different provinces, British Columbia with its wealth of fruit and flowers, the prairie provinces with their golden wealth of wheat, fish from the Atlantic seaboard, and so on through the long list. Not the least pleasing feature of the whole display in connection with Canada was the beauty of the young girls who took part. Other countries and colonies were represented much in the same way, and finally the coal stations of the Empire were represented by a couple of natives in native costume of the place indicated, and soldiers in the uniform of the British regiment guarding these stations. When England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the sea had passed in review and passed out again behind another curtain, this curtain was finally withdrawn, and suddenly the whole empire was shown in one grand tableau, with Britannia seated in the centre. While this tableau was displayed, the band struck up and the choir sang "Rule Britannia" and finished with "God Save the King." It was a most inspiring spectacle, and one which seen would not soon be forgotten. Much enthusiasm was aroused when New Zealand was on view and three beautiful girls passed across the platform bearing a wide streamer, on which in letters of red and gold were the words "We vote." This was greeted with tremendous applause.

The petitions asking for the extension of the franchise to women are being actively circulated by the Political Equality League, and are being received with much favor. Nellie L. McClung recently opened the campaign at Balmoral and secured 49 signatures at the close of her address. Mrs. Thomas (Lilian Laurie) who spoke at Neepawa, was equally successful, and requests for the petitions are coming in quite freely. Mrs. McClung in speaking recently at a large gathering of Epworth Leaguers in Winnipeg said,

"Some people think that women should not vote because they are too temperamental, too emotional, too sentimental. Don't you think," she asked, "that it would be a good thing to get a little sentiment into politics, for honesty and honor are, after all, only sentiment, and the introduction of honesty and honor into politics might make the world a more wholesome place to live in." Another reason that she gave for women voting was her belief that a woman who had brought children into the world had a large property interest in the world. "No man," she said, "has a right to legislate open bars on my boys. The liquor traffic bears hardest on the women and the children, and he is indeed a mean man who would deny woman the weapons needed to protect her home." The movement was not to supersede men, men and women were not rivals, but complements. A father's influence was needed in the home as well as the mother's in the training of the children." In concluding her address, Mrs. McClung said "The one most important point of all to me, is that my boys when they grow up, shall not say 'What's the matter with mother, if she is not allowed a voice in public affairs.' Power brings respect. A nation will never rise higher than its women. A man thinks in terms of property and a woman thinks in terms of human life." I think that these arguments of Mrs. McClung will not only appeal to every woman who reads them, but will perhaps furnish some of my readers with a weapon in case they be suddenly called upon to defend the cause.

Very shortly after this column is in print, to wit, on the 9th day of June, the triennial gathering of the Canadian Women's Press Club will convene in the city of Edmonton. Already it is known that there will be

The Press Club at Edmonton

close on 100 delegates in attendance, and even that number will be only one in three of the actual membership of the Dominion. The nucleus of the club was formed in 1904 and at that time there were only six or seven members. Some idea of the growing importance of this band of newspaper women is the fact that transportation to reach Edmonton was offered them by all three railroads. The C. P. R. invitation came first and was accepted. Later the G. T. Edmonton out to Jasper Park and post-P. offered to take the whole party from sibly to the end of steel and this invitation also has been accepted. Coming back from Edmonton the party will travel by way of Calgary, and will be entertained there by the local branch of the Press Club assisted by the City Council. The newspapers of Calgary will get out a special edition in honor of the newspaper women. The contingent from the east will arrive in Winnipeg on the morning of Saturday, June 7th, will be entertained by the local club, and on Saturday night the delegates from Winnipeg will join them and the whole party will leave for Edmonton, where they will arrive on Monday morning. The last Dominion meeting was held in Toronto in June of 1910, and at that gathering there were only about 50 delegates present. A very large percentage of the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club devote themselves to the writing of women's pages and articles and stories especially for women and I am sure that readers of this page will be interested in the doings of this club. The president for the past three years has been Miss Margaret MacMurchie, of Toronto. It is likely that the President for the next three years will be a western woman, the honor probably going either to Alberta or British Columbia.

The Daughters of the Empire of British Columbia have decided to erect a memorial to Agnes Deanes Cameron, and this memorial will take the form of a hostel for young women to be erected in her native city, Victoria. The build-

STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR HEAD NOISES and GET HELP



Don't worry about those head noises of yours and don't neglect them. Worry only makes them worse, but something must be done, or you will be Deaf.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Answer These Questions

It entitles you to medical advice FREE on curing head noises.

Do your ears throb?
Do your ears crack?
Do your ears feel full?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you have pains in the ears?
How long have you had the noises?
Is the sound sometimes a hissing one?
Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
Have you had discharges from the ear?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do the noises ever keep you awake at night?
Is there a snapping sound in the ears when you blow your nose?

NAME
ADDRESS

Wouldn't you like your case to be like this one from Saskatchewan?

"Quite free from any noises in the head or any sign of deafness."

Or this one from Winnipeg?
"I can hear as good as I ever did, thank God! and there are no head noises whatever now."

Or this one from Nova Scotia? "I never have those dreadful head noises any more."

Or this one from Montreal from a man sixty years old? "My hearing is fine now. I hear just as I did when I was twenty years old. No more head noises, nothing but perfect health and the joy of living to praise your services to the whole universe."

If you want to know how to be cured of your head and ear noises, all you need to do is this: answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to

Answer the questions on the coupon above—send it to Ear Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston. He will send you a full description of your case and medical advice free as to the proper treatment. The Specialist is a graduate of Dublin University, Ireland, in Medicine and Surgery, and was formerly a Surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service, and for 25 years has made a specialty of ear troubles.

Hundreds and hundreds of people all over Canada and the United States have had their hearing restored, and other hundreds of sufferers from Head Noises have been saved from Deafness through his New Method.

He will tell you all about it, and just how you may be rid right in your own home, of those confusing, terrible wearing sounds, which almost threaten your reason at times. Think of the joy of being free of the awful dread that you are slowly, but surely growing deaf and to be shut up in a worse than prison silence.

Write right now.
Ear Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.

ings will cost at least \$20,000, and while the Daughters of the Empire of British Columbia are undertaking

Agnes Deanes Cameron Memorial

the work and will be responsible for it, they have very kindly decided that it shall be open to any woman in Canada who would like to contribute a small or large amount in memory of this brilliant Canadian. Almost the last work which Miss Cameron did was lecturing in Great Britain for the Dominion Government, with a view of inducing a good class of women immigrants to come to Canada. The building will be erected as a wing to the present Young Women's Christian Association, and will be known as the Agnes Deanes Cameron wing. Miss Cameron was a woman of wonderfully strong and magnetic personality, and it is freely stated by prominent men in Britain that she was the most acceptable lecturer on Canada that ever made a tour of Great Britain, and that the class of immigrants which she induced to come to Canada was among the very best that has ever been secured.

MONTH'S BRIGHT SAYINGS

H. G. Wells: When men are most sure and arrogant they commonly are the most mistaken.

William Jennings Bryan: Let the wives and mothers of the proposed dead in the next war have a voice in national discussions that relate to it.

Dr. Frank Crane: The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—the first is the human tongue.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: Pride is essential to a noble character, and the love of praise is one of the civilizing elements.

Theodore Roosevelt: The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagem and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Rev. Dr. Bland: In all ages man has been stimulated to sowing by the cer-

tainty of reaping. Tomorrow's sheaves and shoutings support today's tearful sowing. Certainty of victory wins battles before they are fought.

Sir William Osler: Health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.

Thomas A. Edison: The keenest test of a man comes when he has attained; the struggle to attain keeps him strong, but the line of least resistance soon shows itself in success.

James J. Hill: There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.

Elbert Hubbard: A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers and like a homestead without a garden.

Judge Ben Lindsay: We never know what God is preparing for use in his schools; for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be.

Maurice Maeterlinck: Why must everything smack of man, and manish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?

Jane Addams: Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity? Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thought, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy; houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Pamelée's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

Classified Column

For the benefit of our subscribers and readers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we publish this column and hope it will prove of service. The rates are 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

POULTRY AND EGGS

OAK GROVE POULTRY YARDS



George Roberts, Box 1773, Winnipeg, Man. 6

FOR SALE—A pure bred registered Short-horn bull, rising four years old (August 1913), is red in color, a very sure stock-getter, is of a milk strain. He has run in pasture here and while not beef fat is in good shape to lead a herd as he is strong, active and in good breeding condition. He is very quiet in disposition. Price \$100 f.o.b. cars at Arborg. Rev. F. G. Stevens, Fisher River, P.O., Man. 6

EGGS IN SEASON, SINGLE COMB—Rhode Island Reds, Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Mrs. Robt. Mair, P.O. Box 32, Treest-bank, Man., 6

EGGS—Finest collections of selected birds, scoring 90-95 points. Barred Rocks, Buff Orpingtons, Buff Cochins from prize-winners. \$2.00 setting. C. Taylor, Dominion City, Man. 6

BUFF ORPINGTON EGGS FOR SALE, from great winter layers, prize-winning birds with free range. \$1.00 for 15, \$6.00 per 100. Robt. Woodcock, Minnedosa, Man. 6

BARRED ROCKS—Eggs for hatching, from pure bred, farm raised birds. \$2.00 per 15, \$3.00 per 30 eggs, \$8.00 per 100. Mrs. M. Vialoux Littlecote, Sturgeon Creek, Man. 6

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Barred Rocks, Buff Orpingtons, S.C.W. & Brown Leghorns, Black Minorcas, Pekin and Indian Runner Ducks. \$1.50 per 15, \$3.00 per 45 ducks, \$1.50 per 11, \$3.00 per 33. Extra fine stock. Elkhorn Poultry Yards, Elkhorn, Man. 6

ANCONAS AND BUTTERCUPS, first prize winners, unexcelled layers. Day-old Ancona chicks, \$3 per dozen, \$6 per 25. Fifty chicks \$10. One hundred \$18. Buttercup chicks, beauties, \$6 per dozen. Ancona eggs, \$1.50 per fifteen and up. Buttercup eggs, \$3 per fifteen, \$5 per thirty and up. All eggs and chicks from fine selected stock. Write today for free price list and other information. I am the oldest shipper of live chicks in Ontario. Eggs 100 per cent fertile. May and June chicks start to lay early in fall. E. C. Apps, Box 224, Brantford, Ont. Vice-President International Ancona Club. 6

EGGS FOR HATCHING—From White Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, Golden Wyandottes, Indian Game and Game Bantams, \$1.50 fifteen, \$6.00 hundred. For sale, pen each of White Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds and Game Bantams. Westminster Poultry Yards, 502 Second St., New Westminster, B.C. 6

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—25 lovers, birthday, colored view cards 10c., hundred 35c. Also catalogue. Audrey McCreery & Co., Wallaceburg, Ont. 6

FOR SALE—Registered Yorkshire swine. Barred Rock eggs, \$1.00 per 13. Blooming Grove Farm. Sutter Bros., Redvers, Sask. 8

FOR QUICK SALE from owner to purchaser 171½ acres high and low land. Adjoining Nicomen station on C. P. Railway. Rich loam. About 40 acres cleared, mostly in Timothy, the rest easily cleared. Barn 60 ft. x 30 ft. Good five roomed house. Plenty well water. Price, \$10,000, half cash, balance in 12 months. F. W. Turner, De Roche P.O., B.C. 9

FOR SALE—A year old Registered Holstein-Friesian bull from good stock. Weight 700 lbs. Buff Orpington eggs \$2.00 per setting. G. L. Laycock, Ponoka, Alta. 7

WANTED

WANTED—Probationers for Children's Hospital, Winnipeg; course three years, including contagious, maternity and general adult training. Apply to Miss Ramsay, Superintendent, Children's Hospital Winnipeg. 6

WANTED—To hear from owner who has good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 6-8

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING—from a tin whistle to a high-grade piano or organ, let us know. We are out of the high rent district, consequently can save you money. We carry

immense stock of sheet music and instruction books for all instruments. Satisfaction guaranteed. Royal Music Co., Spadina Ave., Toronto. 8

MISCELLANEOUS

EIGHT GAMES FOR 10c.—Chess, Checkers, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Authors, Introduction Game, Spanish Prison, Dominoes; a whole year's amusement and the whole thing for only 10c. Send 10c. today and get all eight games. W. Lester Castle, Bennington, Mich. 6

NEW WIRE NAILS TWO CENTS PER LB.—200 kegs mixed sized wire nails, 2 in. to 4 in. \$2.00 per keg, 100 lbs., 1,000 rolls new barb wire, \$2.00 per 100 lb. roll. Send order before sold out, also 1,000 bargains in Belting, Pulleys, Vises, Roofing, Piping, Wire Fencing, Gates, Iron Posts, etc. Catalogue free. Imperial Metal Co., 125 Queen Street, Montreal. 6

FLOUR—English firm requires a good export flour. Samples and prices c.i.f. London and Liverpool to Messrs. Eustace Krog & Co., Ltd., 19 Mark Lane, London, England, E.C. 6

THE SMALLEST BIBLE ON EARTH 10c Size of postage stamp. New Testament illustrated; 200 pages; sample 10c; per doz., 75c. Agents wanted. The biggest wonder of the Twentieth Century. Coin \$5.00 a day selling them. Evans & Co., Thomson, Go. 6

NEW DENVER, Slocan Lake, B. C., \$2,000 or near offer, for two acres of garden, fruit bearing trees, and raspberry canes, with well built house, bathroom, h. and c. water, electric light, chicken house and runs. Local market for produce; lovely situation, overlooking town and lake. Call or write owner, Geo. Trickett. 6

FREE WATCHES, DOLLS, RIFLES, CAMERAS, etc.—To boys and girls for selling 25 novelties at 10c. each. Send for them today, we trust you with our goods. Davis Supply Co., St. James P.O., Winnipeg. 6

GREATEST agency for lifetime; exclusive territory and sale of the famous, absolutely reliable German Berendsin remedies just marketed. Immense profits. Box 190, Waterloo, Ontario. 6

PREMATURE SENILITY, most maladies, looking old, feeling shaky, due to poison producing microbes is Prof. Metschnikoff's (Pasteur-Institute, Paris) doctrine. Yoghurt destroys this poison, rejuvenates, prolongs life, restores vitality and beauty. Particulars Yoghurt Co., Hazelmeire, 13, B.C., Canada. 6

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS—We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful writers. Experience unnecessary. Song poems wanted with or without music—will pay one-half of profits if successful. Send us your work today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Largest concern in the country. Free particulars. Dugdale Co., Dept. 117 Washington, D.C. 6

INFORMATION of Fort George and the Peace River County, British Columbia. No Agent. Reliable and valuable information of this new country. Send 25 cents. E. H. Livingstone, South Fort George, B.C. 6

MAGIC POCKET TRICK and illustrated catalogue 6c. stamps. Magic Dept., 12-249 West 38th St., New York. 8

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F. 6

HOW TO MAKE AN ORCHARD in British Columbia—Send 25 cents for book written by J. T. Bealby, B.A., the prize-winning B.C. fruit grower. Full information for beginners or experienced growers. International Securities Company, Limited, 844 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F. 6

DUROC JERSEY HOGS—Booking orders for the great money makers, also hatching eggs from our bred to lay Buff Orpingtons and R. I. Reds. Buffs \$2.00 and Reds \$2.50, per setting of 15. J. and E. Walker, Sunset Stock Farm, Ethelton, Sask. 6

CASH FOR YOUR FARM OR BUSINESS—I bring buyer and sellers together. No matter where located if you want to buy, sell or exchange any kind of property or business anywhere, write me. Established 1881. Frank P. Cleveland, 1481, Adams Express Building, Chicago, Illinois. 4-14

\$2,000 PER YEAR OR MORE—We require representatives in each locality to look after the business we send you. It is in connection with realty deals. It's permanent. Write us today for full particulars. The Co-operative Brokerage Co., Dept. H, Orillia, Ont. 8

ATHEENIC WOOL UNDERWEAR is made from the purest materials, guaranteed unshrinkable, and gives lasting wear. Write for free patterns and buy direct from the makers at first cost. Dept. H., Atheenic Mills, Hawick, Scotland. 7

REAL ESTATE WANTED—Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 26, Lincoln, Nebr. 7

WILD ANIMALS

DO NOT FAIL to communicate with me before disposing of any black, silver, or cross foxes, martens, fisher, etc. Highest prices for all fur-bearers for breeding purposes. Albinos wanted. Blake Vannatter Fur Farm, Ballinafad, Ont. 6

Poultry Column

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

THE successful rearing of chickens is decidedly a large subject and has very many ups and downs.

When the mother hen is called into requisition either to raise her own bonnie clutch or to mother the products or offspring of the woodenhen the task is simplified at once and personally, I strongly favor this method, though, when large numbers are reared the brooder must be utilized. However, hens can be used to mother 200 chicks or more easily, and no brooder on earth can raise chicks like a good hen, no matter what the papers say! So, first, we will help her to be comfy, by giving her a good roomy coop, whitewashed, inside and out, with a slatted front and rainproof roof. I prefer coops without any floor, except in early spring, when boards can be used under them for a time. There is nothing like a grassy yard for the chicken coops and once a week move them to fresh grass. Now, a word as to the yard. Never have the chicks out in the farm yard. Make them a place of their own. A few yards of inch mesh wire, poultry netting, will do the trick, and if colony houses are available it is so easy to gradually train the half grown chicks to roost in them, where they are safe from roving horses

is such a useful food, be hard to obtain I have had splendid results by feeding young chicks well boiled wheat, two or three times a day, and, of course, cracked wheat is always useful and good. Until the chicks are ten days old I do not advise feeding whole raw wheat, though one little French woman of my acquaintance used to raise all her chicks and she put 3 grains of small wheat in each little bill when taking them from the nest, and just left them cosy with the mother in a darkened coop for another 24 hours, then gave them nothing but cracked and small wheat all the time. Warm the water for little chicks when the weather is chilly and give them some form of milk. I prefer curds to raw milk and when this fine food can be made beef scrap need not be thought of. When the chicks have come to the time they can digest a mash mixed up with curd it is an ideal food. Now, to consider the brooder chicks a little, I may say I never feed them for 48 hours, or longer after hatching, and take great care not to give them any chill whatever. On the other hand the brooder which is at first heated to 90 degrees for their reception should be kept only moderately warm after a day or so, too much heat



Summer Abode in India

or cows and return the faithful mothers to the laying pens to replenish the egg basket.

Mark your hen-hatched and naturally reared chickens and reserve these for your breeding pen next year, using incubator stock for market or egg laying, for market. This is the only sure method of keeping up the vigor of the flock when incubators are used, because incubator-hatched stock has not the vitality of hen-hatched fowl.

Large breeders in the states as well as in Canada keep their flocks up to the mark by this method.

Feed little chicks four times a day only, enough to keep them busy. If in the grassy plot, scatter the chick feed, now so generally used there, or have little boards in front of the coops for the food. Stale bread crumbs squeezed out of milk, lettuce heads, or onion tops are relished in turn. Rolled oats I feed sparingly, as it sometimes gives them bowel trouble. Broken egg shells and fine gravel and charcoal should be handy, and a little dry bran to pick at, can be always in reach. I do not believe in mashes or cake for young chicks, after they are one month old they can take some mash using whole wheat at night, always to finish up the day's diet.

Boiled eggs, saved from the infertiles in the machine, make a change for the little ones, but they are not really necessary. Should the chick starter, which

only makes the chicks delicate.

I feed brooder chicks the same ration as the hen hatched ones, only I exercise more care in seeing they do not get over fed, as there is no mam to eat up the surplus and bowel trouble does come so easily. Until ten days have passed over the heads of the pretty fluffy bits of chicken life, I am always anxious. The pitiful little "peep peep" is a danger signal and means that some of them are in pain. In a few hours the peeping chicks will likely die. Directly this white diarrhoea is noticed, the sick ones should be put by themselves as it is dreadfully infectious and the brooder should be disinfected with creosol or some other agent. Venetian Red paint put in the food and water to color it pink, is a remedy. Common black tea to drink is another, but believe me if the chicks are badly infected with this germ disease there is no real remedy. Use strict cleanliness and build up the parent stock in vigorous health, as bowel trouble comes more from impaired vitality in the parent stock than from any other cause. I touch upon this matter as I know more loss and discouragement are caused by this trouble than all other chicken ailments put together, and yet a breeder may raise 300 and 400 chicks without one of this disease, but, if he does he is in great luck indeed. I fear my space is filled up, but I would like to say, young turkeys are not hard to raise if fed sparingly of hard boiled egg and bread crumbs, a little pepper on a wet day mixed in their food, chick feed, crushed grains and plenty of green

W. D. BATES, BREEDER AND DEALER in foxes, Box J, Ridgetown, Ont., Silver and cross foxes wanted. Give sex, description and price asked in first letter. 8

stuff is essential for them and milk curds if possible to procure. Keep their feet dry, give plenty of fresh air and no handling or fussing, until the poults can be given some freedom with the turkey mother, who is famous for looking after the family and feeding them food. Feed generously at night to coax them home safe from wolves and other pests.

Poultry Correspondence.

Mrs. W. H. B. writes:—"Our rooms are 8 x 12 and I purpose setting an incubator against the inside wall of spare room, will it be suitable?"

2. "Do you use hot water in moisture pan and do you heat the buttermilk?"

3. "Do you advise me to keep a pan of water in the room during incubation?"

4. "Do you cool eggs on second day?"
Ans. 1. The room will be suitable but do not place machine right against wall, allow 3 inches between for air space.

Ans. 2. Use hot water in moisture pan, putting it in at 10 days. Heat the buttermilk slightly with hot water.

Ans. 3. Keep a jar of water in the room during the 21 days.

Ans. 4. I cool eggs after 48 hours and 3 to 5 minutes. Make a point of frequent cooling especially after first week. Stronger chicks will hatch and vigor and health must be studied in incubator chicks.

The Animals' Council

(Modern History)

Written for the Western Home Monthly
by Jean Walker

The animals to council came and talked somewhat like men,
They crept from lair and jungle dark,
From rock and leafy den.
The lion, on some grass apart, with heavy paws outspread
Lay listening the portentous words that all the wise ones said.

The elephant, a mighty beast, raised high his trunk in air,
And then his deep, and guttural voice resounded everywhere.
"Sehr gut, sehr gut." He bellowed.
"None can my power resist."
The distant echoes sounded like fog-horn through a mist.

A horse caparisoned so gay came galloping at speed,
The elephant ceased bellowing and to that horse gave heed,
For at each vantage it displayed swift action strong and free,
Its saddle cloth was richly decked with well wrought fleur-de-lis.

It faced the mighty elephant that reared its trunk and stood
Half-sullen, and half wondering, all quelled its kingly mood.
The mighty beast had placed its paws upon two clumps of grass
That for the horse had long been kept and which it would not pass.

And there they stood, the mighty beast and charger strong and free.
One claimed it for the "Vaterland" one for the "Fleur-de-lis."
The lion, watching, waited, her eyes on each the while,
Then placed her head between her paws with grim and knowing smile.

In northern den the bear awoke and with a sullen growl
Of hunger, then to seek its prey went forth on savage prowl.
It southward on its ravage came to where the council met.
All cruel, gaunt, and fierce, and lean, its bloody jaws were set.

A peacock with its gaudy plumes shorn of their former grace
To that wise council happened in, but ere it found a place
The bear reached forth one clutching paw, the bird with sudden scream
Awoke the lion as she lay in seeming pleasant dream.

She turned her head and glared around, then her keen eyes espied

A little eaglet pecking hard into that lean bear's side;
But as she gazed the eaglet flew back to its mother's nest.
The bear crept to his northern home to plan for richer quest.

The peacock, humbled, strutted back into his own domain,
Some plumes the bear's fierce paws had caught, some graced the lion's mane.
Then on the winds all vibrant came so ominous and dread
Sounds as though dragons fiercely fought with carnage dire outspread.

The lion stirred, the noise disturbed, the horse neighed its delight.
The elephant, unheeding watched those two, tall grass clumps bright.
And then the air brought nearer sounds that told of war's dread sway,
And clouds whose thundrous peals were heard turned to grief's night, hope's day.

Then southward o'er the sea arose the crescent and the cross,
They seemed to wage a shameless strife that bore but gloom and loss.
The animals in council watched, the great ones and the strong,
Then lower ones of lesser breed came with their cries of wrong.

As some claimed this and others that confusion then arose
And puzzled e'en the wisest ones as who were friends or foes.
And so they quailed and wrangled still, then once more came the bear
And watched with ready paws to grasp some victims for his share.

The elephant grew angry then and flapped his weighty ears,
The horse reared and the white spume flew, the rest grew weak from fears.
The strong ones then so daring talked and each maintained the strife,
Till soon within the council halls confusion grew more rife.

Some sneered at the old lion as she lay with paws outspread
Saying that wisdom now forsook that erstwhile strong, old head,
The tumult loud, and louder grew. The lion slowly rose
Her fiery eyes soon sought and found who were her friends or foes.

She gave one loud, terrific roar that rent the forests wide
Her full grown whelps sprang to her call and stood on every side.
The lion raised her proud, stern face: "I may be old" he said,
"But strength and wisdom still abound within this same old head."

"My eyes, undimmed, see still afar, I watch and strongly wait
Lest daring ones my lair molest, I'll spring and not too late,
My whelps stand round me bold and free stalwart with vigor strong,
One with the mother they will brook no cruel deed or wrong."

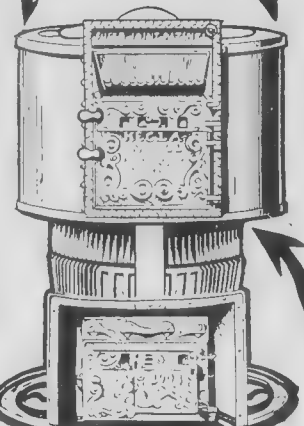
"Back to your jungles and your dens while I abide in mine,
Quell all your greed, your clamor cease, claim what is justly thine.
Now life your eyes from earth and see with vision cleared by love
Bearing the olive branch of peace, a peerless brooding dove."

It long has flown o'er waters deep breasting the storms of hate
But now the clouds are breaking, and the floods of fear abate.
A resting place it seeks to find, my lair is opened wide,
In purity it there may dwell and ever safe abide."

Then one by one the mighty beasts calmed all their angry strife
The spirit of that lowly dove thrilled them with glad new life,
The elephant grown gentle now said low "Auf Wiedersehen."
The bear crept to his northern den nor pray did seek again.

The gay horse then careening turned and whinnied in his glee

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Just "Au revoir" and "Au revoir" from beauty's fleur-de-lis.
And so the council ended then and in the lion's lair
The peerless dove abideth now securely sacred there.

A Prayer

Written for the Western Home Monthly
by Lionel Kingsley

If I have sinned and strayed from that white way
Which leads to Thee, thou wondrous God,
O! do not blame or punish overmuch
When I lie beneath the fresh-turned sod.
But lightly judge me, for Thou wilt surely know
That I have tried my best to live
A white man's life through wearing, drooping years—
And knowing all, Thou wilt forgive.

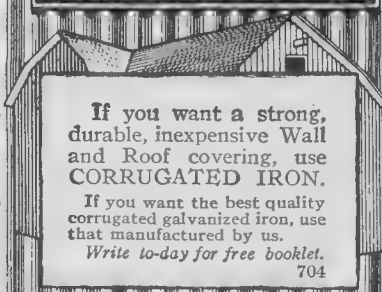
I have not flogged my fellow-men with whips
That evil riches I might make;
If I have done some things that carry blame
I have not made a heart but mine to break.
I will not say that I have worshipped Thee full oft.
In churches ringed with hymning choirs;
I have loved best to watch Thy mornings rise
Burned new in celestial altar-fires.

Loved have I well to hear the wild lark sing
From the silence of the arching skies,
And I have loved to tread the pine-covered woods
Where Thine infinite wonder lies
The vast cathedrals of virgin spired trees
Which swung by the swelling, storming wind
Seemed filled with the deep, sweet organ-notes
Of music made by the Master-Mind.

I do not say I have no act to mourn;
No! I have fallen by the way;
My soul looks trembling from the dark-browed night
Of earth to Thy Eternal Day.
But, Judge me lightly for aught I may have done.
For, God! if Thou hadst been where my lines ran,
Thou might have done e'en as I had to do.
Forgive! as Thou art God
And I, I am but man.

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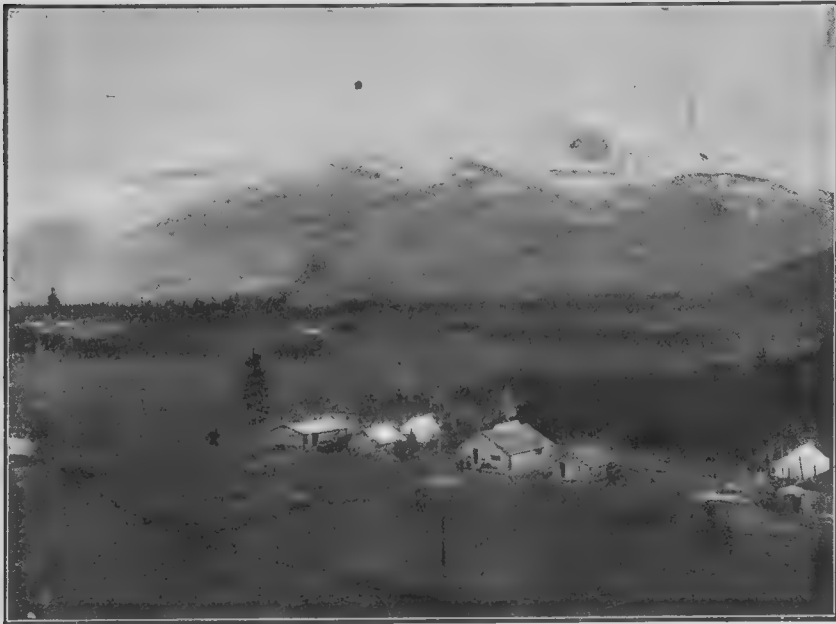
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Fitzhugh, Alta. Scene near Jasper Park on the G.T.P. Ry

The Lost Child

A True Story of the Canadian Prairie. Written for the Western Home Monthly by Charles Glover, Nut Mountain.

JACK GORSE and his comely wife were sitting in their cozy log house on Nut Mountain one cold night in November. Jack was enjoying a final pipe before turning in, whilst Mary was sewing garments in readiness for the coming winter. Son Tom had retired an hour ago. Outside snow had fallen to the depth of several inches and it was freezing keenly.

Suddenly a knock at the door startled them; it was a most unusual occurrence to have visitors at that time of the night. Jack at once arose and opened the door to find George McCubbin standing outside. "Hello, George," said Jack. "What has brought you out this time o' night? Put your horse into the stable, then come into the house and tell us the trouble. You look worried."

"I am worried," replied George "and have not time to stay. August Peterson's little three-year-old Jimmy is lost in the bush and I am beating up the neighbors to help find the little fellow. Will you and Tom lend a hand?"

"Sure," said Jack, "we will saddle up at once and be with you in no time."

"Where shall we meet?"

"Guess at the stores will be the best place," said George, "and will you call on Abe and Jim Hamilton on your way and ask them to come, whilst I go for other help?"

Jack at once called up son Tom, and, after donning warm furlined coats, to gether they went to the stables and with all speed saddled the two bronchos. Then away they galloped to the rendezvous, first calling to the dog Teddy to accompany them.

A call was made at the Hamiltons, who had retired for the night, but on learning of the loss of the child immediately saddled up and off the party raced for the stores, where they found several others along with the storekeepers, Walt, Ford and Charlie Cornish, ready for the search. There were also several dogs, keen-scented animals, that were used to working the bush for stray cattle.

In a little while George McCubbins and two more neighboring farmers turned up. Then a move was made to the home of the Petersons, situated on the edge of the bush two miles away.

Peterson and his wife were distracted at their loss. It appears the little boy was seen playing around the house, when he was suddenly missed. Search was made in all likely and unlikely places, the parents and the older children rushing about shouting, "Jimmy! Jimmy! where are you?" but no answer was received, so they were forced to the conclusion that the child had wandered into the bush, and, as there was several degrees of frost and a somewhat heavy fall of snow had taken place, in addition to the danger of the little fellow being attacked by the numerous wolves that were known to inhabit the bush, naturally, the parents were almost heart-broken.

No time was lost, each volunteer dismounted, and after the horses had been stabled the search was commenced on foot, as horses were of no use in the thick bush. The men formed in a line about ten yards apart, and it was arranged to scour the bush in a systematic manner by going right through and then returning over new ground.

The search was continued all night long without success awarding their efforts. When daylight came a halt was called for a cup of tea and a bite at the Petersons' home. Then off again they went as before.

All the following day the search was continued, the bush resounding with cries of "Jimmy! Jimmy!" and the barking of the dogs that were doing their best to help.

Night came again and still the search was fruitless, whilst the searchers were footsore and weary, and their clothes and hands were torn with passing through the brambles and scrub.

It was arranged that all should go home for a rest and meet again at daybreak the following morning, two or three of the farmers volunteering to go south and obtain all the additional help they could. The result was, on the morning of the second day the child had been lost, horsemen were to be seen coming from places many miles away, all eager to assist in finding the lost child.

Grave fears now began to assail the party that they might find the poor little fellow frozen or perhaps devoured by the wolves; but, nothing daunted, these true types of the plainsman, with never a thought of the duties they were leaving at their homes, made for the bush determined to know the fate of the boy.

All day long they searched the mass of bush and undergrowth with short intervals for a little refreshment, but when night came on again their labors were unrewarded. The weary band of searchers returned to their homes after arranging to meet again at daybreak the morning following, when one of them would obtain the assistance of several Indians, experienced bushmen who could follow traces that the white man would not notice.

The child had now been lost two nights and two days, so that it was small wonder the searchers dispaired of finding him alive. On the third morning the farmers, accompanied by a band of Indians who had willingly proffered their services, continued the search, determined to persevere until the fate of poor little Jimmy was decided.

The whole of the third day passed without any traces of the child being found, and the party was greatly disheartened; many miles of bush had been carefully searched, and no one thought the boy would be found alive, but not one thought of giving up or abandoning the search, so it was arranged to continue the quest on the following morning.

Parson Cornish and his wife from Yorkton had come on a visit to their son Charlie a few days before and were staying at Charlie's house, which is about two miles from the home of the Petersons, but close to the bush. They were very anxious about the lost child, as was every one for miles round. On the third night Charlie had returned home dead beat and discouraged. After having supper he retired for a much-needed rest. About midnight, Mrs. Cornish was awakened by hearing a cry from the bush. She aroused her husband to listen. The cry was repeated. Mr. Cornish thought it was the sharp howl of a prairie wolf, but when it was heard again Mrs. Cornish said "I am sure it is the cry of a child."

Charlie was called from his bed, and away he went with a light to find out if possible from where the cries came, and there at the edge of the bush was poor lost Jimmy crying as if his heart would break.

All was now astir in the Cornish household, a warm bath was prepared and some nourishment given to the child; afterward he was wrapped up in hot blankets and put to bed. Then Charlie raced away to the Petersons to convey the good news. Needless to say the reaction prostrated the mother, for she had almost given up all hope of ever seeing her child alive again.

The following morning Jimmy's father came for him and strange to say, in a day or two the little fellow appeared to be none the worse for his adventure. This appears strange considering that he had been three nights and three days in the frozen bush without food or drink.

The boy said he went into the bush after a bird, that he got lost, and walked, and walked until he was tired. Then he laid down and went to sleep, he said, the "doggies" came round but did not bite him—these would be wolves.

Not many children of such tender years could go through the same ordeal and come out alive, which speaks well for the stamina of the prairie-bred children of Canada.

A Nobler Song

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Frances

O, lover! sing with rapture
To your lady's pensive eyes!
I sing a nobler sonnet—to
The soul that in them lies;
To the true heart! to the brave heart!
Filled with courage—so sublime,
That wills to take the road with you
Adown the slopes of Time.

O, lover! there is naught in
Sighs, or flutter of a fan,
Or in a smile her smile will flash
For any other man.
But I bow my head in reverence
To the heart that dares it all,—
The untried, unknown leap with you,
The risk, to rise—or fall.

O, lover! there is glamor—
In the witchery of night!
Your lady's face is peerless, by
The moon's enchanting light;
But, the face, that meets undaunted—
Stress of storm and burning sun,
Hides the soul—that fares unflinching—
Till life—on earth is done.

You float upon some placid stream
Just moving with the tide,
The winds are hushed, the ripples
sleep—

When love sits by your side;
I sing—a faith that hears beyond
The angry rapids roar;
A love—that fails not, when for life
Your boat puts out from shore.

On a Blade of Grass in a Flowerpot
Written for the Western Home Monthly
by Sara A. Randleson

Oh hidden source of life, whence come
your magic powers?
Perplexed we view your touch, through
all this earth of ours!
You drop a tiny dust, in dark repulsive
clay;
Days pass, and lo, a plume of satin ribbon
gay,
Which we call grass. The like o'er all
the land is spread
Profuse, where cattle roam. So smiling
babes are fed;
And nations grow. Strange wizardry
which blesses all—
Kind nature's constant miracle! What
may we call
This force mysterious, which from its
bounteous store,
Sprinkles the vital seed, in myriads
evermore?
Humbly we seek to find creation's author,
God;
Then sleep, at length, ourselves, beneath
the verdant sod.

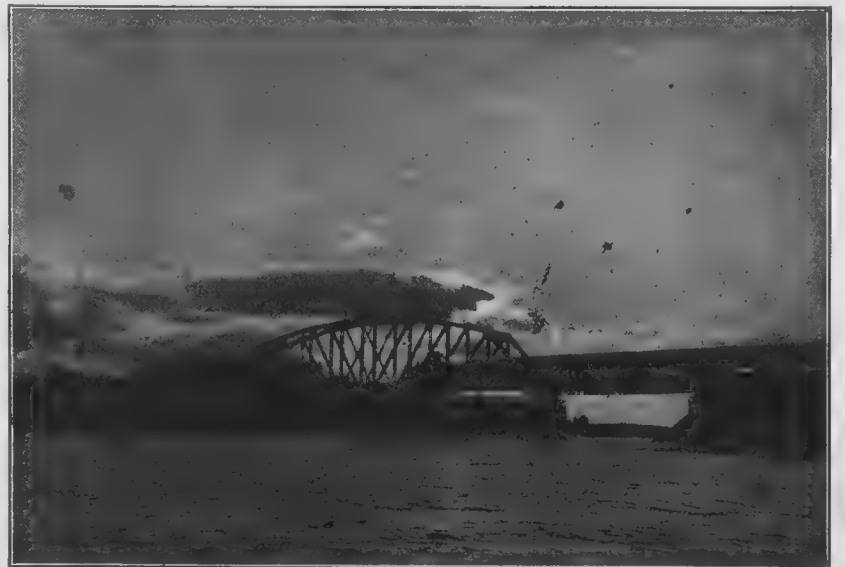
"Mayflowers"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Frances

O, let us take the wood-road!
A wonder road; A winding road;
And, by some little, odd path—
That reaches to the dells,
Seek out the pearly clusters—
Defying cold wind-blusters;
The May-blooms lifting, 'mid old leaves
drifting,
The old Spring-story tells.

Come, wander on the old trail!
An out-bound trail; an odorous trail,
That beckons on, and forward,
Beneath the sun's warm smile,
To where—ah! brightly blushing;
From white to pink a flushing;
The May-blooms wooing; their incense
brewing;
Call us—to rest awhile.

Then, shall we stroll the green way?
The golden way; the glad some way;
And once more, go a-fareing—
To woodland, hill and plain!
To gather "mem'ries" fragrant,
From their sweet-scented vagrant;
O, early blessing!—the brown wastes
dressing;
You never lure—in vain



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Household Suggestions

For the Table

Always have a Pretty Piece for the Centre

After the tablecloth is spread place in the centre a mat, which may hold a banquet lamp, or candelabrum, or a small vase filled with flowers, or a tall vase holding a single rose, or, for every-day use, a small pot of ferns. If the ferns are well cared for they will last during the entire winter. Next comes the service plate; at the upper left-hand corner of the service plate the bread-and-butter plate; at the upper right-hand the glasses. On the right, next to the plate, edges turned inward, are the knives. Next to the knives the soup-spoon, and, if it is called for, outside of this the oyster-fork. On the left all the forks, placing the one last to be used nearest the plate. Silver is used from the outside toward the plate, both left and right. Do not put silver at the top of the plate, and do not spread it out ostentatiously on the table. If four courses are to be served and four forks required, and your silver is limited, place two only at first and replenish when necessary. Tablespoons may be placed at opposite corners of the table; also salts and peppers. The two salt and two pepper boxes are quite enough for dinner service. It is convenient, however, when celery is to be served, to have an individual salt-cellar at each place. This goes at the top of the service plate, a little to the right. At the side of the centre-piece, toward the ends of the table, are placed a small dish of salted almonds and one of olives. Olives are passed with the soup; salted almonds usually follow the dessert.

The meat-platter is placed in front of the host, at the "head" of the table—the side farthest away from the pantry or kitchen door. The hostess serves the vegetables from her end of the table, the "foot." It is wise to have the dishes placed straight on the table. Two vegetables are quite enough for ordinary service. If sauce is to be served in a sauce-boat stand it at the upper right-hand side of the meat-platter. After the meat has been dished a ladle of sauce will be placed at the side, not over it. If water is to be served in a carafe have one placed on the table, and another on the side-table. If you are without a waitress it is wise to use a large pitcher on a Japanese or a silver tray. The moist air will condense on the outside of the cold pitcher and run down on to the tablecloth.

Use soup-plates filled with ice for oysters on the half-shell. For oyster cocktails use small tumblers, surrounded with ice, in bowls. Dinner-plates should be large. Vegetables will be passed and served on the same plate. Salad-plates are the same size as luncheon-plates, a little smaller than a dinner-plate and larger than a breakfast-plate. Cranberry sauce should be placed in the middle of the table at the side of the centrepiece and served in small glass or china dishes. The serving spoon and dishes go at the side of the large dish.

In Serving Do Not Overload the Plate.

The platter containing the hot roast may be placed on the folded napkin, or on a table mat, to prevent marking the table. Individual plates should be heated, but not hot, or they, too, will mar the table.

The carving knife and fork may be placed on rests, the knife on the right and the fork on the left of the carver, or they may both be simply placed on the right without a holder.

In serving portions do not overload the plate. If the dinner be a substantial one of meat with two vegetables a second portion is perfectly permissible, although one never takes a second portion of soup, unless soup forms the entire meal.

After the meat and vegetable plates are removed salad is served. The plates may be placed in front of the hostess, who will make and serve the salad; or they may be put in front of each person, the salad dressed at the end of the table by the hostess and then passed

by the waitress. If you have no waitress it is far easier to have all the plates at one end, both in serving and in carving.

Cheese and crackers are placed on the table while the salad is being dressed. Everything will be removed from the table except the salted almonds. A tray may be used for the serving of the cheese and crackers. Trays, however, are not used in passing single dishes.

In serving after-dinner coffee, a cup of coffee with the sugar may be placed on the tray, and the dish of salted almonds may be passed at the same time. At the home dinner coffee may be brought in with the dessert. If there is a maid it may be poured in the kitchen or pantry and passed with sugar on a small tray.

Where one is entertaining without a maid it is wise to serve the coffee in the parlor, sitting-room or library. This will give an opportunity to remove the necessary things from the dining-room. Let the table and dishes stand until the guests are gone.

A Few Soups

Mock Oyster Soup—Wash a quarter of a pound of salt codfish; simmer gently for thirty minutes with a quart of water, and six roots of salsify that have been scraped and cut into slices. Remove the codfish; add a pint of milk, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and two level tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed with three of flour. Stir the mixture until it reaches the boiling point, and serve with oyster crackers.

Egg Soup—Put four tablespoonfuls of washed rice in a quart of good stock and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Press through a sieve, return to the kettle; add a saltspoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add a little of the hot soup, and then turn the mixture into the kettle. Stir for a moment, do not boil, take from the fire, and serve with large squares of toasted bread.

East Indian Curry Soup—Put a rounding tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; add a good-sized onion sliced, and cook slowly, without browning the butter; add a large sour apple pared, cored and sliced, a teaspoonful of thyme, a teaspoonful of curry powder, a sprig of parsley, a level teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Stir; add a quart of good chicken stock and two tablespoonfuls of rice. Cover and simmer gently for fifteen minutes, and then send to the table without straining.

Peanut Soup—Put a quart of milk in a double boiler; add half a pint of peanut butter, a small onion grated, half a cupful of finely chopped celery and a dash of white pepper; cover and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Moisten a level tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold milk; add to the hot soup, stir until smooth and thick. Strain into a hot tureen, add a teaspoonful of paprika, and serve.

German Brown Broth—Scrape and cut into dice two carrots; pare and cut into the same shape one potato; slice an onion. Put four tablespoonfuls of olive oil in a saucepan; add the vegetables and shake until they are a golden brown. Take them out with a skimmer and put them in a kettle; add one quart of boiling water, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Simmer gently for twenty minutes. Press through a puree-sieve; return to the kettle, and add a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Pour into a hot tureen, and serve at once with a dozen cheese balls.

Lentil Soup—Lentil soup has meat value. Wash the lentils, cover them with cold water and soak over night; in the morning drain. Add a quart of stock, a pint of water, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, a saltspoonful of pepper, a level

teaspoonful of salt, and simmer for about two hours, until the lentils are tender. Press through a colander, then through a sieve, and return the puree to the kettle. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together, add them to the soup, and stir until boiling. Add a small onion grated, bring to boiling point, and turn at once into the soup-tureen. Sprinkle over the soup a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and serve with croutons.

To give variety moisten a tablespoonful of flour gradually in half a cupful of milk, and add it to the soup instead of the butter.

A FEW CANDIES

Mexican Caramels—Put a cup of granulated sugar into a clean iron skillet and stir constantly over a slow fire until the sugar is melted, taking care it does not brown. As soon as the sugar becomes a syrup add a cup of rich milk or cream, and stir constantly until the sugar is all dissolved. Add next a cup each of granulated and of light brown sugar and boil steadily until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water.

Take from the fire, add a cup of coarsely chopped nut meats and stir to a creamy consistency. Pour into a shallow pan lined with paraffine paper, spread smoothly about half an inch in thickness and mark into squares while still warm. These caramels are perfectly delicious, being both waxy and creamy. Any single kind or a mixture of several kinds of nut meats may be used. If there is any fondant at hand,

pleasing variety is produced by filling the molds with a thin layer of the caramel and covering with a layer of melted fondant.

Butterscotch—Two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of butter, one tablespoon of vinegar and one of water. Mix all together and boil twenty minutes. Add one-eighth of a tablespoon of baking soda, and as soon as it will crisp in cold water remove from the fire. When done pour out on a flat buttered tin and mark off into squares.

Grandma's Favorite—One pound of granulated sugar, one cup of water, one teaspoon of essence of peppermint, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Do not stir while boiling. When it will harden in cold water stir until it looks cloudy, then form into drops.

Peanut Candy—Shell and remove the skins from sufficient peanuts to make a cupful and put in the oven to keep warm without browning. Boil without stirring two cups of sugar, two teaspoons of lemon juice and half a cup of water until the syrup just begins to change color. Add the nuts, stir only until blended and turn into a warm, buttered pan. Spread smoothly and mark into squares while warm.

Cocoanut Candy—Butter the inside of a saucepan, add half a cup of milk, one cup of shredded cocoanut and two cups of sugar. Cook about five minutes or until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water; then take from the fire, stand in a pan of cold water, add vanilla to flavor and stir briskly until creamy. Pour into a pan lined with paraffine paper and mark in squares while still warm.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

REAL BOSTON BAKED BEANS

First pick beans and cover with water; let stand all night. In the morning add 1 teaspoonful soda and let them come to a boil; drain out the beans and wash in two waters; put them in bean pot; have a piece of old-fashioned salt pork (unsmoked and solid fat) in centre of pot and fill around and over top with the beans; add 1 dessertspoonful of black molasses (black strap); fill pot with boiling water. Cook 4 or 5 hours in oven and keep pot filled up with water. A stone jar should be used.

BEEF OLIVES

½ lb. stewing beef	1 small onion
½ tablespoonful flour	1 teacupful water
A little milk	3 tablespoonfuls bread crumbs
1 teaspoonful chopped Parsley	A little thyme
	A little chopped suet
	Salt and pepper

Have beef sliced thinly and cut in strips about 1½ in. wide and 3 in. long; mix the suet, bread crumbs, parsley and seasoning with just enough milk to make it stick together; place a little stuffing on each strip; roll up and tie; brown rolls in hot dripping and place on plate; fry the sliced onion and mix the flour and water together; pour into pan and stir until it boils; then season, put meat rolls in again and let all simmer for 1½ hours.

NUT COCOA CAKE

2-3 cupful butter	2½ cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar	2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 eggs	¼ cupful cocoa
1 cupful milk	1 cupful nuts

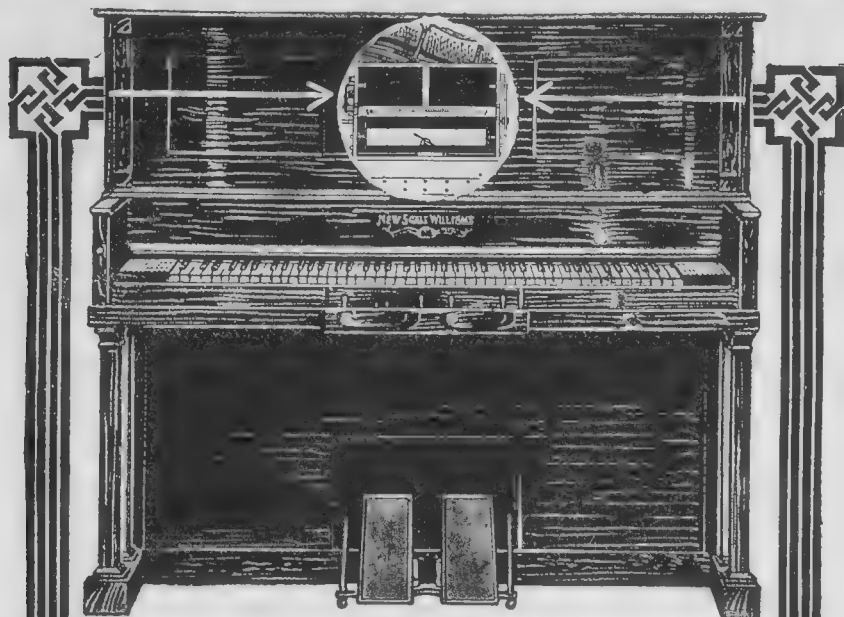
Cream butter and sugar together; add yolks of eggs, flour and milk alternately (sifting baking powder with flour), then the cocoa and nuts which have been floured, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in shallow pan.

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Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

With Tunic Effect

The dress that gives a suggestion of a tunic is both a smart and a practical one, for there is always the appearance of a double skirt with only the weight of one. This one is designed for small women and for young girls and is made of striped silk with trimming of plain satin. It is very pretty yet, at the same time, it is so simple that it is available for many needs. The three-piece skirt is arranged over a trimming band and is joined to a simple blouse, the two being closed at the left of the front. Most wearers will like the shawl collar this season but, to those who find the high neck more becoming,



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7272 Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

the suggestion made in the small view will be interesting. Such a dress appropriately can be made from any one of the simple silks, from cotton voile or cotton crepe, from cotton brocade, from eponge, or from linen. Embroidered linen with plain as trimming would be very pretty. White voile with trimming of rose color on pale green would make a dainty frock, white linen with rose colored or blue would make a good effect or buff linen with brown would be handsome.

For the 16 year size, the dress will require 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards 27 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7272 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Graceful Negligee

This draped negligee is one of the very prettiest and most fashionable to be found. It is wrapped about the figure in an altogether attractive and graceful

manner and is finished with a big collar that is exceedingly becoming. It is eminently simple withal and it can be made in the shortest possible period of time, while there are numberless suitable materials for its making. Flowered crepe and flowered cotton voile are very charming this season and make very attractive negligees of the kind. Tub silks are always lovely used in this way. For the woman who likes a little greater warmth, challis and albatross are pretty and all the familiar lawns, batistes and



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7827 Draped Negligee,
34 to 42 bust.

the like are suitable. In the illustration, flowered cotton crepe is trimmed with lace. Brocaded crepe would be pretty trimmed in the same way but, if a very handsome garment is wanted, brocaded silk crepe could be substituted for the cotton while plain crepe is always pretty as well as serviceable. There are only three pieces in the negligee itself and the one-piece sleeves are sewed to the armholes.

For the medium size, the negligee will require 4½ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 8 yards of insertion, 6 yards of narrow lace and 2¾ yards of wide lace.

The May Manton pattern of the negligee 7827 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

The Fashionable Voile

There is no material more serviceable or more satisfactory to wear during the warm weather season than cotton voile. This dress is made of that material in stripes of black and white with trimming of eyelet embroidery. It is very smart, very attractive, very useful, for it is simple enough to be worn at any hour of the day and pretty enough to be available for the informal luncheon or similar occasion. Open necks and short sleeves make smart features of the summer season but, if any one prefers the long sleeves, they can be cut to the wrists and a chemisette can be added, making it high at the neck. Besides the voile, there can be used a variety of summer materials. Cotton eponge can be made this way, linen suits the design admirably well, the new cot-

ton brocades would be pretty made after this manner and such simple silks as foulard and crepe de chine would be pretty and desirable, and the collar and trimming portions can be made of any harmonizing material. Plain white eponge with trimming of buff colored brocaded eponge makes a very handsome gown. Charmeuse satin or charmeuse crepe with trimming of one of the new silks in stained window effect or Bul-



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7703 Semi-Princesse Gown,
34 to 44 bust.

garian design would make a handsome gown available for cooler days. The skirt is in three pieces and the closing of the gown is made at the left of the front.

For the medium size, the gown will require $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18 inches wide for the trimming portions.

The May Manton pattern of the gown 7703 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Silk With Trimming of Brocade

We are wearing a great deal of silk this summer and it is certainly a pleasure. This gown shows striped silk with sleeves of brocaded and it is worn with a dainty embroidered collar and frill. Both in materials and treatment the design is a good one, for it shows many new features; the drapery at the left side of the skirt, the sleeves of contrasting materials and the muslin collar and cuffs are all important. The same general effect could be obtained by using eponge, plain and brocaded, or eponge with plain material figured or white with colored, or, if liked, the sleeves can be made to match the blouse instead of being in contrast. Figured foulard throughout with draped girdle of the plain would make a pretty effect or a very smart gown could be made of crepe de chine or charmeuse satin with the belt of the new silk in stained glass effect. If the muslin collar is not liked, it can be made of the trimming material with the frill or jabot only of the muslin or plain batiste. The skirt is made in three pieces and the back is fitted with

little tucks at the waist line. The blouse shows the drooping shoulder line that makes such an important feature.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 for the collar, cuffs and jabot and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27 for the sleeves; the skirt will require 4 yards 27 or 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide.

The width at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7532 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches

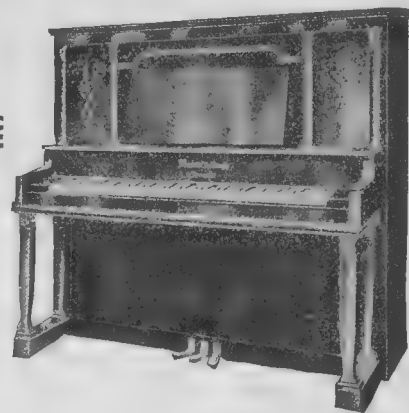


DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7532 Blouse with Long Shoulders,
34 to 40 bust.
7727 Three-Piece Draped Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

bust measure; of the skirt 7727 from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents each.

With the New Contrasting Sleeves

Sleeves and trimming portions of contrasting material are to be noted upon many of the newest and smartest gowns. This gown is made of broche crepe de chine with sleeves and collar of a heavier brocaded silk, and all the figured and all the brocaded effects are in the height of style, but it is easy to fancy this gown of plain material with brocaded for the sleeves and trimming or brocaded with plain for the sleeves and collar, and again it would be pretty from brocaded crepe with lace in place of the heavier silk. The blouse is cut with the drooping shoulder line and the sleeves are sewed to it. They can be cut off to three-quarter length if liked. The skirt consists of four pieces and a novel feature is in the closing of the gown at the right side. Gray with touches of bright color is much seen this season. The gown would be charming made from gray crepe with the sleeves of the same and the collar of really bright Cubist or Bulgarian silk, while quite another effect could be obtained by making the gown of buff colored eponge with the collar of black satin. Yellow in all its shades is to be a favorite and black on yellow is always handsome.



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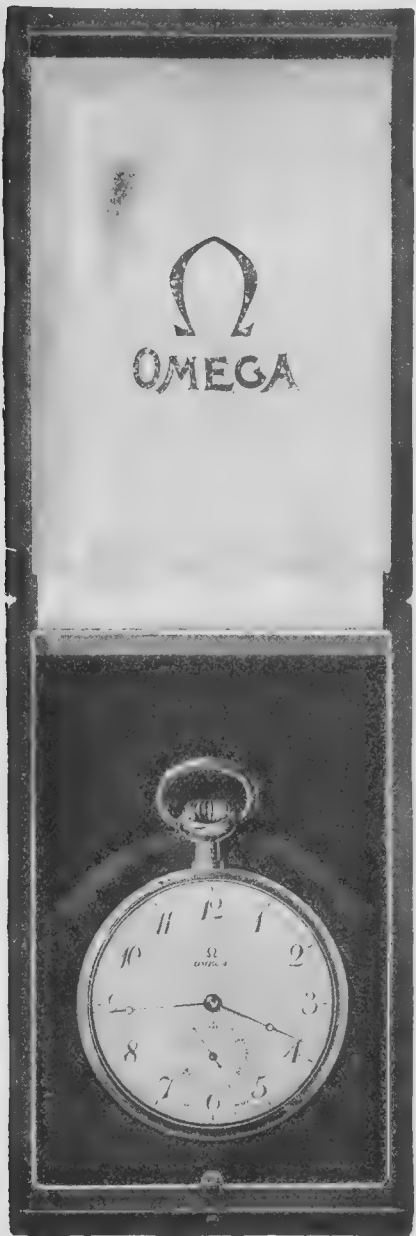
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

For the medium size, the gown will require 5½ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 in. wide for the sleeves and collar.

The May Manton pattern of the gown



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7751 Semi-Princesse Gown,
34 to 42 bust.

7751 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Fashionable Frock of French Percale

The simple frock that buttons right down the front is to be extensively worn this summer and has the double advantage of being easy to adjust and smart in effect. This one combines a five gored skirt with a simple blouse that is laid in a tuck over each shoulder. In the illustration, dotted percale is trimmed with plain color but, in one of the small views, white linen is shown with scalloped edges and that treatment is somewhat daintier. In the small view also, the collar is omitted and the neck edge is finished high. All the simpler summer fabrics are adapted to such a dress, percale and madras, linen and soft finished pique, the French gingham that



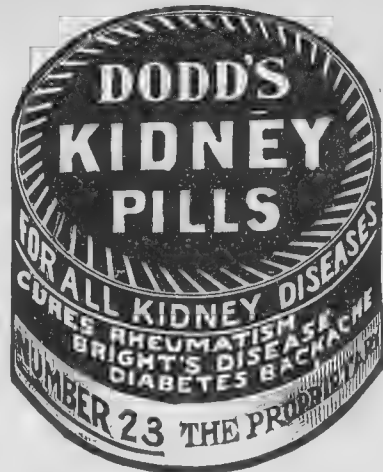
DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7802 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

finished pique, the French gingham that is always so lovely and, for harder usage, galatea and the like.

For the 12 year size, the dress will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 for the trimming.

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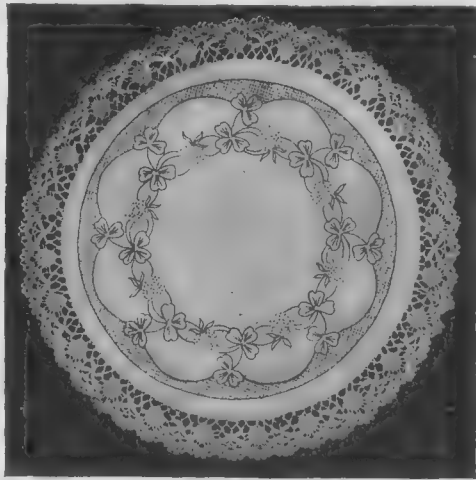


Lace-Edged Linens.

Lace edged linens add very much to the dainty appointments of the home, and the lace edged Luncheon Cloth or Centrepiece is necessary for use at formal entertainments. To the woman of moderate means the prices asked in the shops for these lace edged linens are pro-

being the smallest size to which the insertion may be applied.

One of the newest ideas as illustrated by the Luncheon Cloth design 6453 is, to embroider squares of linen and join these with lace insertions, and many are the uses to which these squares may be put,



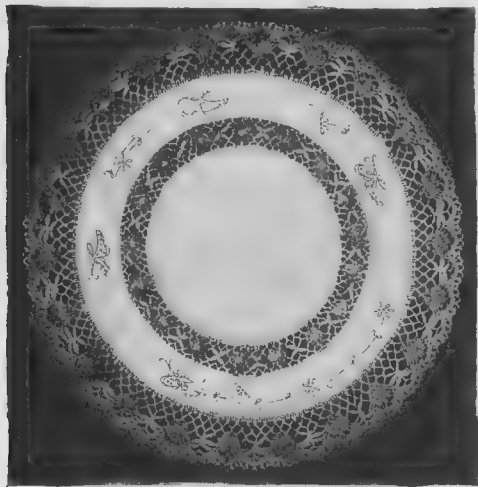
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Made in sizes:—

- 9 inch round—25 cents.
- 12 inch round—35 cents.
- 20 inch round—65 cents.
- 24 inch round—\$1.00.
- 30 inch round—\$1.25.
- 18x54 oblong—\$1.60.

hibitive but it is possible to embroider these at home at a comparatively slight cost, or if one does not care for embroidering, these Centrepieces and Doilies need no other decoration than embroidered initials. We show two varieties of Cluny edged linens, one with the lace in-

This handsome cloth shows nine 12-inch squares joined with handsome Cluny insertion, and edged with lace. They also make handsome scarfs for buffets or dressers (see illustration) and small doilies may also be had to match the larger pieces.



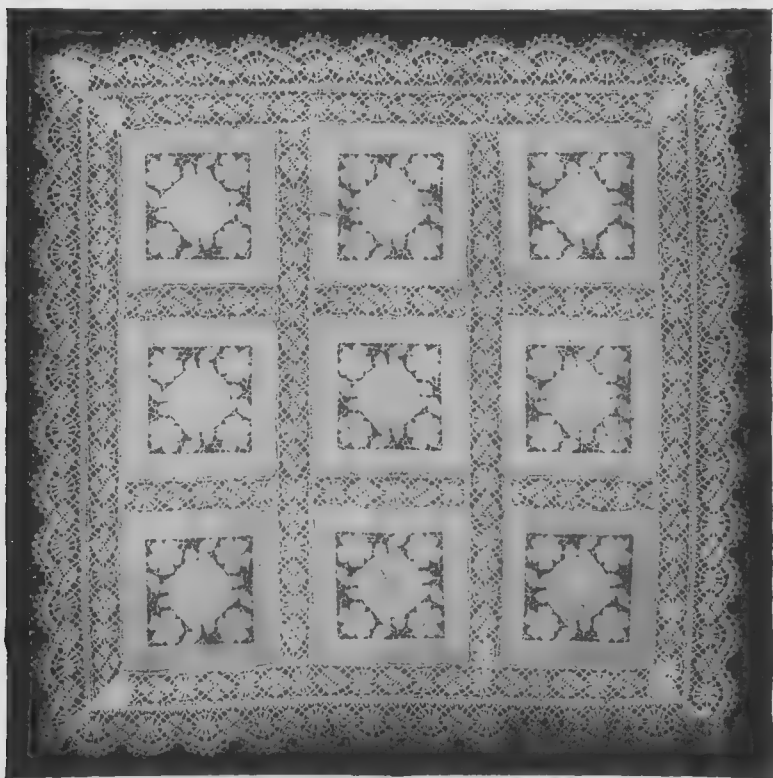
No. 569.

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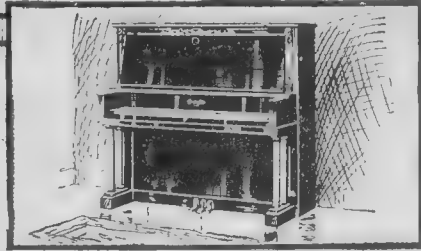
- 9 inch round—35 cents.
- 12 inch round—45 cents.
- 27 inch round—\$1.25.
- 36 inch round—\$2.00.
- 45 inch round—\$2.75.
- 20x54 oblong—\$2.00.
- 20x72 oblong—\$2.50.

sertion and the other with the lace edging, but the small sized doilies do not come with insertion, 20-inch Centrepieces

The same idea may be carried out for Bedroom Sets. These may be matched from Bed Spreads down to the smaller



Luncheon Cloth — Design 6453 — Roman Cut Work
Size of Squares—6 inch, price 4 cts; 9 inch, price 8 cts; 12 inches, price 12 cts.


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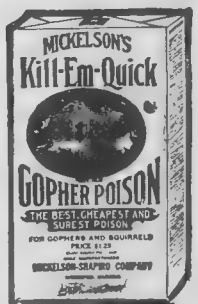
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Mickelson-Shapiro Co. Dept. O Winnipeg, Man.

Free Coin Purse

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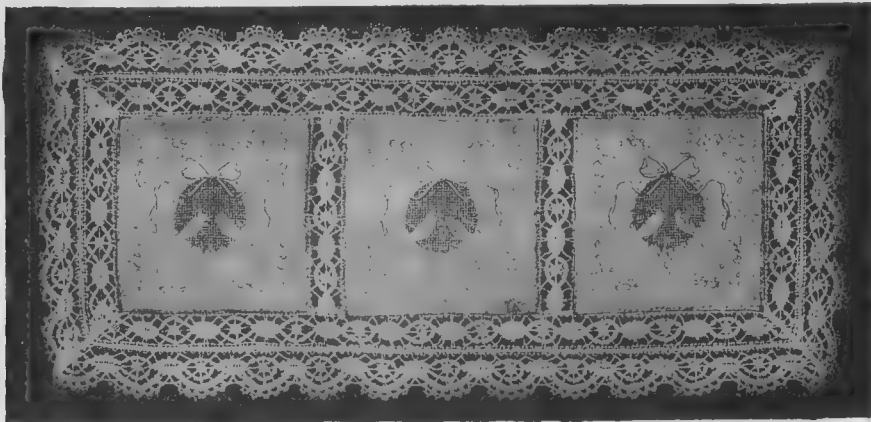
Mickelson-Shapiro Co., Winnipeg, Man.

squares necessary for the other articles furnishing the room. These squares come in assorted designs for Punched, Venetian Relief and Roman Cut Work, and the sizes are 6, 9, and 12 inches.

Any of our readers desiring further information regarding the embroidering of these articles or the prices and quantity of lace, etc., on receipt of a stamped envelope addressed to the Needlecraft

Dept., Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Montreal, full directions will be sent.

The Centres 568 and 569 come already made up, and will be supplied stamped or plain as our readers prefer. Lustered Cotton to embroider the articles illustrated on this page may be supplied at 30 cents per dozen, and all articles are sent post paid.



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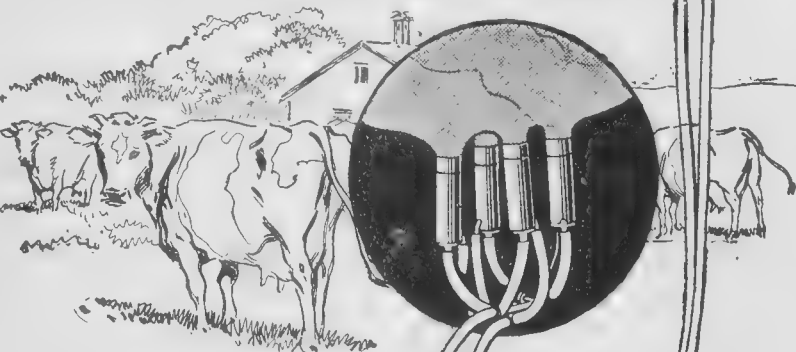
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The Girl's Own Room

Thyrza V. Hawley

There isn't a girl in the land who doesn't want to have a dainty, attractive room of her own—if only she could evolve it out of next to nothing. Well, it is a pet theory of mine that "next to nothing" is a better inspiration, and nearly always more interesting, than unlimited money. So let me be your genie and help you plan how to fix up your room prettily and inexpensively. If you will, I am sure you can do all the work yourself and that will save considerable expense.

My first suggestion is, that we use your favorite flower as the basis of the scheme of decoration. One of my friends who is a California girl, has set her heart on using the golden poppy of her state, and suppose we consider her room as a model to begin with. It is a square, rough-plastered room with unpainted floor and woodwork, its two windows opening on the south and west, and guiltless of closets. As it is warm and sunny, then, the walls would be most attractive if calsomined in a soft, dull green like that of the poppy leaves, with the ceiling and the space above the picture-molding a light cream. I advise using a calsomine rather than a paper, because it is easier to apply, less expensive, and does not fade so badly. Just above the molding we could stencil a narrow border of either the conventionalized or natural poppies and leaves, in their own colors. The woodwork should be painted a pale cream. The floor may either be painted some neutral color, a dark green perhaps, with a small rug or two; or covered with matting, which is very reasonable in price.

Then for the windows. A dark green shade will be necessary first, and for light curtains I should advise unbleached muslin, two widths, hung straight from a small rod at the top to just below the sill, with a two-inch hem at the bottom and a narrow heading above the casing at the top. These can be pushed back to let in light and air and drawn again at night. If these are stenciled with the poppy design across the bottom and up the two center edges, they will be as pretty as any girl could want, and the muslin costs only six or eight cents a yard.

The bedstead in this room is a plain one of cheap, yellow pine, but it may be made charming by three coats of the cream paint, and a simple coverlet of the unbleached muslin, stenciled around the border, or just an ordinary "spread." The bureau here is too ornate to be redeemed, and has besides, a long, cracked mirror. So it will be better to get two packing boxes, nail one on top of the other with two shelves fitted into each, cover and line throughout with some old white cloth, and then drape with the unbleached muslin, stenciled around the bottom and up the middle. A very good way would be to tack it all around the top in rather small folds or plaits. A simple mirror in a plain dark frame may be hung above. But let me warn you not to hang any drapery around the mirror, however pretty the pictured design may seem, if you would have it tell the truth about yourself. A washstand may be made in the same way as the dresser, and from one yard of linen sheeting which will cost probably \$1.25, you may make half a dozen covers for them with hemstitched edges and an embroidered initial.

Now in one corner of the room—the north will be best as it is away from the light—we must put up a broad shelf, three cornered, so that it will fit the angle of the walls. This will be the wardrobe where there is no closet and should have plenty of big hooks underneath, and several covered coat hangers. Plain green denim which harmonizes with the walls, will make a good curtain for this, tacked on in plaits with brass-headed tacks. If you have a shirtwaist box, cover it with denim too, with the top padded on with excelsior. An old wicker chair painted creamy white would be lovely now, or even a kitchen chair may be rejuvenated and made to answer. There's nothing so useful as white paint to freshen old things up, you know, but it must have a decided tinge of cream where the unbleached muslin is used. You can make either

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CORNWALL CENTRE, ONT.,
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a denim or a stenciled cushion for your chair if you wish. And don't have too many pictures. Let them be simple prints mounted on cream or tan cardboard, or else in neat dark frames. Gilt frames would utterly spoil the effect of the yellow poppies.

Then you must have a place to write and keep your own books. I once saw a very pretty desk that you could make yourself. A small old kitchen table had an improvised bookcase, made to rest against the wall at the back, built of three boards—two upright pieces the width of a book and one cross piece shelf, midway between them. Books could stand on the shelf and on the table underneath it—really making two shelves, and another board might have been placed across the top, leaving a good sized writing space in front. Then, as this was all very rough and splintery, the whole thing, legs and all, was neatly covered with denim stretched tight and firmly tacked. A box with a padded top was also covered with the green denim, and behold the desk seat!

I wish every girl would have a window shelf in her room for a few plants. Growing things close to us this way, are a daily inspiration. The shelf may be perfectly plain with two iron braces beneath, painted to match the window frame, and your three or four potted plants chosen to harmonize with the general color scheme: nasturtiums, white geraniums, ferns, Wandering Jew, or dwarf rose bushes for instance would look well with all and would give the cheapest bedroom an individual charm. And try to keep a little vase of fresh flowers always on your desk—a clear, undecorated glass vase is the very nicest and the easiest to get.

And last of all—don't think it must cost a great deal to be the sweetest little room in the world!

Curious Nesting Places

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by E. L. Chicanot, Chigwell

Birds in their search for nesting places free from molestation from their enemies—human and otherwise—find many locations which are unique. Cases of birds building in dwellings are common, and all kinds of birds seem to be guilty of this offence, though it is particularly true of the smaller breeds.

A remarkable story of a blackbird's sagacity is told by a resident of Stroud, Monmouth. This gentleman was the recipient of a pair of blackbirds, and he liberated the female in an orchard adjoining the house. She refused to stay away, however, and at last entered the house, building a nest in the drawing-room. Each day the bird took a short flight, but always returned home for food and sleep. If the door happened to be closed, she would flutter against the window, until it was opened and she was admitted.

A swallow, too, built its nest in the club-room of the Odd Fellows' hall and remained undisturbed in her nest during several concerts and other social events which took place there.

Swallows particularly seem to have a propensity for building near dwellings, and several of this species built their nests inside the room of the infants' department of a Lincolnshire school. Unfortunately this was deemed by the medical officer to be insanitary, and the feathered intruders were banished.

The bird which seems fondest of freak nesting places is the tiny, harmless tom-tit. In the box of a cart belonging to a resident of Preston a pair of these little birds built their nest, and successfully hatched six eggs. The cart was daily used for carrying bricks, and each morning when the carter opened the lid of the box the mother flew away, only to return when the cart came back to the shed. So ingeniously was the nest constructed that when the cart was tilted the nest and occupants were not disturbed.

Another pair of these same birds took advantage of a small hole in the entrance gate of a residence near Wighton, Cumberland. The young were safely hatched, and several times a day—every time the gate was opened—the birds received an involuntary swing which, judging by their loud chirpings, the diminutive nestlings seemed to enjoy.

Still another of these birds which evidently desired human companionship built its nest in the mouth of a large wooden crocodile which stood outside the house of its manufacturer close to the highway. Here the bird had discovered a retreat in one of the most unlikely places where a nest would be looked for.

A curiously constructed nest, built by a tom-tit, was once to be seen in a Devonshire churchyard. It was thickly lined with confetti which had done duty at local weddings and was strewn over the church portals. One cannot but admire the mother-love which prompted the zeal with which these infinitesimal pieces were collected.

In the hall of an Essex girls' school a pair of thrushes built their nest and, notwithstanding the constant examination they underwent from the girls, successfully raised a large family.

Owing to the making of a new road at Stoats' Nest it was found necessary to remove a ten-foot yew tree in which was a thrushes' nest containing a brood of young birds only a few days old. By careful handling, tree, nest, and fledglings were safely conveyed without harm a distance of thirty-five feet, where the yew tree was replanted, the old bird actually sitting on the nest whilst the men carried the tree.

The homely sparrow with seemingly great confidence in humanity is the bird most often seen near our dwellings, and there are many instances of their freak building. A pair of these birds, evidently in search of a warm nesting place, built their home at the back of one of the coke ovens in the Glamorgan colliery at Llwynpia, where they became the special care of all the

oven makers. A brood was hatched, and despite the fact that the young birds were only about a foot away from the fierce fire, they seemed to suffer no inconvenience from the extreme warmth of this strange resting-place.

One of the most curiously constructed nests ever seen was at one time on exhibition in Denver, Colorado. It was picked up by a resident of the city, on the sidewalk in front of the city courthouse where the wind had evidently blown it. The nest was a sparrow's, and the maker was evidently preparing against the attacks of his inherent enemy—man. The nest was made of old sweepings, with hairpins and nails woven in at the side, their points projecting outwards, reminding one of the rifles projecting from the port-holes of a fortification.

Another instance of a bird guarding against its many enemies comes to us from the Argentine. In that country, where the summers are long and hot, it is customary to have the windows open day and night during the hottest months of the year. A bird about the size of a robin, taking advantage of this, proceeded to build its nest in the room of a dwelling-house, fixing it firmly to one of the Venetian blinds over the window. The eggs were duly hatched and the young ones fledged when the whole family departed. On taking down the nest it was found to be practically armor-clad, the outer part being composed almost entirely of old iron and rusty nails woven in

amongst the hay. On counting the nails it was found that no fewer than sixty-six had been used, besides some wire and pins taken from the dressing-table.

A much-travelled nest some time ago came to light at a London fruiterer's. The fruiterer had recently received a consignment of Canary bananas, and whilst cutting off a branch from the stalk, came across a tiny nest firmly built between the fruit, about half-way down the stalk. The nest, which contained two small white eggs, was built of dry grass, whilst the inside was lined with a soft, yellowish material.

The smaller species of birds will often find nesting places inaccessible to the human hand, and evidently with this intention a family of tom-tits made their home in the hollow of a street lamp-post, about a foot or so from the bottom of the lamp itself. The hole was so small as to refuse the passage of two fingers, and even then the nest could not be reached. A brood was raised in this curious home, but one precocious youngster had evidently scrambled from his nest to the top of the post, for he was found dead on the sidewalk below, and it was in this way that the carefully hidden nest was discovered.

With this same view of protection a pair of blue-tits or willow-warblers built their nest in a pump at Billingborough, Lincolnshire, gaining access through a small opening in the top where the beading was broken off at

the corner. The iron rod connecting the pump-handle to the sucker passed through the nest and the birds were apparently not disturbed when it moved up and down.

A singular nesting place was discovered near a hedge bordering the athletic grounds at Acton. A cricket match was in progress and the ball was driven by a batsman to the boundary. The ball rolled against a rusty tin can, which the fieldsman found to contain a robin sitting on two eggs.

Another robin found a nesting place in a fold of the canvas covering of a railway van. Here she built her nest and laid three eggs. Five previous attempts by the bird to make her home in this inconvenient site were frustrated by the carman who at length, moved to admiration by the pluck and persistence of his little visitor, allowed her to remain. Nest and eggs, of course, went the rounds with the van for about ten hours each day, and the bird was always waiting to go back to her nest when the van returned to the yard at night.

A street car, too, formed the nesting place of an unusually adventurous robin at Ipswich. The car was stopped for slight repairs and, whilst in the yard, a robin built its nest there and laid its first egg.

On the car coming into service again the nest was removed and placed in an angle of the wall, where the robin afterwards made her residence and raised a large family.

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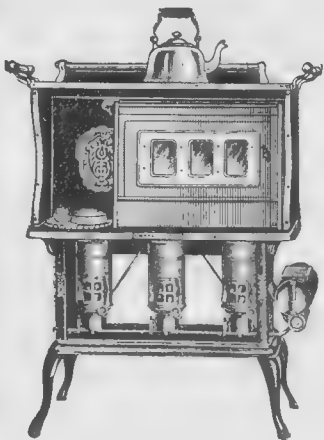
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Young People

The Little Rabbit who wanted Wings.

(By Katherine Rembrandt.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little White Rabbit with two beautiful long pink ears and two bright red eyes and four soft little feet—such a pretty little Rabbit, but he wasn't happy.

Just think, this little White Rabbit wanted to be somebody else instead of the nice little rabbit that he was.

When Mr. Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I wish I had a long gray tail like Mr. Bushy Tail's."

And when Mr. Porcupine went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I wish I had a back full of bristles like Mr. Porcupine's."

And when Miss Paddle-Duck went by in her two little red rubbers, the little White Rabbit would say:

"Oh, Mammy, I wish I had a pair of red rubbers like Miss Paddle Duck's."

So he went on and on wishing until his Mammy was clean tired out with his wishing and Old Mr. Ground Hog heard him one day.

Now old Mr. Ground Hog is very wise indeed so he said to the little White Rabbit:



For Shine or Shower

But by the time he reached home it was getting dark and when he went in the hole at the foot of a big tree where he lived, his Mammy didn't know him. No, she really and truly did not know him because you see she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life. And so the little White Rabbit had to go out again because his Mammy wouldn't let him get into his own bed. He had to go out and look for some place to sleep all night.

He went and went until he came to Mr. Bushy Tail's house and he rapped on the door and said:

"Please, kind Mr. Bushy Tail, may I sleep in your house all night?"

But Mr. Bushy Tail opened his door a crack and then he slammed it tight shut again. You see he had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all his life.

So the little White Rabbit went and went until he came to Miss Paddle Duck's nest down by the marsh and he said:

"Please, kind Miss Paddle Duck, may I sleep in your nest all night?"

But Miss Paddle Duck poked her head up out of her nest just a little way and then she shut her eyes and stretched her wings out so far that she covered her whole nest.

You see she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life.

So the little White Rabbit went and went until he came to Old Mr. Ground Hog's hole and Old Mr. Ground Hog let him sleep with him all night, but the hole had beech nuts spread all over it. Old Mr. Ground Hog liked to sleep on them, but they hurt the little White Rabbit's feet and made him very uncomfortable before morning.

When it came morning, the little White Rabbit allowed he'd try his wings and fly a little, so he climbed up on a hill and spread his wings and sailed off, but he landed in a low bush all full of prickles and his four feet got mixed up with the twigs so he couldn't get down.

"Mammy, Mammy, Mammy, come and help me!" he called.

His Mammy didn't hear him, but Old Mr. Ground Hog did and he came and helped the little White Rabbit out of the prickly bush.

"Don't you want your red wings?" Mr. Ground Hog asked.

"No, no!" said the little White Rabbit.

"Well," said the Old Ground Hog, "why don't you go down to the Wishing Pond and wish them off again?"

So the little White Rabbit went down to the Wishing Pond and saw his face in it. Then he turned around three times and, sure enough, his red wings were gone. Then he went home to his Mammy who knew him right away, and was so glad to see him that he never, never wished to be something different from what he really was again.

A Little Lad's Answer

Our little lad came in one day

With dusty shoes and tired feet;

His playtime had been hard and long,

Out in the summer's noontide heat. "I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and hung

His torn straw hat up in the hall, While in the corner by the door He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,

"This little lad comes always here, When there are many other homes

As nice as this and quite as near?"

He stood a moment deep in thought,

Then, with a love-light in his eye,

He pointed where his mother sat, And said: "She lives here; that is why."

With beaming face the mother heard; Her mother heart was very glad.

A true, sweet answer he had given,

That thoughtful, loving little lad.

And well I know that host of lads

Are just as loving, true and dear;

That they would answer as he did:

"Tis home, for mother's living here."

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A Game of Tag.

"Well," mamma said, "I'll tell you about the funniest game of tag you ever saw in all your lives—ever!"

"I don't see how it could be funnier than catching Sweetheart!" murmured Perry.

Mamma laughed. "But Sweetheart has only two feet to run with, if they are quick; and my little runners had, every one of them, four!"

"Four feet!"

"Mamma!"

"Who ever!"

"Yes, four little twinkling feet, every single one of them," went on mamma, enjoying the astonishment on four faces. "I saw them myself, so of course I know. It was the funniest sight! There were three of them. I didn't want to stop

and so the funny game went along.

"I imagined their mother must be at the window, with the baby in her arms, maybe, watching the fun. I was so interested that I suppose I moved incautiously—who knows but I clapped my hands, too, when they caught Curlover Tail? Anyhow, there was an alarm, and—presto! my little friends were gone; they had all scampered home. They are never far from home, and the front door is always open."

Mamma took up her work, the story all told.

"Oh," breathed Sweetheart, softly, "how I wish I could've seen that game o' tag!"

"So do I!" echoed Debby Doolittle. "Don't I!" cried Perry. And little Lawrence would have wished so too, if he hadn't been fast asleep, you see.—Youth's Companion.



The Joyful Summer Time

them to ask their names, but I felt sure they were Nimble and Frisk and Curlover Tail. Anyhow, they might have been. They had on little fur coats, all alike, with stripes up and down the backs—"Oh, squirrels!"

"Yes, little striped squirrels. They were really playing tag; and such fun!"

"I kept as still as a mouse, and watched them. There were three or four trees in a row, whose branches shook hands with each other and made a long leafy road to run on; and didn't they run! Back and forth, back and forth over the green road, how the little spry fellows scurried! How they darted aside to hide among the leaves. How they leaped and scampered and laughed. Yes, they really must have laughed, they were so bubbling over with frolic and fun. Three children just out of school couldn't have enjoyed themselves better than my little fur-jacketed folk.

"One would be ahead, running with all his might to keep ahead, and the others after him, helter-skelter. When they caught him, as they were sure to do by and by, it was his turn to catch;

Kite Time.

Spring breezes call out the kites. The boy who can do so should purchase some one of the various forms of patented "box" kites that are now manufactured and sold in toy stores, since these are so odd in shape and so "strong" in flying qualities as to offer great sport to the one at the lower end of the string. But if these are not available, there is still very good sport in the old-fashioned shapes. The lightest and strongest strips of wood should be selected for the frames. The dotted lines show where stout strings are strung. When the frame is complete, select a large sheet of thin but tough paper, and lay the frame upon it, cutting the paper the exact shape of the outline, but about three-quarters of an inch larger all around. Fold this edge over the strings or wood, and paste it firmly. The line should be attached from near the ends of the cross-piece. For the curved head shave down a piece of barrel hoop until it is not more than an eighth of an inch thick and three-

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eighths of an inch wide. These kites will need "tails," that are made by tying little bunches of paper, six inches apart, to a string eight feet or so in length, and attaching one end to the lower point of the kite. This gives steadiness.

Dubious

"What is it wound up on that cart?" asked the old lady visiting the fire house.

"Firemen's hose," was the answer. "Excuse me," she said indignantly, "you can't tell me that any fireman or anyone else ever had legs to fit those things."—Chicago Journal.

A Disciple of Joshua.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lillian Leveridge

"Basil! Basil, where are you?"

The question was repeated several times before the sound of the violin guided Mr. Newman to the room where his nephew and ward, Basil Farley, was practicing his violin lesson.

The boy looked up in some surprise as his uncle entered. "Did you want me, Uncle?" he asked.

"I have just met your teacher, Mr. Briscoe," Mr. Newman answered. "He tells me that he wants you to play at his recital next week, but you would rather not." "I'd like to know why."

"O, uncle, I don't feel sure enough of myself. It makes me nervous only to think of playing before so many people."

"Nervous! Fiddlesticks! What for do you think I have bought you that violin and paid for your music lesson all these months if you can't play except to empty walls? Now, see here. You play, and play well next Tuesday night, else you have had your last lesson. Do you understand?"

"Yes, uncle, I will do my best, but

"No 'buts' about it! If you disappoint me you know the result. Now, go on with your practising."

When the door closed after his uncle, Basil, with a determined spirit, and yet

with a dull foreboding, applied himself to the lesson.

From childhood he had loved music with an ever-growing passion; and for some time it had been his one absorbing ambition to be a violinist. What if he should fail on Tuesday night! At the very thought he grew sick at heart, and the bow trembled on the strings. All too soon the fateful night arrived.

The town hall was brilliantly alight, and the platform prettily decorated with flags and flowers. A full half hour before the time set for the opening of the programme nearly all La Vallie was assembled there.

La Vallie was rather proud of the gifted young Mr. Briscoe, pianist and violinist, and doubly proud of the youthful talent that was being developed under his tuition.

At last the programme began. The young musicians for the most part did credit to themselves and their teacher, and were heartily applauded by the audience.

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Royal Drummer, Welsh Fusiliers.

"A violin solo by Basil Farley," at length announced the chairman; and the shy, sensitive boy, who for the last hour had suffered tortures of apprehension, realized that his hour had come.

With a pale face and throbbing heart, he took his place on the platform. His eyes fell before the sea of upturned faces; and the piano, playing the opening bars of the accompaniment, sounded far away.

The violin notes should have been full and clear, there was no tremolo marked in the music; but it was a series of very uncertain sounds that Basil's quivering bow drew from the violin. He knew he was playing badly, and the harsh, grating notes seemed to reiterate his uncle's words, "If you disappoint me you know the result."

Then a misty darkness came before his eyes. The violin dropped from his nerveless fingers, and clattered, a broken, voiceless thing, down the platform steps.

Half dazed and utterly wretched, Basil descended, picked up the shattered instrument, and without one look at the pitying faces turned toward him, went out into the night.

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Tattle—"Touring, talking, sewing, or washing?"



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About the Farm

The Garden

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Dell Grattan

HOW many farmers who are readers of this paper have a good up-to-date garden? True, many have what they call a garden, a little patch of ground, plowed in the spring, with perhaps a few early potatoes, onions, cabbage and some turnips. These are not half attended to, and when it comes time to harvest the crops they are so grown up with weeds that one can scarcely tell where the vegetables are. This may look like exaggeration, but I have visited many farms where the above description is only too true of many of the gardens. Why should it be so? Why should not every farmer have a first-class garden, filled with all kinds of the best vegetables, fruits and flowers? He has the best localities for making such a garden; manures, land and implements to work it. No excuse for him not having an up-to-date garden. Think of the great help such a garden is to the women folk in planning the meals. Also the improved health the family would obtain by using more vegetables and less meat. As a rule, farmers regard work done in the garden as so much lost time and energy. Right here is where the mistake is made.

It has always been my aim to have a good-sized garden, and grow therein nearly all kinds of vegetables. I have found that no crop brings as great returns from the same area as a well kept garden.

The arrival of the annual catalogues of the seed houses again reminds us that gardening time is at hand and ought also to determine those who have been slack heretofore that "his year the time has come for a real first-class garden. Granted the need for having and the will to have, it is part of wisdom to look far enough ahead to get the necessary seed before they are wanted and in doing so, send direct to the seed house you prefer to deal with, and do not wait until so late you have to rush to the grocery store and get from the ready made assortment supplied there. These are generally limited in their selection, and by a large number of experimental tests have proved, as a rule, to be very low in power of germination.

It is part of wisdom to strip the colored pages containing the wonderful novelties quoted at much higher prices than the regular list. A variety of any sort that appears in the regular list is generally to be relied upon, provided, of course, it is adapted to your conditions in other respects. For Northwestern Canada earliness of maturity is the first quality to be considered.

In looking ahead for the care of the garden after it is up, do not fail to include with your order for seeds, a Planet Jr. or Iron Age combined seed drill and cultivator. This is one of the best investments any person having a garden can make. They can be purchased from almost any seedsmen for a few dollars and will often pay for themselves in one season.

Do not have your garden in some out-of-the-way place. It deserves the best piece of land on your farm and will pay good interest thereon. If the garden is not already permanently located select a site having a southern exposure or one having a grove or shelter on the north or west. Try and have the garden about four times as long as it is wide, as such a piece of ground is much more convenient to plow and cultivate. Run all your rows the full length of the garden; they will be much easier to cultivate and will present a much neater appearance than if planted in beds. When planning the garden for usefulness, consider also an arrangement that will be ornamental as facilities will allow. Do not sow a row of beets, then a row of radishes, and next a row of parsnips and so forth. Group each kind together or in different lots of a number of rows each, and have the taller growing kinds at the back of the plot, and others, in rotation as height decreases, from this point outward. On the fences all around and on buildings grow annual flowering vines, or, if edible things are wanted grow pole beans, scarlet runner beans, tomatoes, trained to occupy

all the space. Sweet corn may serve to hide a fence. It is just as easy to have a vegetable garden that will please the eye as well as the palate, as to have one that serves only the one purpose—and those that are ornamental are doubly acceptable in and to the sense.

Have all vegetables which will permit of close planting on one side of the garden such as beets, beans, carrots, lettuce, radishes, onions, peas, parsnips, etc. Those which require more room like cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers, melons, squash and tomatoes, should be on the other side. These latter varieties should be planted far enough apart to permit of cultivation with a horse: it will save much labor and besides there will be plenty of work to be done between the plants in the rows with a hand hoe.

Onions and How to Grow Them

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Dell Grattan

One of the first things we expect to use from the garden is green onions; so many dishes are made appetizing by their use. They are recognized as something of a medicine and are allowed in society for the virtue there is in them.

The earliest onion of all is the Egyptian Perennial. They grow and multiply so rapidly that in an incredibly short time there will be plenty of delicately flavored onions so delicious, early in the spring, when the green things are scarce. As the weather becomes hot in mid-summer, these onions become tough and strong-flavored; but before they are unfit for use the Yellow Dutch will be ready. The Yellow Dutch sets do not multiply, but grow into green onions, and later into large, firm bulbs, which, if properly ripened, keep well for winter use.

The Egyptian onion should be planted in the fall of the year. It produces no seed, but instead has a small cluster of bulbets, where the seed cluster should be. When they appear ripe they should be taken off the stem, broken apart, and planted about two inches deep. Shallots are very good onions to have in the garden, and are preferred by some.

A great many people have the idea that onions cannot be grown successfully from seed in the West. This I know from experience, to be a mistake, for I have grown them for years with great success. On a small farm or place where one is seeking to furnish him or herself employment at good wages, if not great profit, the onion crop is perhaps the best solution of this problem. Most years the supply is hardly up to the demand, and the labor required by hand to raise a good crop will not be given by most farmers who can do their work on large farms, with machinery and horse power. For this reason, and the fact that it takes very rich land to grow good onions, the small farmer will do well to investigate the possibilities of the onion crop. Give your boy or girl a chance to make some money, and I am sure neither you nor they will be disappointed in the results if they follow the methods I took to grow them.

Onions will not do well on new land. They require well worked, rich soil, not too loose. The land should be plowed deeply and harrowed in the fall. The same land may be used year after year, and the last crop will be better than the first. First of all be sure you have good seed and of a kind suitable for the West.

Extra Early Red and the Yellow Danvers have both done well with me. The Extra Early Red is one of the best for the Northwest. I do not know of a better onion for northern latitudes where the seasons are short and cool. It can be made to produce fine marketable onions in 90 days from the sowing of the seed. It is hardy, reliable, solid, heavy, keeps well, and has a mild flavor. Some object to its color—a rich red: preferring the Yellow Danver in this respect. It is a good onion, both for home garden and for market, combining reliability in ripening with large yield. The skin is pale yellow; flesh pure white.

Have the ground thoroughly worked and the surface firm and smooth. Sow

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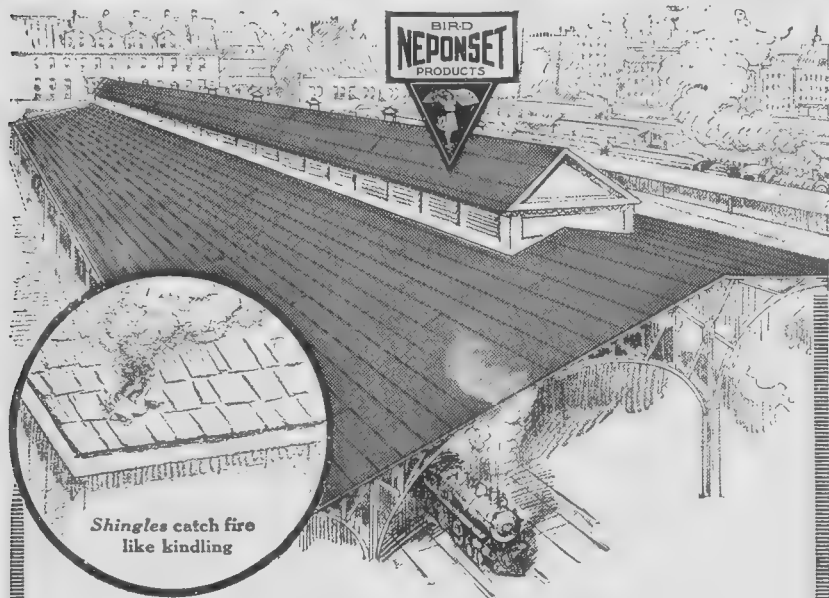
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the seed in rows, running east and west, at least a foot apart. I have found it a good plan to mix about one-quarter of radish seed with the onion seed. The radish having earlier sprouting tendencies than the onion, will act as guides in early cultivation. The seed must be sown very early in the spring, just as soon as the ground can be prepared. Freezing and thawing does not hurt onion seed as much as a great many other plants. If the seed does not show up for four weeks, do not be alarmed, it will be ready to sprout at the earliest opportunity; it starts very slowly.

Keep using the cultivator frequently, taking care not to stir the soil too deeply or to collect it about the growing bulbs. Never allow the weeds to get ahead of the young plants. When they are about two inches high, they should be thinned out, and the radish plants removed. This thinning should leave a good onion about every four inches in the row. Don't be afraid to leave so much space for they will require it every bit, unless you intend to sell them for green onions. Then, of course, you may leave, say, two inches apart and pull every second one for green ones, leaving the others to get ripe. Never allow them to get crowded, and do not leave a single weed. Always see to it that you do not draw the earth to them, or work in the garden while the ground is wet.

When the bulbs attain a good size, say, half grown, begin to roll down the tops with a hand roller or even a barrel, flat to the ground. See that every top is broken, laid flat and kept there. It is wonderful how those bulbs will enlarge after the tops are bruised. When full-sized, or the cold weather coming on, it is time to harvest them. Pull them and leave them in rows on the ground for a week or even longer, if the weather is favorable. Then cut off the tops close, and leave them in wide-spreading piles, so they can be covered up at night and exposed to the sun in the day.

If you have a warm, dry floor upon which you can spread them, it would be all the better. They should be thoroughly dried before storing for winter. Open racks suspended in the air in a dry, cool room, that does not quite freeze, should be used. The onions should not be more than three inches deep on each shelf or rack, and the rack should be made of wire or wooden slats so that the air can pass freely through.

I dispose of all not required for home use in the fall.

Problems in Fattening Steers

C. W. Burkett

The steer that will fatten readily is set, deep, broad and compact rather than long-legged, gaunt, narrow and loosely put together. The broad, compact form indicates good constitution. Low-set animals are usually good feeders. The top and under lines should be nearly parallel. Prominent hips, tail, head and shoulders should be avoided as smoothness of outline is essential. Good quality is indicated in a smooth, refined head, fine bones, thin skin and silk-like hair. The skin should be loose and mellow. Strong constitution is indicated by wide, deep chest, long and well-sprung ribs, compactness of form and fineness of bone.

It is obvious that lean-feeding animals that have depended on scanty pastures require a different ration at the beginning of winter when put in the feed lot than those in moderate condition. In the thin stock, the fibers of the flesh need development in order that fat may be stored in between and among them. Such animals require a feeding period of three to four weeks, in which a greater quantity of protein will be given than later on. After this preliminary feeding the proportion of carbohydrates and fats may be increased. When more than a couple of pounds of digestible fat are taken into the system the appetite and digestion are likely to be disturbed. Hence, the feeder must avoid an excess of fatty food.

Less Bulk as Fattening Advances

During the growing period and approach of fattening, the amount of roughage food may be considerable. This will decrease as the fattening period advances and more of the concentrates should be introduced. For intensive feeding, coarse feeds like stover and straw must give

way to the legume hays and grain. The better the condition of the cattle when taken from pasture, the quicker the finishing period will be reached and consequently the greater profit. Even at best, finishing cattle is a risky business and needs to be watched with sharp eyes. Heavy feeding is desirable. To stretch out the fattening period is to increase the risk and to lessen the profit, unless favored by a rising market. Quick work in the feed lot is usually cheap fattening.

When calves are to be finished as baby beefs, their ration will take on more and more grain concentrates as winter passes. Corn should be fed in liberal amounts, from one-half to three-quarters of the grain portion consisting of it. In case legumes are largely supplied, the grain portion may consist largely of corn, with enough oil meal or bran to give a safe supply of protein.

In the absence of alfalfa, clover or other legume hay, one of the oil meals should be used to the extent of 20 per cent of the concentrate. The ration should be steadily increased to meet the steady growth and weight taken on during the several weeks of feeding. By spring, calves put in the feed lot for baby beefs should weigh from 800 to 1,000 pounds, and be in such good flesh that they may be marketed in a very short time after being put on a finishing ration. This means the roughage must be decreased and the concentrates properly increased.

For animals brought up to a marketable stage as baby beef, continuous grain feeding from birth to the end is necessary. Whether this is best is still an unsettled problem, even though many men are able to secure good profits by the plan. But the method has its limitations. While adaptable to certain lines of farming, the practice of carrying cattle along until within the range of two years of age is still the more popular practice. In the first place the steer is by nature a good instrument for converting large amounts of coarse or bulk feed into meat. This the pig cannot do. But compared with the pig, the baby steer renders a less satisfactory account of the grain it consumes. For this reason, doubtless, the pig competitor will limit the extent to which baby beef will be produced.

In feeding out steers, which are past two summers and a winter, during the second winter the grain should be rather liberal. So fed, by May or June such animals ought to be of a marketable finish if turned on good pasture and fed heavily on grain. Steers that have been pastured during the past summer and have had little or much grain, may be finished on new corn early in the winter, or carried on for several months longer. The corn can be hauled direct from the field and fed on pasture, on the stock, as is the custom on many farms, or other grain may be given in the feed lot. But in any case, as rapidly as may be done safely the corn should be increased for a month or two, when the steers may be placed on full feed. From now on they may refuse some of the roughage provender.

Snap may compose half the ration. As soon as removed from pasture, protein feeds must be used and some shelled or ground corn also provided. Pigs should now be permitted to follow the steers, else much valuable grain will be wasted. Not only will this method admit of rapid growth of the pigs, but these animals will practically grow to a marketable finish, giving a double chance of profit from the use of the grain.

Drainage Useful the Year Around

Prof. F. O. Fippin, N.Y. College of Agriculture

The cost of drainage depends on the character of the soil and the size of the tile used. Numbers of figures show that it runs from 25 to 30 cents a rod for lateral drains for construction of the ditch, to which must be added the cost of tile—about 25 cents for 3-inch size. With hard, stony land and larger tile, the total cost a rod may reach \$1 or more.

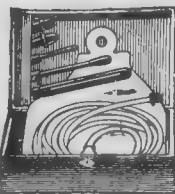
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one must study local conditions. In general, for orchard drainage on medium soils, the tiles should be from 3 to 3½ feet deep. There are conditions where they may be deeper. For general farm conditions it is desirable not to drain too deeply. On heavy clay soil, the problem is not so much to get rid of the subsoil water as to get rid of the surface water.

Drainage Obviates Irrigation

There has been considerable agitation in western New York and other sections concerning irrigation. It seems to me that any system of drainage which will increase the available supply of water in the soil will do as well. Much of the land in need of irrigation in August has an excess of water in April. By installing a system of thorough under drainage one equalizes the soil moisture conditions and obtains better results.

Irrigation has a place in New York agriculture but until we have made the best possible use of the storage capacity of our soil by tillage, drainage and other processes we have no right to look to irrigation. On a greater part of our lands it is preferable to improve the crop growth by better tillage and drainage rather than by the introduction of such an expensive practice as irrigation. Irrigation is to be resorted to only after everything else has been done. We should not look to irrigation to supplant tillage.

Culture Killed Quack Grass

R. E. Dimick, Wisconsin

The present system has proved that the system of deep plowing that I have advocated for the extermination of quackgrass is just as effective during wet weather as during a dry season. Four years ago I had a 12-acre field badly infested with quack. Part of it was a solid sod, while in other parts the grass was still in patches. I sowed this field to winter wheat, and early in the spring sowed clover and let the frosts and rains cover it. I had a good crop of wheat and got a good catch of clover. The next year I cut this clover for hay, and then applied manure with a spreader at the rate of about 15 tons per acre. I had enough manure to cover a little over a half of the piece. Just before the ground froze up I plowed the sod under about 9 inches deep.

In the spring, as soon as I could get on the ground, I began using a disk, and later a smoothing harrow. I then used a soil packer and smooth harrowed again and then planted the ground to sugar beets. The beets had the usual five or six cultivations, three hoeings and hand weeding. This operation put a pretty effective check on the quack. The subsoil plow used for lifting up beets just before freezing weather arrived loosened up the ground and brought most of the stray quack roots to the surface, where they were exposed to the winter weather. Last winter as soon as I could get on the ground, I started the disk again and kept it going until it was time to seed peas, when I planted the usual four bushels per acre and had a fine crop of garden peas. I find now that there is not a trace of the quack to be found on the whole field.

This system has proved so effective I shall hereafter apply it to all fields where quack gets a start. I am of the opinion that where there is a market for the beets and the peas they are the best combination to be had for putting quack out of business. Where there is no market, or where the conditions are not right for these crops, I would follow as nearly as possible the same lines with some other crops. That is to say, I would get a good clover sod all over the field and cut one crop for hay, then manure as heavy as possible, plow deeply and plant a cultivated crop. I would keep up the cultivation until very late in the fall and the next spring sow some early rank-growing crop. If the work is done thoroughly and care is taken to turn the deep furrows down flat, I believe this treatment will finish the worst piece of quack-grass in the country, and at the same time greatly improve the land.

Plants For Home Grounds

George S. Woodruff, Iowa

I am particularly interested in flowering plants designed for the ornamentation of the home grounds, rather than those planted for cutting flowers. Perhaps the simplest way to go at it is to start with the spring and take the flowers somewhat in the order of their blooming. I begin with the Dutch bulbs, the crocuses, scillas, tulips, hyacinths, snowdrops, and daffodils, indispensable on account of their beautiful colors, early blooming and hardiness. I plant these, of course, in the early fall. One of the very earliest of spring flowers, and which is a great favorite of mine, is the mercensia or bluebell, which, though a wild plant, is well adapted to garden culture. It is easily grown, spreads rapidly, and gets entirely out of the way early in the season. By the way, I have, under a tree, a collection of wildlings which I am helping to save from extinction. The list includes trilliums, bellwort, several kinds of violets, hepaticas, plenty of bloodroot, waterleaf, solomon's seal, smilacina, polemonium and a lot of other things.

I assume that the usual well-known flowering shrubs are planted, as they should be, at the outside or back of the grounds. Of course, spireas, lilacs, syringas and the Japanese hydrangea are al-

ways attractive, but there are several flowering shrubs not as well known as they should be. One of these is the deutzia lemoinei, another is the snowball hydrangea, which I think is the most important addition to our list of hardy shrubs in the last few years.

Some Desirable Perennials

Taking up the herbaceous perennials, the most important by far in the ornamentation of grounds is the hardy phlox. This is now to be had in the purest white and in bright colors and of various heights, from a few inches up to 5 feet.

The borders for perennials should be prepared like the finest vegetable garden and made very rich. Attention should be given to cutting the flowers promptly and freely as this insures continual bloom until hard frosts. One of the neglected plants which should be grown by everybody is the perennial larkspur or delphinium. For some reason or other we get into ruts and plant the same shrubs and flowers year after year, and for this reason many fine plants are neglected. This is partly due to the fact that so many things are offered that are not adapted to our climate and general conditions, but the larkspur is worthy of all praise. It is perfectly hardy and the new hybrids are most beautiful, making flower spikes, often 2 feet long in a great variety of shades of blue and pink.

Following the tulips and preceding the phloxes come the peonies. By selecting the earliest and latest varieties their blooming season may be made to overlap the tulips a little and reach to the earliest of the phloxes. The dielytra, or old-fashioned buttercup and the columbines should not be left out, and for yellow flowers the coreopsis lanceolata is desirable, and if cut freely will bloom all summer. Everybody knows the Rudbeck golden glow, still one of the best things if kept in place and well fed.

Attractive Annuals

I have said nothing of annuals because the perennials are so much less trouble and so permanent. The seeds of the annuals often fail to germinate at all under out-door conditions, and are late in getting ready to bloom. Still there are a few that are indispensable, such as the petunias and the asters. Where there is room the improved snap dragons are splendid to grow for cutting and even for display. The salpiglossis, too, with its rich and varied flowers, is not so well known as it should be, and the scabiosa makes a pretty mass of color and is good for cutting. For large grounds the plumed celosias make a gorgeous show. I believe that where there is a greenhouse near it is better for most people to engage the florist to start the annuals in pots or flats and so have them in bloom early.

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That perfect fit and comfort which you are assured when you ask for your size in Pen-Angle Underwear (the kind knit to fit) greatly improves the look of your outer garments, and gives you a feeling of being well-dressed from the skin out. Other underwear is more or less of a makeshift—it bulges, sags, loses shape, shrinks,—but



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hasn't even one of the faults you are used to paying good money to bother with. Just try Pen-Angle once and learn how it surely does solve the underwear question for man and woman and child. Ask the store you trade at.

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Troubled With Weak Heart. Was All Run Down.

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart till some excitement, overwork or worry causes them suddenly to feel faint or dizzy, and have an all-gone sinking sensation.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves, you should not wait until your case becomes so desperate that it is going to take years to cure you, but avail yourself of a prompt and perfect cure by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. Thomas A. Stevenson, Harris Sask., writes:—"I was troubled with weak heart, and was all run down for a long while. I was almost in despair of ever getting well again, until a friend recommended me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. After the first box, I was much better, and three boxes cured me. I am now, as well as ever, and will highly recommend them to any one else troubled with a weak heart."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25.

For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q. Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg. The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

I have made a specialty of the gladiolus, which I believe is the best of all flowers for cutting, but it is not so highly recommended as a decorative plant in the yard. It can, however, be planted with fine effect in front of shrubbery. The ground should be well prepared and dug deep—the bulbs being planted about 5 inches deep. I plant at first about 1 foot apart, and after intervals of about 20 days plant between. In this way it is possible to have flowers for six weeks in succession. Dahlias? Yes, but not too many, and I plant only one shoot to the hill. It is best not to plant these flowers too early, or they will all be gone in the fall when they should be prettiest. The cosmos is beautiful, but very likely to be caught by frost before it is ready to bloom.

To my way of thinking, asters are necessary for fall. I plant the branching sorts and in as many separate colors as I can get. The only indispensable flowering vine is the clematis paniculata, which not only gives its masses of fragrant white flowers in September but keeps a beautiful green until winter.

Formal beds of greenhouse plants may well be used along walks or in close proximity to buildings. For this purpose geraniums, salvias, double or single sweet alyssum, ageratums in white or blue, torenias for border lines and numerous other flowers are suitable, but should be started in pots.

Gained 100 Pounds Milk Per Cow

L. D. Staples

My stock consists of a small herd of grade Guernseys, and while no extraordinary results have been attained, nor any world's records beaten, yet the yield of butter fat shows a decided increase over that of the original herd. This has given me great satisfaction since I know that I am progressing satisfactorily along what I originally planned. The Guernsey

breed was selected, because, first of all, they appealed to me from a fancy standpoint, and I believe they would fit into my conditions better than any other breed. While it is not my purpose to boom any particular dairy cow, I believe farmers should be guided in like manner and select that type which they like best.

My barn is an ordinary structure, well lighted and ventilated, and during cold months of winter the cows are kept in most of the time. They are only turned out twice daily to water and then they exercise sufficiently. I feed twice a day, usually all the roughage they will consume, all of which I grow on my farm. I have had satisfactory results so far with good hay, corn stover and fodder corn. The grain ration is compounded of corn, oats, bran and shorts mixed in varying proportions according to cost of each. Usually there is no set rule as regards quantity, but the cost enters into it to a great extent. My idea is to have the cost as low as possible, which will make a feed producing the best flow of milk and ultimately giving the greatest net profit. Of course, the general rule for us dairymen is to feed one pound of grain to three pounds of milk produced, and herein, I am certain, lies the secret of feeding cows intelligently, which is impossible without knowing the production of each animal, and then feeding accordingly. A little salt is of great value when given every day.

Cows Freshen in the Fall

The cows are bred so they freshen in the fall, and I prefer them to drop their calves at that time. Then usually the pastures are dried up and a little extra feed should be provided, so as to have them in good condition as soon as they come in fresh so they will do good work. If the cows are poor in flesh they will not be able to do their best, no matter how much we feed afterward. Some idea may be gained as to the profitable-

ness of dairying by studying some of many profits, which I am able to determine from the entire records.

The average annual yield of butter fat per cow is about 250 pounds, but what is still more important is that this is a gain of nearly 100 pounds per cow over my original herd. The credit for this gain I give partly to the use of a good dairy sire, partly to weeding out low breeders and also, of course, to better methods of feeding and care.

Linseed in Calf Feeding.

In the feeding of calves it is found that linseed meal or crushed linseed added to skim or separated milk is one of the safest and most economical substitutes for the abstracted milk fat. Linseed approaches more nearly in composition to the solids of milk than any other food, and the oil which it contains, to the extent of 34 to 38 per cent., is easily digestible. There is, however, a risk in buying any grain or seed in the form of a meal, as it is difficult to detect impurities when the material is sold in this condition.

One of the commonest adulterants of linseed meal is ground linseed cake. The latter does not contain more than one-sixth to one-third of the oil in pure linseed, and the relatively larger amount of fibre in it renders it unsuitable for giving to young calves as a substitute for milk fat. Again the meal of almost any cereal grain can be mixed with linseed meal in fairly large proportions before the substitution is likely to be detected. The object of such admixture is at once apparent, in that linseed cake and cereal meals cost, roughly, about one-third the price of genuine linseed. The risk would be obviated by purchasing whole linseed and having it ground at home, but the objection to this is the difficulty of grinding, owing to the linseed clogging the usual crushing mill used on the farm.

Whole milk should be fed for at least one week. During the next week the change from the whole milk to skim milk should be gradually brought about. Substitute each day a regular proportion of skim milk for the same amount of whole milk withdrawn. The skim milk should be fed warm, from 90 to 100 degrees F. To replace the fat removed from the skim milk as well as to furnish additional protein, is now the duty of the linseed, mixed with the milk in the form of a jelly. This jelly should be added in small quantities at first, and slowly increased. Begin with a dessertspoonful in each portion, and gradually increase until about a cupful is being fed night and morning to the three months old calf.

To prepare the jelly, boil or steep one pound of linseed in water almost boiling until a thick paste results. Another method of preparation is to take a half-cup of ground linseed in a quart of water, and allow it to simmer just below the boiling point until a thick jelly is formed. It should be kept cool and sweet until fed.—The Dairy.

A Musical Prodigy

There is a little French girl musician whose name is Yvonne Borderon, only seven years of age, who is a marvel because of her infallible recognition of the pitch of notes. Her ability in this direction was first shown when a cat in attempting to crawl upon the piano touched a key with her paw. Yvonne exclaimed, "F sharp," and so it was. A drinking-glass was struck, and she said, "G flat." She quickly interpreted an automobile horn, a cyclist's gong, a locomotive whistle, a church-bell, and so forth. One day her father pulled the lowest string of a double bass viol, and she exclaimed, "D flat." It was thought she had made a mistake, because that string is ordinarily "E"; but when the viol and piano were compared, it was found that the viol was out of tune, and Yvonne was right. One day Yvonne's mother tried to play a trick on her, and she struck a "C sharp" on the piano, calling out "G." Yvonne walked up with a frown, and said to her reproachfully, "Mother dear, it is not well to lie." Not to call the note by its right name was, in her estimation, to do violence to the truth.

Turn idle hours into concrete fence posts

EVERY farmer finds himself now and then with a few idle hours in which both himself and his help must look for "odd jobs" to keep them busy. Use these hours to make concrete fence posts. You can make a few at a time, storing them until needed. Then when you want a fence in the new field, your posts—everlasting, concrete posts—are all ready to use. The making of fence posts is only one of scores of every-day uses for concrete on the farm described in the book,

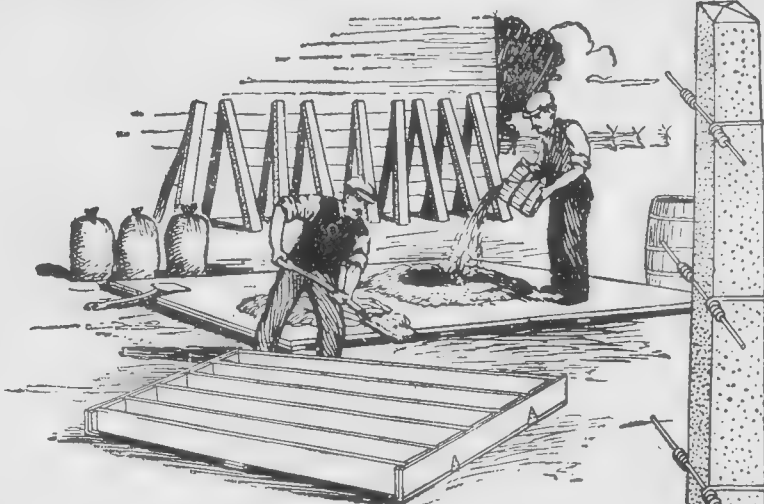
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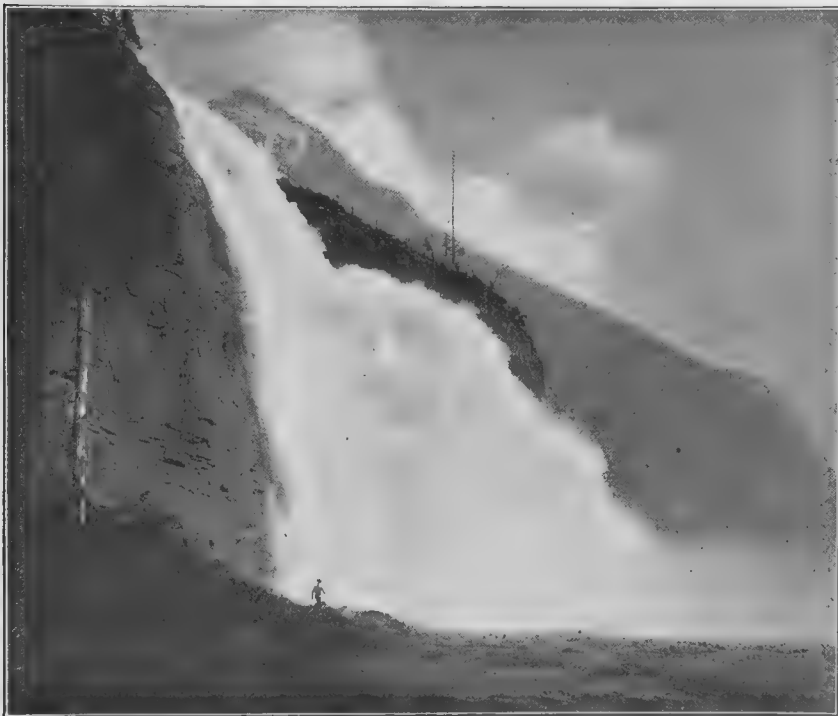
Temperance Talk

Thou Shalt not Steal

Thou shalt not steal thy brother's bread
Thou greedy one, whose love doth hold
Thee not in check from wronging him
Who stands beside thee through the day
Of toil and of accomplishment
The law of God speaks thus to all
Whose hands are not restrained by love.
Thou shalt not steal thy brother's bread,
The law of man speaks thus to all
Who unrestrained would seize the food
From the unwary or the weak—
The law of man so speaks, but adds
The shameful, damning clause,
"Except ye with me shalt divide,
The pilfered food. Thou shalt not steal
Not bread alone, but raiment, joy,
And even sacred life, from all.
The weak and young shall be thy prey,
If with thy country thou 'he spoil
Will share." O, bitter poverty,
That makes this clause hold in our law!
The cattle on a thousand hills
Are God's. His law is true and clean.
My country, in its poverty, must needs
Drain blood from out the weak and
young
To make it strong and rich and great.

for the last twenty years at least, temperance and total abstinence have been systematically taught. The earnest workers of the East have realized that before they could get prohibition the people must be educated to it, and accordingly began to lay a sure foundation.

Now, how is the educational process along that line going on in the West? Through the medium of the press there is much being done, but in the schools of Alberta and Saskatchewan there is nothing being done. When we consider that our Western population is made up of people from various other countries, each with their own prejudices, how difficult then must the problem of prohibition appear? It is surprising when one converses with different people to find how many believe that alcoholic beverages are beneficial, in the sense of a food. A large percentage of these people have come from countries where they have been accustomed to drink from childhood as part of their daily food. What amount, then, of convincing proof would be needful to make that class give up their ideas that have been growing



Emperor Falls, Mount Robson Park, on G.T.P. Railway.

O, God of Nations! Give us wealth
Of soul to make our law like thine.
Give us such makers of the law
As will not shame our land before
Thee, nor before the world of nations.
Nor yet before a little child
Who may look to it for succor.

An Anti-Treating Law Would be an Aid to Prohibition

Written for The Western Home Monthly

What are the chances for Western Canada becoming a prohibition state? That the dream of the great army of temperance workers will be realized is very probable, but the question is—When, and how? Will it be in this generation, or will it be the next? Many temperance workers are very optimistic, and believe they will soon have the victory. Perhaps if someone would venture the opinion that few of the present workers would see the day, they would say he was pessimistic and no friend of prohibition. But is he, when we consider all the strength, force and arts of the enemy? Are the Western provinces as near prohibition as the eastern, and, if not, why and what are the additional difficulties in the West?

To answer the latter part of the question we must compare the people and their attitude towards prohibition. For instance, in Ontario the prohibitionists are dealing with people who have, generally speaking, been brought up in that province and been through schools where,

in them from childhood? While this class will not agree that prohibition is desirable, it is not hard to get any of them to acknowledge that the treating system is an abomination. The writer has heard on more than one occasion very strong anti-prohibitionists say they would support an anti-treating system if it were introduced.

Such a measure would, in the writer's opinion, very much advance the cause of prohibition, because, if the treating to alcoholic beverages were stopped it would rob the traffic of a great deal of its money interest. And I think we are all agreed that the greed of gold is a very strong factor in the keeping of it in the field. If a blow can be struck through reducing profits, then the victory is nearly won.

In a great many cases men drink because someone invites them. What really makes drinking men poor? Is it the money he spends for the whisky he consumes himself, or is it what he uses treating companions? Undoubtedly it is the latter. Then why should not steps be taken to prevent this? In other provinces and states this is being advocated, and why not in the West?

Onlooker.

Thankful For One Thing.

"Whew!" sniffed the dray horse, as a smoking motor car rushed by. "I have some faults, I know; but, thank goodness, I never learned to smoke!"

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This week, 250,000 corns will be removed with Blue-jay. So every week. This invention now is ending a million corns a month.

Think of that—you who pare corns, you who daub them, you who still use ancient methods.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster and the pain will end at once.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will be loosened. Simply lift it out. There'll be no pain or soreness.

You will never feel that corn again. Others may come if you still pinch your feet. But that corn is ended forever.

You can prove this with one plaster, in two days.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

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Don't allow this weakness to take away all the pleasures of living; don't see yourself losing your nerve force, your manhood, when a cure is at hand. You know that you are growing older and weaker every day, and that unless you cure yourself now you will soon be a wreck. You have pains and aches, dizzy spells, despondency, confusion of ideas, weak back, varicocele, and are growing weaker in every way. Cure yourself now, and enjoy happiness for the rest of your life.

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is a great vitalizer. It will cure you. It will pour vigor into your weak, relaxed glands and restore the full strength of manhood. It will renew your old vim and courage, stop pains, and make you feel like a man among men. You wear it while you sleep, and when you get up in the morning you will feel refreshed and full of new life. You will get better day by day, and soon every indication of your trouble will pass away and you will be cured for ever.

J. C. Jamieson, Elmside, Que., cured of Rheumatism in one week's use.

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A Familiar Lie Exploded.

A favorite statement of the wet element is this: "There is just as much liquor sold in dry territory as there is under the license system. There is neither sense, logic, nor truth in the assertion, but it sounds so good to the fellow who is fighting prohibition that he seems to never tire of repeating it.

The Brewer's Year Book for 1911 gives a table of statistics concerning the drink traffic that disproves this statement. It is not always safe to accept statistics as they come to us from distillers and brewers, but no one expects them to give out matter to their own hurt that is untrue.

A writer in the Northwestern Christian Advocate has taken the figures from the Brewer's Journal, and massed the states into three groups. The first group contains the nine states that are legally dry under constitutional or statutory enactments. The next groups the fifteen states that are working under Local Option laws. The third group consists of the twenty-seven states where the open saloon has little or no opposition to contend with.

In the nine prohibition states at least five have used a little less than one and one-tenth gallons for each inhabitant in the entire state, and for the nine states the average per capita is 1.35 gallons.

In the fifteen Local Option states there is only one where the consumption is less than 1.10 for each individual, and for the entire fifteen states it is 4.37 gallons per capita, a little over three times the amount consumed in the prohibition states.

But when we come to the twenty-seven saloon states there is a marvellous change. The lowest number of gallons used in any one of this group is 10.77 for each individual, while the highest is 64.51. The average sales for the twenty-seven states is 25.23 gallons per capita, which is nearly six times as great as the Local Option group of fifteen states and over eighteen times as great as in the group of nine prohibition states.

These figures, as given by the liquor men in their year book, certainly refute that prohibition legislation along any line does not decrease sales. There is no class of men who know to a surety that liquor sales are less in territory that is legally dry than the men who have liquor to sell, and that is the reason they are so bitterly opposing prohibition, either under constitutional, statutory or Local Option methods.—Kansas Issue.

Total Abstinence.

Two boys were seated in a railway station talking, and a minister across the room was listening.

"Say John, they tell me you have signed the total abstinence pledge."

"Yes, Harry, I signed the pledge, and joined the Senior Loyal Temperance Legion."

"What put that into your head?"

"Well, I think it will help me overcome any temptation to drink or use tobacco, and I notice that the best people are abstainers."

A policeman stood near with a prisoner in handcuffs. The minister turned to him and said:

"Sir, what have you to say about temperance?"

"Well," said the policeman, "all I have to say is, I never took a total abstainer to prison in my life, nor to the house of correction."

The reply speaks for itself.—Sel.

A Serious Question.

The alarming increase of infantile paralysis has put the world on its guard in the work of prevention. In some cities restrictions have been placed on the attendance of school, church and public libraries in order to guard against the development of new cases, on the ground that 400 children have died from this disease in the United States last year.

Four thousand children die of alcoholic disease in this country each year, but that business is not quarantined. It is licensed. The very powers that would guard the lives of 400 children so sacredly will sacrifice the lives of 4,000 without a qualm of conscience. Why? Perhaps every reader has his or her own answer on this subject.—"The Farmer's Wife."

All Skin Diseases ARE OCCASIONED BY BAD BLOOD.

No one can expect to be free from some form or other of skin trouble unless the blood is kept in good shape.

The blood can easily be purified and the skin disease cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, that old and widely known blood medicine.

It has been on the market for over 35 years and its reputation is unrivalled.

Mrs. Lillie Mitchell, Guelph, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with eczema. My body was covered with awful itching skin eruptions. Although I tried many different remedies I could get nothing to give me relief. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which completely cured me."

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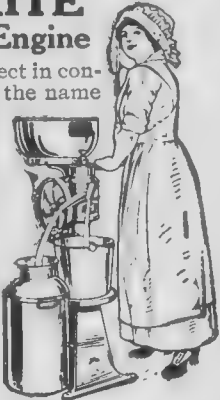
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One Man's Fight.

John G. Woolley, a man who has won a high reputation as a public speaker, and who has for some time been probably more in demand for platform work than any other temperance speaker in the United States, had at one time a terrible experience of the liquor appetite to which he had been a victim. For the sake of help it might give to others, he has told some of the story of his terrible battle, and here is a part of the record:—

I shall never drink again, but one night, in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial, and my pain was gone in a minute or two, but alcohol was licking

What would you take in cash, to have that put into your life?

That is to be my portion until my dying day, but if merciful, patient time shall cauterize and heal the old dishonorable wounds, and cover them with repulsive but impervious cicatrices, yet because I had those wounds I am to be through my whole life considered a moral cliff-dweller, a creature of precipices, where one false step ends all; and so, denied full confidence of my fellow men—the highest grace of life to strive for, in this world; and I am told I have a Christian enemy or two who wait on tip-toe of expectancy and cheerful prophecy the sure, near coming of my final plunge back into the Dead Sea of drink.

Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the west, I



A Sheaf of Wheat—The Pillar of Western Canada

\$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath, sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

This Ring given FREE



For selling Assorted PICTURE POST CARDS. In one hour you can earn this handsomely Chased Signet Ring, engraved with your own monogram. The design is an exact duplicate of a solid 18K Gold pattern.

Given for selling only 24 pkgs. of our Multi-color Picture Post Cards at 10c. a pkge. Each pkge. consists of 6 cards done up in a Valuable Coupon Envelope, which makes your friends buy them on sight. Don't wait a minute. We prepay postage on both Cards and Ring. Big Catalog of all our Premiums sent with each order.

COLONIAL ART CO., Desk 3 L TORONTO

Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scoobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

up my very blood with tongues of flame. I should have gotten drunk that night if I could. I thought of everything of my two years of clean life, of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. I. Moody, of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys; I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths, I reached up for God, and He was gone, and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat and shouted, "Drink, Drink, Drink!" I said, "But Mary—but the boys;" it said "To hell with Mary—come on to the saloon!"

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket alone. I flew from saloon to saloon, but they were shut up, so were the drug stores and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel I fought my fight and won it in the evening by the grace of God; but the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

telegraphed to my wife in Boston; "I will arrive home tonight at 11." The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me, my heart was hauling away, like a great balloon. She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture.

"What is it?" I cried, "what is the matter?" and in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: "Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years, that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. For descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

Heider

Heider eveners are best by every test. Used by thousands of farmers because they are mechanically perfect. Made of the best material. Work better and last longer than any other. The 3-horse Wagon Evener on wagon with hay loader makes haying easy. Can be used on any wagon, manure spreader, grain drill or implement with pole. We also manufacture complete line of plow eveners for 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 horses. Wagon doubletrees, single trees, neck yokes, etc.

Ask Your Dealer for Heider eveners and don't experiment with a substitute. Write for our free catalogue. Address

HEIDER MFG. CO., 735 Main St. Carroll, Iowa

Eveners

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land, in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

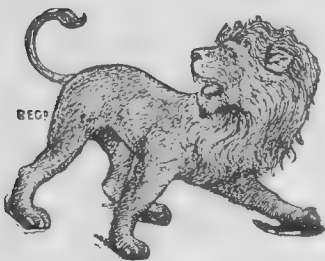
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Knotted, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE JR. is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE JR., will give relief and prove its merit. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 free on request.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q. Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Break-down and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience. It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England**
Copyright) (Mention this Paper) (Registered.)

VICTIMS OF THE

DRINK HABIT

no matter how long standing their case can be safely and perfectly cured

in **THREE DAYS** by the

NEAL TREATMENT

No man, who is an habitual drinker or subject to periodical cravings for alcoholic stimulants, can hope to overcome this degrading habit by the exercise of his own powers.

The craving for Drink arises from alcoholic poisoning of the system, and the poison must first be removed before the craving will cease.

The **NEAL TREATMENT** is safe and harmless, leaving no after effects and in three days entirely removes all taste and craving for liquor. Our drug treatment effective for all time. There are no hypodermic injections included in the Neal Treatment.

Write today for full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential. If you are a victim of the awful curse of Drink, a three days sojourn at our Institute, will send you forth a sane, sound man, absolutely freed from its enslaving influence.

THE NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY Ltd.

405 Broadway
Winnipeg, Man.

2244 Smith St.
Regina, Sask.

820 Thirteenth Ave. W.
Calgary, Alta.

King George's Navy

PLUG



10¢

KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old, unhappy homecomings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail, and tonight I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness, and in this midnight, through Kneeland street alone."

She thinks that I will never fall; and would deny today that she knows any fear, but yet, until the undertaker screws her sweet face out of my sight forever, that ghastly, unformed, nameless thing will walk the chambers of her heart whenever I am accounted for.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons and sends them maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms. And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered nor had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time, can go to bed without a fear and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through too peacefully even to dream, by the mercy of God, that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives, who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lavacrust of burnt-out confidence—their very love a terror and a pain. And you good, calm, untamed men who never fell, who never tasted death for any man, and never mean to; I beseech you cast a vote the next time for the sake of the drunkard, and try to make the stations on life's highway safe for storm-tossed men to stop at any day or any night.

The Sot's Sermon.

Take it from me, there ain't no good in booze.

I've been against it long enough to know.

You guys that still have strength enough to choose.

Take water—straight!—an' let the red eye go.

This game, of life's a hard one, ain't it, bo?

It's one long fight from start to finish, see!

If you fight booze, that means a lot more woe.

Take it from me!

Booze never boasts—it knocks; it makes you lose.

Yer self-respect, it makes yer thoughts come slow.

It gets yer nerve, it muddles up yer views.

I've been against it long enough to know.

The fun it brings is mighty quick to blow.

The woe it brings ain't never goin' to flee.

You guys that still have strength enough to choose.

Take water—straight!—an' let the red eye go.

It's booze that put me in the place I be.

Take it from me!

Berton Braley in Birmingham "Ledger."

The Wrong Party.

Practically every day the newspapers tell of fines imposed for violation of the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to habitual inebriates; concerning these bad habits license holders have been notified, yet the law is continually violated, and fines are continually being imposed for its violation; but the most common record is of fines imposed upon the person who is supplied, whereas the real offence is in the supplying.

The man who is so much a victim of evil appetite that liquor sellers must be prohibited from selling him strong drink, is not likely to be deterred by a fine from gratifying his craving. The punishment for him is a farce. It is the liquor seller who seeks to make money out of the poor creature's degradation, who ought in every case to be punished. Yet the law as it stands not only punishes the wrong party, but interferes with the securing of evidence that would convict the one who is the worst offender.

Bob Burdette on Beer.

Bob Burdette of American fame never says a dull thing, and his unique way of stating an old truth makes it shine with a new light. The Temperance cause takes on a new sparkle when "Bob"—excuse us, the Rev. Robert J. Burdette—tackles it. Here he pays his compliments to beer.

"My dear boy, men have fought, bled and died, but not for beer.

"Arnold Winkelreid did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock.

"William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday.

"Freedom did not shriek as Kosciuszko fell over a whisky barrel.

"Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur seven days a week.

"Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky might be free.

"No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday-concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer, is the inalienable right of a free people and the cornerstone of good government.

"Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea, the much-sneered at Temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women—tea holds a higher place it fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer.

"Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it.

"The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

"The battles of this world, my son, have been fought for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggle for rum fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jimjams.

Mortality and Alcohol.

Edward Bunnell Phelps, of New York, has made scientific study of the mortality of alcohol in this country in a book recently published. He bases his figures on the year 1908, and finds that alcohol caused 66,000 deaths directly and indirectly in that year. Commenting on this, the Medical Record says:

The effect of alcohol upon the mortality figures of a community has become a threadbare subject in speeches and writings of prohibition and anti-prohibition publicists; yet, indeed, few subjects of sociological nature deserve more frequent mention. The trouble has been, however, that such mention was rarely, if ever, founded upon a real study of the subject, but was simply an indicator of the intolerance of the defenders of one or the other political or social creed.

There is no question that for men interested in insurance matters the problem of the mortality of alcohol is one of foremost rank, and it is to their credit that one of the best scientific studies of the matter that has yet appeared comes from one of their number. Mr. Phelps, who has published several statistical studies in similar fields, has taken the total adult mortality in the United States for the year 1908 as the groundwork of his study.

Method Used for Statistics.

His method was simple. He obtained from medical directors of three large insurance companies their estimate of the percentage of male deaths between the age of twenty and seventy-four, directly or indirectly due to alcohol, for each of the 106 causes of death listed in the census statistics for that year. From these estimates he figured the probable mortality from the same causes among females and then made an approximation of the probable mortality of the whole country, including the so-called non-registration area, from which direct mortality statistics were not available.

In defense of this method of study it may be granted that medical directors of insurance companies have much broader knowledge of the general subject of mortality and the effect upon it of certain specific causes than even the busiest and most prominent of practitioners of medicine. Moreover, the difference in the individual estimates were such as to lead to the reasonable conclusion that a poll of, say, several hundred physicians would not have resulted in a nearer average obtained from the poll of these three physicians only.

Without going into minute analysis of the methods used by Mr. Phelps, we may say that, to a disinterested mind, his use of the statistical tables seems to be correct from the standpoint both of statistical science and of everyday methods of arriving at approximations.

Five Per Cent of Total.

His final result is that 66,000 deaths were directly or indirectly due to alcohol in this country during the year 1908, or, in percentage figures, about 5 per cent of the total mortality from all causes at all ages during that year.

This, then, forms the first scientifically constructed approximation of the effect of alcohol upon mortality in this country. To the rabid prohibitionist it will appear to be too low a figure. To the medical man, however, this figure is large enough to prove the appalling waste of life due to the excessive use of alcohol. Moreover, no more mortality statistics can give an idea of the economic waste due to loss of working time and of productive efficiency among habitual and heavy drinkers, and the daily scenes in our courts of law, both high and low, are an indication of the number of crippled and unhappy lives which result from the abuse of alcohol.

The Problem.

It is estimated that there are enrolled today 1,197,630 pupils in the schools of Canada. We have probably as small a percentage of illiteracy, on the whole, as any nation. Eighty per cent. of our adult population can read and write.

Canada spends annually \$81,000,000 on strong drink. It is probable that there are more citizens being trained in the evil practice of intemperance than are to be found acquiring mental skill and literary knowledge. We are spending far more money to drag down than we are spending to build up.

The net earnings of all our great railway system are small compared with degradation and crime. It would take a high rate of interest on all the vast capital invested in our manufacturing enterprises to equal the annual outlay of our people for what destroys instead of creating.

We are face to face with the problem of how to deal with an agency that everywhere retards progress, prevents production, causes disease, promotes poverty, degrades character, lessens power and shortens life. The effective legislation for the suppression of the liquor traffic is the most important public duty that demands the attention and action of Canadian statesmen today.

New Toronto Advertising Offices.

F. Albany Rowlatt Occupies Fine Offices in Tanner-Gates Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West.

This Company's new offices occupy the entire rear half of the fourth floor in the Tanner-Gates Building, and are very well fitted to accommodate the increased business which forced them to move.

Mr. Rowlatt, whose experience in advertising work is long and varied, planned every detail of the office before construction, so that the result would assist in the rapid and accurate transaction of business with least trouble and loss of time.

This move, which is the result of a rapidly increasing business, is particularly noteworthy because of the fact that Mr. Rowlatt will not accept all classes of business, specializing only in the best class of commercial and financial advertising, and with his strict principles and

high ideals of service and general business management, he has established a select list of satisfied clients.

The offices themselves merit a close inspection. The reception room, which one enters first, has been planned for the convenience and comfort of clients. Comfortable chairs, a large table and plenty of literature help to pass the time of necessary waiting.

Mr. Rowlatt's own office is entered from the reception room. In plan and decoration it is very simple, yet spacious and comfortable. The office equipment is complete and up-to-date, a very necessary feature in advertising.

The main office accommodates the Accounting Department, Stenography and General Business Departments. The light is the best and the ventilation leaves nothing to be desired. It is here that the

large volume of accounting, correspondence, mailing and general office work is carried out.

The Checking Department occupies the entire west section of the floor, its capacity is treble that of the old office, and yet it is none too large to accommodate the vast number of papers and magazines for the necessary checking of advertisements.

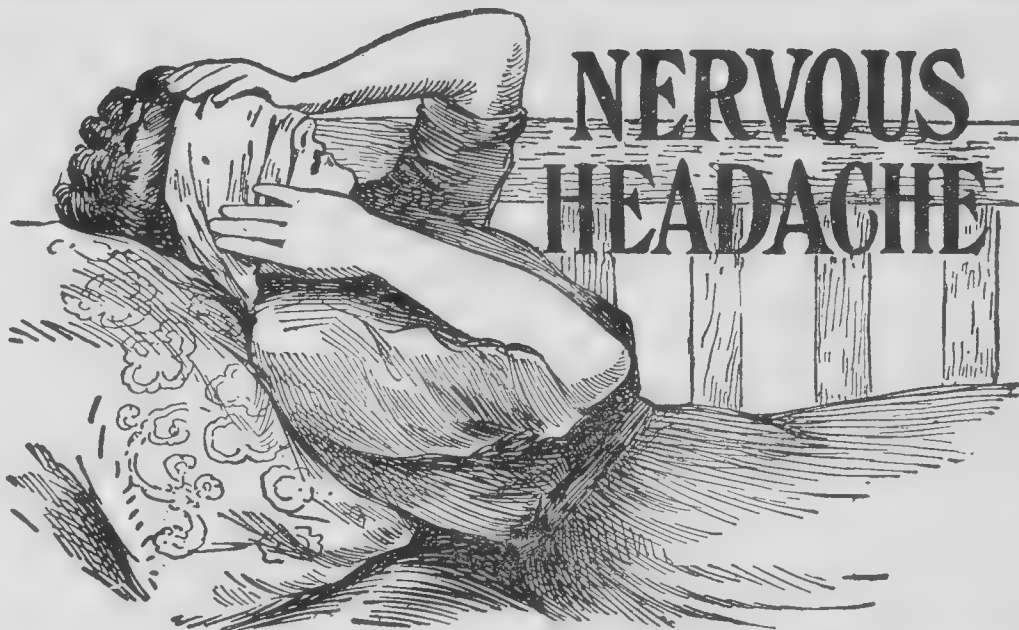
The Copy Writing and Art Departments are enclosed in sound-proof glass partitions, and take up the north-east section of the office. Secure from disturbing sounds and with lots of light and air, the production of the best in copy and art work is made possible.

This completes the tour of the offices. The impression a visitor receives is not only of business efficiency and service, but also of comfort and brightness.

Mr. Rowlatt has, we believe, always prided himself upon his service, and his new move will be a very great step towards perfection of the same.

Motor boats. These seem to be coming in for many uses. At Montrose one is starting as a local ferry, where it would not pay to run a steamer.

Thomson, author of "The Seasons," and (somewhat appropriately) of "The Castle of Indolence," was an indolent man. A friend found him in a garden, eating fruit off a tree, with his hands in his pockets! Another friend found him in bed, when the day was well advanced, and asked him "in the name of wonder why he did not get up?" "Man, I hae nae motive," replied the poet.



Is Headache a Blessing in Disguise?

THE better the human system is understood the more we realize the usefulness of pain as a sort of danger signal.

Headache is said to be the most beneficial of all aches and pains, because it comes as a warning with so many ailments. Rarely is the cause found in the head itself, but usually in the condition of the system.

The most persistent and most painful headaches are caused by exhausted nerves, and are of a neuralgic nature. The nerves are in a starved and wasted condition, and a little extra strain or excitement brings on an attack of sick, nervous headache.

Nervous headache is said to be the cry of starved nerves for more rich, nourishing blood. The brain is the centre of the human nervous system, and there is manufactured the nervous energy which controls the action of the members of the body.

Consequently, when nervous headache comes it is a warning that the nervous system is in a run-down condition, and must be restored if some form of paralysis is to be avoided.

It is a mistake to use powerful headache powders to relieve the pain and then neglect to remove the cause of trouble, which is of far more consequence if you value life.

You can restore and revitalize the wasted nerve cells by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This treatment is not recommended as a

relief for headache, but it does positively cure by removing the cause of trouble.

Nervous headaches will disappear only when the nervous system is nourished back to strength and vigor by use of such a restorative as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. T. Gray, farmer's wife, Earlton, New Ont., writes: "I had nerve and heart trouble, and was very much run down. I suffered terribly from headaches, and my eyesight was so bad I could scarcely read or sew. The pain in the top of the head was almost constant. Two doctors found they could not help me, and wanted a surgical operation.

"I had heard of many being cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and decided to try it. Altogether I used six boxes, and with the most marked benefits. They did me good in every way. It was not long until I was about and doing my own housework."

No one wants to take chances with locomotor ataxia or paralysis. And yet it is to such ailments as these that neglected nervous troubles naturally lead.

How much better it is to be warned by such symptoms as headache, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of vigor and energy, and feelings of fatigue and discouragement.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to benefit you under such conditions, for by forming new, rich blood it works hand in hand with nature, and supplies the very elements which are necessary for the restoration of health and strength. The benefits of this treatment are both thorough and lasting.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The great nerve restorative, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



An Object of Pity

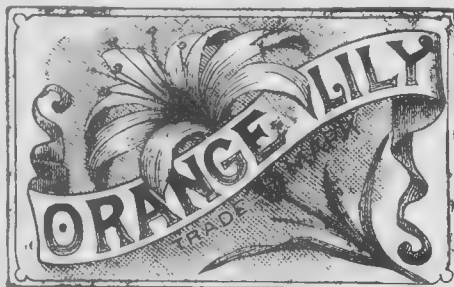
That part of our nature which we call the emotional is much more highly developed in women than in men. They are more sensitive, more tender, more sympathetic, more pronounced in their likes and dislikes, more susceptible to the extremes of pleasure and pain; and these refined mental qualities, no less than beauty of form and feature make up the atmosphere of attractiveness and charm which always surrounds true womanliness.

The continued existence of these winning, engaging womanly characteristics depends to a very large extent on the regularity of the womanly functions and the condition of the womanly organs; and when these functions and organs become disordered or diseased the same mental qualities which are the glory of a well woman become the source of suffering and torture almost indescribable. Her cheery hopefulness is changed to a feeling of despondency, almost of despair, and she is haunted with forebodings of worse evils to come. Instead of being entertaining and companionable, she becomes moody and irritable, being unable to keep her mind from dwelling on her troubles. She becomes morbidly sensitive, imagining that she is being slighted or forsaken by her relatives and friends and she has a most humiliating sense of her miserable condition and her loss of her womanly attributes. If she is religiously inclined she is very liable to be oppressed with doubts and fears in regard to her spiritual condition, or to think that she is eternally lost. In addition to this, she has also to endure the most distressing aches and pains.

What makes the case still more pitiable, especially with married women, is the fact that few men understand or appreciate the extent of their suffering, or the seriousness of the troubles causing it. Many doctors even speak of these disorders as subjects for ridicule, and the poor sufferer often gets a reputation for being a crank or a scold when she more nearly approaches being a martyr.

As these disorders are due to a disordered condition of the womanly organs, it is evident that to effect a cure these organs must be restored to normal condition; or, in other words, the circulation which has become congested and stagnant in these parts, must be improved so that the waste matter will be expelled, and the nourishment so badly needed be brought to these suffering organs. It is the waste matter, or broken down tissue, which is held in the stagnant blood vessels in these parts, that causes most of the suffering by oppressing the nerves located in these parts.

The remedy known as **ORANGE LILY** will positively relieve this congestion and restore normal circulation in the disordered organs. It is an applied or local treatment, and acts wholly on these parts. It is absorbed into the blood vessels in these organs, and as it has powerful antiseptic properties, it immediately acts on the waste matter held there, and causes it to be discharged. As this dead matter is discharged the nerves are relieved, the pains and mental troubles become less, and the nerves and blood vessels become stronger. **ORANGE LILY** thus proves its merit by actual, visible results. It acts as certainly and as positively on all female troubles as anti-toxin does on diphtheria.



Dear Mrs. Currah,—I am very grateful to **ORANGE LILY** for the change it has made in my life. When I commenced its use eight months ago I felt I would be surely insane before the year was ended. The pain I suffered often made me wish for death, and besides I would have such fits of depression and nervous twitching that I would have to scream. I had doctored with three different doctors for over two years, and had also used both the Pierce and Pinkham medicines, but none of them seemed to reach my case. I felt some improvement after the first month's use of **ORANGE LILY** and have kept gaining ever since. I do not feel that I am entirely cured yet, but I am so much better than I was that I am sure I will soon be entirely well. I sleep well, and feel cheerful and happy, except that I am occasionally somewhat depressed, but these spells are getting fewer and milder. I have also noticeably improved in appearance. Enclosed find \$3 for which please send me two boxes of **ORANGE LILY** and one of Cerate Massage. I might add that the matter which used to be freely discharged, and which looked like a chicken's gizzard, is becoming very scant, and I imagine that the circulation is pretty well restored. Am I not right in this? Your sincere friend, MRS. L. E. A.

Winnipeg, April 28th, 1909.

Free to all Sufferers

In order to enable every woman suffering from any form of female disorders to test the merits of **ORANGE LILY**, I will send to every one who will send me her address, or the address of any suffering friend enough of the remedy for ten days' treatment, absolutely free. As this is worth 35c. it is only because I know that it must give relief that I make this free trial offer. Further, if any woman wishes expert medical advice, and will write me a full description of her case, I will submit same to the staff of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and they will write her direct without expense to her. **INCLOSE THREE 2-CENT STAMPS** and address **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.**

For Sale by leading Druggists everywhere

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Sask., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—Just a few lines of appreciation for the W. H. M. It is a very welcome visitor here. I always send the magazine away when we get through with it to someone else. One lady wrote saying how pleased she was to receive your paper. It had made many a weary day bright for her, and in the quiet watches of the night, when all the rest slept, and no welcome sleep came to close her tired eyelids, she could muse upon what she had read during the day. Now, I am not a sporty girl at all but I enjoy a good game of checkers and like a little fun. I find the evenings very long and lonely, so I hope someone will write a nice long letter to me and I will answer promptly. My address will be with the Editor.

Sask. Ivy.

If I were a Millionaire

Sask., March, 1913

Dear Editor—I wrote a letter to the W. H. M. some time ago and think it is about time for me to get another in. One can get some queer ideas from the letters in the magazine. There has been a question asked a few times whether young people should get married, or should they wait till the man has made his money first. Well, my opinion is that after he has his fortune made he can rent his farm and go into town to live, where he can have all the company he wants, also his meals ready when he wants them, and so get along very nicely without a wife. All the same if I were a millionaire I would not want to go to the city to live. And as for waiting, dear readers, I don't think there is anything made by waiting. I have tried that myself, and I have taken good notice of the fair sex as I went along. I am better off now than when I started out, but haven't found anything better in the line of women. A fine little lady who is willing to brave the storm with you is worth half a dozen of them that want to wait for your money so she won't have anything to do but spend it. I saw in one letter where the individual wanted the Correspondence column left out. Well, thanks to the editor for leaving it in. I rather think he put that there for the benefit of the bachelor. The question has been asked, "Why do the bachelors want to correspond with the girls through this paper?" They have a good reason. It isn't like these girls living in the West. They don't care to marry and neither have they any sympathy for the bachelors. They just write to see how many of the boys will be "doffy" enough to write to them. Now I can see the girls turning up their noses, but I can't help it girls, if the shoe fits. Now, talk up you Eastern girls, I think you have played the game pretty well so far. But guess I had better close. I will sign myself

Teetotaler.

Likes all the Polish

Ont., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have often thought of writing a letter to your highly esteemed

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paper, which I received through a Western friend. Many thanks to your paper and the friend, as I have derived a great deal of pleasure from it during the winter months. Well, dear readers, before going any further I beg leave to say I am not out on the "trail for a hubby," merely to "hae a little fun" as I don't want to miss any. I like everything that is going in the way of respectable pleasure, indoor or out. I like to see people well attired and not falling short of any of the polish at home or abroad. I am a Canadian, but as Scotch as the heather. I am of cheerful disposition, always look on the bright side; I am a favorite with the young people and little folks. I like to visit the aged, as the experienced are good teachers. I am sorry to say I fall short in the musical line, but I am living in hopes that "my better half" will make up for my shortcomings. I admire a number of letters in the Correspondence column and I can't keep from saying "Hello Anglais Français." Really if he puts up the show he has portrayed himself in, he is making a vast mistake in going homesteading, for I would suggest he should be a public speaker, as professors tell us all public speakers should be good looking men, and moreover, if he would jump in his aeroplane and fly over to this village, he would find "quelques jolies jeunes filles Canadiennes," and if he came once he would come encore. Wishing the Editor a prosperous future and the bachelors a "glorious harvest," I will sign myself
Tulip.



Trestle near Wolf Creek, Alta, G.T.P.

No Harm in a Game of Pool

Sask., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have just finished reading the last issue of The Western Home Monthly and must say that our Western paper is getting better each month. It seems that the letters in our Correspondence columns are also improving right along. Dancing and card playing seem the only thing to discuss lately. I, for one, can't see any harm in dancing as long as it is done in a proper and decent way, but I do think card playing is wrong, and it is my opinion that many a young man or boy has gone the wrong road on account of card playing. Perhaps a friendly game of cards at home won't harm anybody, but when a man gets used to playing cards at home he will naturally do so when he goes into town, especially when he has to stay for a few hours, and we all know that card playing in livery barns and bar-rooms are pretty nearly always accompanied by rough gambling and betting. Bumble Bee, in a previous issue, expresses her opinion on playing pool. Now, Bumble Bee, I don't see why a man should not play a few games of pool when he gets to town. It is certainly not half as bad as playing cards, because there is no way of cheating, or anything to fight about when one party wins from the other. Of course it is a fact that pool tables are often placed in the bar-rooms for the only purpose of coaching men to drink, but then a man can avoid the bar-room pool tables. Pretty nearly all the girls seem to think that we men are regular slave-drivers. Of course there are a great many women in our Great West who milk cows, feed

pigs, cut wood, carry water, and do a dozen more chores, but I think it is very often because they like doing it and not because their husbands want them to do it. No doubt there are men who would make regular choreboys out of their wives, but such men should not have wives. Let me add that I live in Saskatchewan, am a homesteader, but no "batching" for me. "My mother cooks for me. I'm between 17 and 21 years of age. Will the girls and boys please write?

Johnnie on the Spot III.

Happy Though Married

Sask., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I see so many letters in the Western Home Monthly that I can't keep still any longer. I am a subscriber, and like the paper fine. I just want to say right here that I, or we, have been married twenty-one years. I gather from some of the letters that there are quite a number of families who do not get on very well. Well for my part I can't quite see why married people can't get along nicely if they love each other. Now as far as my wife and I are concerned, "what's wifey's is mine," vice versa, when I have a dollar wife has one, if I go to town and wife wants to go, I help her in as of yore. Furthermore we never have a cross word. I think some men are brutes, and women are no better. Now, dear Editor, I will let some of the young men give me some of their ideas, and I will sign myself
Old Weary William.

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A Lover of Nature

Bass River, March, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers—Just let a poor, lone Nova Scotian come into your delightful circle. I enjoy the Correspondence page very much, especially the criticism on dancing, as I think dancing one of the most delightful amusements possible. I am very fond of music, and like "Jolly Joe and "Funny Bill" enjoy a long, dreamy waltz. I would like to hear from some of "ye lonely bachelor boys." Any who wish to correspond will find my address with the editor and will have all letters promptly answered. I would also like to correspond with "Uncle Sam's Lassie," as I am a lover of nature, with light eyes, brown hair and clear complexion and just 18. Well, I guess I had better stop, as I see the editor glancing toward that fearful green-eyed monster, the waste paper basket. Wishing the Editor and readers every success.
Wanita.

A New Beginner

Alta, March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I read the Western Home Monthly, and think the Correspondence column is very nice. As this is the first letter I have written I would like to see it in print. I must tell a little about myself. I am a native of Manitoba, but have moved to Alberta. I live in the country, and enjoy it very much. I am 18 years of age, and I have brown hair and hazel eyes. I would like to correspond with some of your members. Farmer John and also Plato. My address is with the Editor.

Mayflower.



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Good Advice From Templar

Man., March, 1913.

Dear Editor and Friends—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and have enjoyed it very much. I look forward to its coming as I would a visit from a friend. I have been greatly amused at the remarks and opinion about dancing and card playing. Have those who see no harm in dancing ever stopped to consider if they were doing the best thing to give lasting happiness, or for the good of the community in which they live? Dear friends, have you ever taken time to go into the question, and see for yourselves the influence this amusement has over the ones who have tried to get pleasure out of it? Have you ever gone to the homes of young girls, and asked each one what was the meaning of leading them there? If you have not, do so before you pass your opinion on the rights and wrongs of dancing. I think the trouble with a great many of us who have more time than we know what to do with is that we take very little interest in those around us. If we are lost for something to do let us look up the poor in our community. That would count for something, and give far greater pleasure than an evening spent in the dance hall, and if we are puzzled about right and wrong let us read our Bibles. Some one says there is no harm in card playing. The harm is in gambling. My friends, gamblers were never made in the gambling den, but mostly in our parlors.

a woman much more if she helped to make the home than if she married him after all the hard work was done. Just imagine a man working and slaving away every day and cooking his own meals, just to give the girl as many comforts as she was accustomed to! I am aware that there are men who say they wouldn't marry until they are well off, and that there is just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, but there is danger of the bait becoming stale. Don't you think so, girls? Anyway I say marry, and make the home together. I notice one girl saying that people could not get acquainted through corresponding. Now, I wish to dispute that, for I think it is even a better way than if you were talking to them every day, for while in your society they are apt to wear company manners, whereas in correspondence their true character is revealed. I have lived among people here, and thought I knew them real well, but I found out that I knew absolutely nothing about their everyday life.

The dance and card questions are played out, and I think it is everyone to their own judgment on that, but must say I don't approve of liquor and tobacco in any form. I imagine I hear the men saying that I am an old maid, talking like this, but I am not, I am a farmer's daughter, very fond of horses and dogs and like the country fine. I am twenty-four years old, and would be very pleased to correspond with any who care to write. Wishing everybody success I will close and sign myself

Scotch Bluebell.



Drag Line Shovel at Work, Edson, Alta., G.T.P. Railway.

First the quiet game of cards, then the gambling. I would like to take "The Laughing Chicken" to see some of the suffering and misery caused by the manufacture and sale of strong drinks. Talk of the unemployed if liquor were not manufactured for sale. Did you ever stop to think how many families would need food, boots and shoes and other clothing, to say nothing of the amount of furniture and other household articles to replace the now empty cupboard, rags and beds of straw? How much more work this would give we can scarcely comprehend, besides the better homes and more respectable citizens we would have. I sincerely sympathize with Josephus in the severe criticism he is receiving. Never mind, Josephus, cheer up! Dear readers, it has not been my desire to criticize. Those are subjects I am deeply interested in, and with me it is a question of principle. Have any of the members ever tried paper bag cooking? I will give you my experience in this art if I write again.

Templar.

Money not Everything

Ont., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have been quite interested in reading the letters on different topics, and more especially on "Marriage." Some are advising girls not to marry a poor man or a homesteader. Now I don't think that is right. I believe in a girl marrying a man while he is working for a home, not after he has made all the money he needs. A man in my estimation would love and respect

No Hob-Nailed Boots

Alta, March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I would like very much to correct the wrong idea, which I think 23 Skidoo of a previous issue unintentionally gave our Eastern brothers and sisters of we young homesteaders and homestead life. I have been through a great deal of the southern country of Alberta, which is fast beginning to look like older rural districts, as a great deal of the land has been fenced, better houses are being built, and school houses dot the prairie every few miles. We homestead boys and young men are mostly from good Eastern homes, where the old farm would not stretch enough to go round, and while some of our houses may be eight by ten, into which one must back so as to be turned around to come out, the majority are larger, and when we attend house warmings and dancing parties, we do not wear overalls or hob-nailed boots. Our clothing may not be the latest style and cut, but is well brushed and pressed, and as for laughing at the letters of some of our Eastern sisters, who write of their accomplishments in music or amusements, their letters often give color, and make pleasant an otherwise long evening. Of course, if they intend making a home on a homestead, they should be more than sixteen years old, and should understand household duties, but jolly girls, as well as good domestics, help to keep a young man cheerful and contented while building up a home in the great West. Again Ontario Girl tells us that a young lady who dances departs from the paths of

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modesty. I beg to ask why, as they all should, and nearly all do, go for the pleasure of listening to good music, and meeting one's friends in jolly good fellowship. Homestead life and dancing, like home are what we make them.

A Homestead and Bachelor Boy.

No Indoor Plant

Alta, March, 1913

Dear Editor—Will you please let a bachelor boy join your column, and express a few views on the subject of dancing, etc? I think dancing is all right if not carried to an excess, and the same with other pastimes. I like dancing and do dance, but I think outdoor sports are O.K. too. I like to be in the fresh air, so you see I'm no house plant. I can ride a horse fairly good, can cook almost anything; so the girl that gets me will have a very happy time. This part of Alberta where I live is mostly prairie, and has a fine healthy climate. There are lots of homesteaders and some ranchers here, quite a place for excitement. Will leave my description till later, if anyone cares to write, either sex. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I remain Happy Ike.

The Westerners' Club

Sask., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for the past year and I certainly do enjoy reading the Correspondence column. On-looker was saying some time ago about giving the Club a name. I think the name that was suggested would be a very suitable one—The Westerners' Club. I also think that "Mignonette" seems to know the way of the world. The way a woman starts is the way that she will have to keep on. I would like to have some of the subscribers write a letter and I will answer. My address is with the Editor.

A Joyful Reader.

Prefers the Country

Man., March, 1913

Dear Editor and Readers—Will you spare a small space in your happy paper for another interested reader. The Western Home Monthly has been a welcome visitor at our home for many years, and like many other young people I turn to the Correspondence page about the first. I am a country girl, and think there is no better place than the country. Of course there is lots of hard work, but who is afraid of that? I have lived in town, but I was too young to know whether to like it or not. The opinions on dancing and card playing were interesting for a while, but I guess everyone is tired of the subject now, so I will not say anything about it only that I neither dance nor play cards, and find plenty of wholesome amusements without them. I wonder how many of the readers like to travel for sight seeing and information in different parts of the world. I believe I would prefer to stay at home and read about them, it is the safest way in this age. I think this is long enough for the first. I would like a few correspondents, and will answer all letters promptly. I will leave my address with the Editor. Western Bell.

They All Want Curly Billy

Sask., March, 1913.

Dear Editor—Having been readers of your interesting paper for some time we would like to join your columns. As this is our first letter to your club we will try to describe ourselves. Our ages are between fifteen and twenty. We live on a farm, and are up to date in all the modern accomplishments. "Bashful Fifteen" is about five feet tall, has brown curly hair and dark eyes. She is very jolly, and keeps everyone laughing around her, and as her name infers is very bashful. Now for the description of "Sweet Sixteen." In height she is five feet three inches, she has a fair complexion with dark brown hair and eyes. She is of a lively disposition, and enjoys all sports such as dancing, skating, &c. We are not on the matrimonial list, but would like to hear from "Burly Bill" of a previous issue and anybody else who will write first. We haven't got the Western fever, and do not object to men who smoke. Our address is with the Editor.

Bashful Fifteen and Sweet Sixteen.

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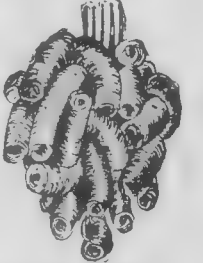
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From Mrs. Bullock, Norton Canes, Cannock, January 6th., 1913.

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children. In whooping-cough I gave them your Gripe Water, and it soon did them good. No one could tell but those who have used it what a difference it makes in babies. I have never known what it is to have restless days with my baby, and I owe praise for that to Woodward's Gripe Water."

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See that you get "Dr. Wood's," as there are numerous imitations. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25 and 50 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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Domestic Mfg. Co. Desk Minneapolis, Minn.

The Home Doctor

Freeing the House of Mosquitoes.

It is a simple matter, according to Frank Parker Stockbridge, to rid the house of mosquitoes, scarcely more difficult to keep out the pests, and not a particularly difficult task to avoid being bitten even when mosquitoes are particularly thick.

"If bitten by a mosquito," says Mr. Stockbridge in "World's Work," "moisten a piece of toilet soap and rub it on the bite. This is the advice given by Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief Entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has made extensive researches into the habits of the mosquito. Dr. Howard also recommends, as the most effective application for keeping mosquitoes away from one's person, rubbing the hands and face with a mixture of two parts of oil of Citronella and spirits of camphor with one part of oil of cedar. 'A few drops of this mixture on a towel hung over the head of the bed will keep the common house mosquitoes away,' says Dr. Howard. 'A few drops on the hands and face will keep them away for hours. The evaporation of the mixture may be retarded by mixing it with castor oil or liquid vaseline.'

"Ridding a house of mosquitoes may be accomplished by catching the individual mosquitoes and by fumigation, provided there is effectual screening and full precautions taken to prevent others from breeding in the house. While some varieties of mosquito, including the yellow fever varieties, bite more freely in the day time than at night, most of them are active only after dark. It is easy to find them on the ceiling or light-colored walls, and they can be caught by means of a shadow tin can attached to the end of a pole and containing a teaspoonful of kerosene. One must catch every mosquito in the room, to insure a good night's rest. If the cup is pressed against the ceiling so as to inclose the mosquito, the insect, attempting to fly, will be caught in the kerosene and killed. A mosquito trap used in India consists of a box lined with dark cloth and with a hinged door at one end. This is placed in a dark corner of the room, as mosquitoes always seek a cool, shady place in which to rest. If driven out of all other places they will gather during the day in this box which can then be closed and the mosquitoes killed by pouring a teaspoonful of benzine through a hole.

"The most effective way of killing all the mosquitoes in a house, however, is by fumigation. Tests made by various experimenters indicate that the ordinary pyrethrum or 'Persian insect powder,' if pure and reasonably fresh, is the best fumigant for this purpose. If heaped up in a cone and lighted at the top, this powder will burn slowly and give out a dense smoke, or it may be moistened and molded into cones which will burn readily after drying, with less waste of powder. The smoke stupefies the mosquitoes, which must be swept up and burned after the fumigation. It takes about a pound of insect powder for every thousand cubic feet of interior space. Another effective fumigant, known as 'Mimms Culicide,' is made of equal parts by weight of carbolic acid crystals and gum camphor. The melted crystals are poured slowly over the gum, which is absorbed, and the result is a clear liquid which may be kept some time in tight jars. Three ounces of this Culicide placed over a lamp or other moderate heat, will give off sufficient vapor to kill all the mosquitoes in an ordinary sized room.

"Screens for mosquitoes must be absolutely tight and with a mesh of not less than twenty to the inch. A mesh of fifteen to the inch will admit the smaller varieties of house mosquitoes."

Bronchitis.

Chronic bronchitis is often regarded as an incurable disease, when, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most curable of diseases. It originates in the colon, and means nothing more or less than that the lungs and skin are being overworked in an effort to rid the system of the poi-

sons. The mucous membrane is only a lining skin, and it is a noticeable fact that persons who suffer from bronchitis are also subject to skin diseases. Rid the system of its poisons and the bronchitis will take care of itself.

Daily Care of the Bedding.

There is not enough thought given to the daily care of the bedding, and in this, as in other things, the matter of health should be considered of paramount importance, says a correspondent. Every child should be taught to throw off the covers the moment he leaves the bed that the exhalations from the body may escape, instead of being absorbed by the bed and bed clothes.

An hour's airing each morning is sufficient, and when breakfast is over, the beds will be ready to put in order.

Cover for the Mattress.

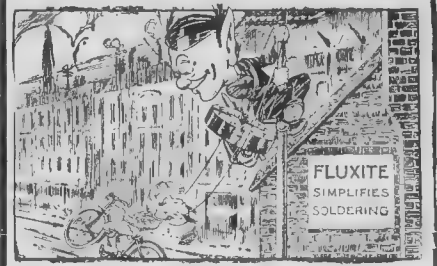
A housekeeper should always think it worth some effort to keep her bed ticking bright and clean, for it seems repulsive when dingy or soiled by long usage, and it is a good plan to make a cover for the mattress of heavy brown cotton, and slips to fit the pillows out of heavy white cotton and fasten them at one end, so they can be easily removed. A pretty outside covering to be used in a bedroom furnished in blue was made of blue and white seersucker and the edge trimmed with torchon lace, and this cover was quite easily laundered when soiled, but there is nothing so neat and cleanly as a plain, white counterpane, and they are not hard to launder if they are not allowed to become very soiled.

Keeping the Spread White.

The spreads are made beautifully white by putting them to soak overnight in warm suds made with borax soap chips, but the chips should first be dissolved in hot water and then enough of this solution stirred in warm, soft water to make a nice lather. In the morning add hot water to this suds, wash the spreads, then put through a clean suds prepared like the first and rinse through two waters with a little blueing in the second. There is nothing better than suds made with the 20 mule team soap chips for washing the pretty lace covers and the lace embroidered pillow slips so much used now, as they soften the water and whiten the goods without injuring the fabric in the least. Bed spreads are improved if they are ironed on the wrong side over a well padded ironing board, and pillow-slips look better if they are ironed lengthwise instead of crosswise to iron the wrinkles out instead of in.

Doctors and Health.

The general arrangement according to which the physician in Canada serves the public is one that is very largely at variance with ordinary common sense and likely to defeat the very object being sought. Ostensibly the medical profession exists for the preservation of the health of the public. In order for this object to be attained in its fullest measure, disease must be prevented to the very greatest extent possible, and when it does break out it should be given treatment. But the emphasis should be laid—and very, very strongly—upon prevention. If the skill of the physician is to be rewarded by the most desirable results, he must not simply be active in the sick room, but he must devote much of his energy to matters of general sanitation and right living. A large part of our sickness is preventable, if only the skill of our doctors were directed in the right angle. But by our own foolish arrangement of paying the physician only to cure and not to prevent, we make it financially unprofitable for him seriously to undertake the prevention of sickness. To effect health through causing people to live rightly is unprofitable, but to let disease spread and then treat sick folks brings in the dollars. It is to



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A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. **Dr. de Van's** are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.** Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.



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the credit of most doctors that they really do try to prevent the spread of disease; but at the same time anyone can see that the system is wrong. Old customs are hard to change, and we do not expect to see a revolution in this one, but if there is in its consideration a suggestion that may be easily applied it is that our municipalities and provincial governments ought more largely to employ our doctors to do preventive work in the way of giving public addresses when epidemics threaten, in inspecting schools more closely, and in probing into health problems generally, rather than to cause them to depend for their whole livelihood upon healing, which in its turn is so largely dependent upon the spread of disease brought about by ignorance and wrong living.

When to call the Doctor.

As so many of the diseases of children commence with similar symptoms as cough, vomiting and fever, it is better to call a physician at the commencement because in many cases the severity of the disease may be lessened by early treatment. Many deaths are due to the fact that the child was not considered seriously ill and a doctor was not called until a few hours before death, when it was too late.

Disinfection.

After the child has recovered, it is necessary to prepare the room so that it may be used again by the family. As a rule, quarantine should be continued until all desquamation has ceased. The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet usually are the last to peel, so these should be examined. If the peeling has ceased but there is a discharge from the nose or ears, there still is danger. When the quarantine is to be raised, the patient should be given a full bath, the hair washed and clean clothing, which has not been in the sick room, provided. The room then should be made air tight by sealing all openings around the windows and doors. The closet doors should be opened as well as the drawers to the dresser. The bed clothing should be spread around the room and formaldehyde gas set free in the room. This may be done by different methods. Regular formaldehyde generators frequently are used. In some cases, wet sheets are sprinkled with the formalin, which is a forty per cent solution of formaldehyde, and hung about the room. The room then should be left closed for twenty-four hours.

All books and papers are better burned as it is difficult to disinfect them sufficiently. Everything possible should be boiled. All toys are better burned or boiled. When the child is recovering from a contagious disease, there is a period when he feels well but must be quarantined. This period is one of the most trying to the nurse, who must devise amusement for the little one. The making of paper dolls and dresses is one of the most desirable occupations, for these can be destroyed afterwards. It is better that the child should not know of the destruction of the toys for he will not understand the necessity and may have a feeling of resentment. It is better to quietly substitute new dolls and toys for the old ones and the child probably will not notice the difference.

The Pestiferous Fly.

We are all familiar with him, for he persists in making our acquaintance. He is a terribly democratic fellow—fraternizes alike with the millionaire and the street sweeper. Like the poor, he is always with us, too much so in fact, for his penchant for human society is so pronounced that he will not be denied. His company might be tolerated, but for his disagreeable characteristics.

Bred in filth, his habits are in keeping with his birth and breeding, for everything vile and offensive in nature seems to possess an attraction for him. He is not the only living creature that revels in the unclean, but unfortunately for the human race it is difficult to exclude him from our company, laden though he usually is with all kinds of uncleanness.

It behooves us to take a little more notice of this intrusive insect, for the probabilities are that he is responsible for more mischief than has hitherto been

ascribed to him. His amazing pertinacity sinks into insignificance beside the menace he bears with him as a carrier of infection. Even as the dread yellow fever has been traced to the mosquito, so may many diseases be traced to the unclean, pestiferous fly. It has been proved beyond peradventure, that in epidemics of cholera the fly has been one of the most prolific causes of infection, carrying it, not alone in his excreta and depositing it on food, but by simple contact with feet and wings.

This being so, where do the possibilities end? Among the many reasons assigned for the spread of tuberculosis, we seldom hear the fly mentioned, yet it is an equally easy matter for the fly, by contact with the sputum of tuberculosis patients, to become equally as formidable a cause as in cholera. Hoffman and Heyward both experimented in this direction, feeding flies from sputum and subsequently recovering bacilli from their dejecta. Typhoid fever usually results from a contaminated water supply, yet in camps where the water was absolutely protected from contamination, it has been known to break out, undoubtedly from infected food, the infections being carried by that minute scavenger, the fly.

Consider his habits for a moment and you will have no hesitation in crediting him with all the crimes mentioned, and many more not yet brought home to him. He revels in waste barrels, he luxuriates on decaying vegetable matter, he feasts with gusto on every putrid bone and straightway departs, laden with infection to disport himself on the meat displayed for sale in our markets, on the fruit vended on our streets, or perchance, visits you in your home and makes free with the very food you are about to eat.

Do you think the possible dangers from this source are exaggerated? On the contrary, however, the full extent of the danger is far from being realized. It is a danger that calls for active co-operation among all classes of the community, for we are all, more or less, to blame. How, you will ask? By not exercising supervision over our immediate surroundings. By allowing the manure to accumulate at your stable, sir. By allowing the dirt piles, containing remnants of food, to remain not far from your kitchen door, madam.

There is no evil without a remedy, and the remedy is in our own hands, if we will but bestir ourselves and devote as much energy to this important matter as we do to the acquisition of the dollar. Let every housekeeper endeavor to exclude the pests from her home and to destroy those that effect an entrance therein. Wire screens are of the greatest value, to exclude them, but for those that have gained admission, burning pyrethrum powder in the house will destroy them. Lemon verbena water or the leaves will banish them from any particular spot; but the great secret lies in prevention.

There are three methods, each of which is effective. In dealing with rubbish, burn it, bury it, or treat it with some germicidal preparation. Nests of larvae, whenever detected, should be covered with chloride of lime, or powdered copperas. All food substances should be carefully inspected when bought and securely screened after purchase. If you find a dealer who does not try to protect his foods from this source of infection, refuse to deal with him.

Institute a crusade against all livery stable keepers and dairymen who do not keep their premises in a sanitary condition. A manure heap, for the reasons mentioned, is a menace. Agitate for city ordinances, compelling the vendors of fruit, etc., in the streets, to keep their wares covered. The pestiferous fly is a fruitful source of danger to the community, but by earnest, concerted action, his malignancy may be minimized, but you must do your share. Don't leave it to your neighbor.

Editor Western Home Monthly—
Heatherleigh, Sask.

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed \$1.00 for a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. I certainly think the W.H.M. is a very good paper and one that should be in every western home. My mother takes it, and my sister also. Wishing you all success,

Miss E. Lecky.

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I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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The little book described below (which I gladly send free, sealed by mail, to any young or elderly man anywhere), contains in its 86 beautifully illustrated pages, everything a man need know with regard to certain strictly personal subjects, and as a guide through his entire life, from the delicate period of youth when wholesome advice is most needed, on through early manhood to a ripe, vigorous, healthy old age. Over a million of these books have been thus distributed by me all over the world. Therefore, please use coupon below and get YOUR free copy by return mail. SANDEN CO., DISTRIBUTORS.

Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is to-day being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.

MANLY MEN ARE THE WORLD'S POWER TO-DAY

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly. It is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power of VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions, so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows of your acquaintance.

With an idea of attaining all this for you, I recommend you to investigate a simple little VITALIZING APPLIANCE of my invention, which I am now sending out in great numbers for use by men everywhere who need new manly strength. This little VITALIZER is very light, weighing only several ounces, and can be worn without any one suspecting that you are wearing it. You buckle it on your body upon going to bed and take it off mornings. Thus, while you sleep it sends its wonderful power which I call VITALITY or VITAL FORCE, into your blood, nerve and organs. Users say it takes pain and weakness out of the back upon one application, and further say 60 to 90 days' time is sufficient to restore a state of health, strength and vigor. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but want you to first send for my book that you may learn all about the whole wonderful subject, and why I get such quantities of testimonials from users everywhere telling of results after drugs completely and utterly fail.

NOTE—With special attachments my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness and general ill-health. Please write for book to-day, or, if near by, I should like you to call. Hours—9 to 6, Sundays excepted.

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Remember, the little illustrated book which I send free, sealed by mail, as per coupon below, not only fully describes my VITALIZER, telling of a special offer by which you may get, on special terms for use in your own case, but contains a great fund of private advice for men, some good wholesome cautions, and a lot of general information that may be of value to you to the end of your days. Therefore, please write today.

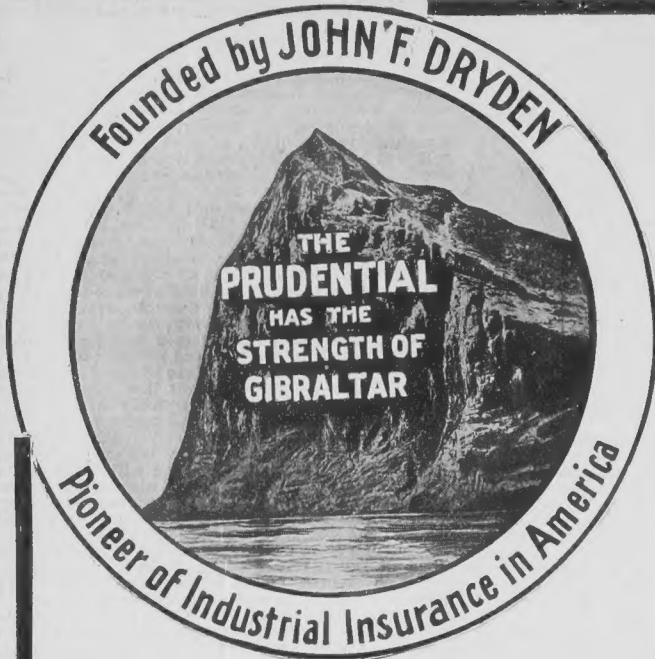
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Suggested: (Whether you are insured or not) write for particulars of Prudential Monthly Income Policy, which guarantees an income for 20 years or life. Write today. Dept. 155

Bees Keep Back a Train

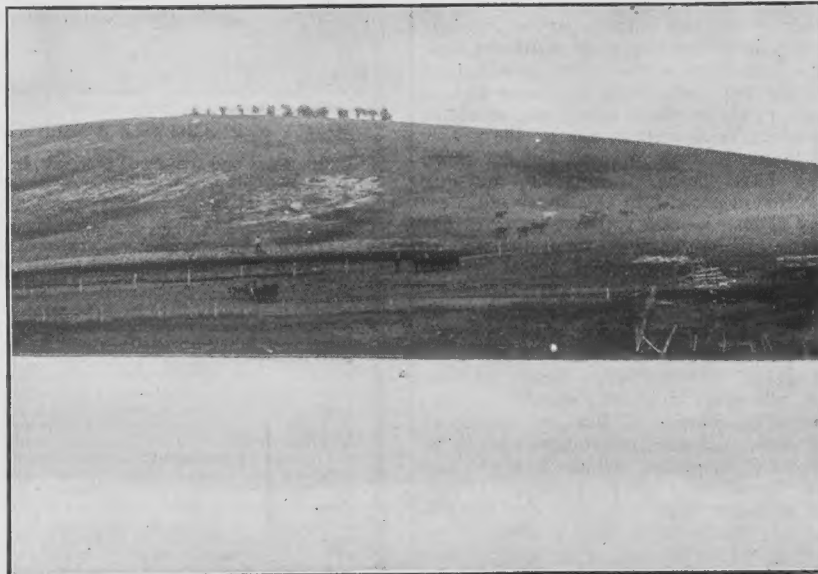
An extraordinary instance of the way in which tiny insects are sometimes more powerful than men occurred in Natal not long ago. A train was nearly due at Empangeni, when a swarm of bees invaded the station and drove off all of the passengers and officials. Messages were sent along the line to prevent the train entering the station, and the train pulled up in a siding 200 yards away, where the passengers alighted and the mails were unloaded. Until the bees thought fit to fly away, no men dared to enter the station. For a time the bees had conquered man.

The Pope's Brother

An old man of 76, who carries letters for the village of Grazie, five miles from Mantua, in Italy, has just been to Rome to ask for an increase of wages from the Italian Government. His wages are now two shillings a day, to earn which he walks ten miles. The old man's appeal was granted, so that we may hope he is happier for his visit to Rome. We may be sure, also, that he called at the Vatican, for his name is Angelo Sarto, and his brother is the Pope.

Saving the Children

It is an undoubted fact, according to the findings of investigators for the Fabian Society, that the great majority of babies born to London's poor come into the world normal as regards weight; rosy, fat little creatures, who should flourish and thrive in decent conditions. At the end of a year they show many signs of delicacy, most of which have been created by lack of warmth, lack of air, lack of medical



The Round-up.

care, lack of food. It seems certain that could these children have what is necessary to a healthy child, they are capable of growing up into healthy men and women.

"Baby clinics, school clinics, free public baths, free public washhouses would seem to be but the beginning of a scheme of national care for the nation's children. The argument that conditions of poverty are useful in that they kill off the sickly children and allow the stronger to survive is an argument which is not followed by its supporters to a logical conclusion. The conditions which kill a weak child drain and devitalize strong children. For every one who dies, three or four others live to be in need later on of sanatorium or hospital or even asylum."

"It would surely pay the nation to

turn its attention to the rearing of its children. It is of no use urging that parents are drunken and lazy and vicious; where that is true, all the more do their children need protection and care; in fact, they only have to be drunken and lazy and vicious enough for their children to be boarded out by the local authority, and four shillings paid weekly for their food alone, a sum undreamed of by the ordinary decent mother on a pound a week. If the parents, with all the strength, with all the industry, with all the thrift, with all the anxious care shown by the budgets, secured by the investigators, can lodge their children only as they do and feed them as they do, what is the use of appealing to the parents for what only money can procure, money being the one thing they have not got?

If this rich and powerful nation desires to have strong, healthy children, who are worthy of it, what is to prevent it? There is no reason why the school children should suffer from malnutrition, or why an unusually beautiful summer should kill off babies like butterflies."

Value of Moving Pictures

At a large and representative gathering of Winnipeg women recently, a distinguished English visitor voiced her sentiments regarding the moving pictures, and declared her firm conviction that they are one of the most powerful educational factors of modern times. In the speaker's home country they are used extensively in the schools to teach history, geography, and natural science, and while as yet only the larger cities can afford this delightful method of imparting knowledge, a movement is being inaugurated having for its object the providing of films for the poorer districts so that all school children may share in the advantages which progressive educationalists find in the lessons taught by the carefully selected moving pictures.

In New York a company has been formed, which has for its aim the accurate and reverent interpretation of the Bible for educational purposes by means of moving pictures. Rev. J. T. Russell will instruct the readers who are to harmonize the spoken word with the pictures on the screen, and this advanced step in religious instruction is sure to be an immense help to Sunday school teachers and superintendents.

Gabe—"What is culture?"

Steve—"Culture is when you speak of the House Beautiful when you mean the beautiful house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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